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LITERARY MAGNET.

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THE POETRY OF MISS LANDON.

WE hear a great deal about the necessity of cultivating poetry as a science, and deferring to those rules of composition which enlightened critics have been at the pains of laying down for the guidance of poetical novices; but it has been reserved for the writer whose name we have placed at the head of this article, to prove the possibility of producing a great quantity of very delightful poetry, without the slightest subjection to, nay, we fancy we may say, without even a knowledge of the existence of those staid principles of composition, which had hitherto been considered wholly indispensable in the exercise of the art. She has furnished additional evidence of the truth of the well kown adage, if, indeed, it needed any farther confirmation, poeta nascitur non fit; for she is more truly the poet of nature than any other writer with whom we are acquainted. Deficient in many of those requisites, which are oftener the result of deep study, and a taste cultivated by an acquaintance with the best models, than of those powers of mind which constitute what is known by the designation of genius, her writings abound with defects of versification, and immaturities of style, from which the works of more than one of her female contemporaries are free. These defects lie, as it were, upon the surface of her poetry, and are, consequently, so easy of detection, that the merest tyro in criticism can have no difficulty in discovering them; whilst the power and beauty which gushes forth in the current of her poetry, is far more difficult to appreciate. To find out blemishes, as obvious as some of those to which we allude, requires a very slight exertion of intellect; but to discern and feel the beauty whose charm is less in the harmony of the versification than in the force and originality of the idea, it is necessary that the critic should peruse a poem it with something like the feeling and intelligence which dictated it. Miss Landon does not possess the masculine mind, and dramatic language of Joanna Baillie; neither is she gifted with the severe taste, the exquisite propriety of diction, and extensive acquaintance with the best writers, which characterize Mrs. Hemans; but her poetry breathes an intensity of feeling, a passionate earnestness of manner, which is not to be met with in the writings of either of her accomplished rivals. So far from seeking to make the most of the ideas which appear to be struggling in her mind, in one perpetual gush of feeling and poetry, for expression, by diluting them in the versification, she appears to overmaster her

powers of expression by the number and burning beauty of her conceptions; and to be more anxious to say all that occurs to her imagination at the moment, in the language that first presents itself to her mind, than either to lose, or fritter away the vigour of the thought, by sacrificing it to the smoothness and elegance of the versification. In consequence of this contempt for, or ignorance of the acquired graces of the art, the effect of some of the noblest passages in her poetry is not unfrequently marred. We shall explain what we mean more definitively as we proceed. Before, however, we point out the defects of a writer, whose genius is of so exalted an order, it may not be amiss to say a few words respecting the disadvantages under which she appears to have laboured.

At a very early age, (before she was seventeen, we believe), Miss Landon began her literary career with a small volume of poems, which, although put forth with the diffidence that characterizes true genius, contained much that would have done honour to writers of established reputation and experience. It did not require any remarkable intelligence to predict, at this period, that she would one day or other attain no very ordinary rank among the litterateurs of the day. Her first volume contained the bud of that genius which was afterwards so fully developed in the best and most finished of her productions, "The Improvisatrice." The public were astonished, as they well might be, to find in the author of a series of poems, combining the grace and copiousness of imagery of Moore, with the forceful energy and earnestness of Byron, a girl who had scarcely arrived at the age of womanhood. The idea of the Improvisatrice was peculiarly happy, and the manner in which that idea was realized, no less so. The first dozen pages of the volume, indeed, are not surpassed by any passage of equal length in the entire range of modern poetry. They are quite perfect in their way. The plan of the poem is too well known to render it necessary for us to detail it in this place. The little stories interwoven with the text, are for the most part delightfully told, and more polished in diction than any which has since fallen under our observation from the same pen.

It is a singular anomaly, that the early compositions of writers of genius, if deficient in the power of thought, and splendour of conception, which marks their after-productions, are almost uniformly more correct in the minor requisites of smoothness of versification, and propriety of diction, than any thing they may put forth after they have attained a certain degree of fame and popularity. The first volume, like the first-born child, is fostered with more affectionate care than any which may succeed it: and, from the very consciousness of the labour and anxiety it has cost, it is almost always the favourite of its parent. But when the goal is won, and "another and another still succeeds," the bloom of the feeling which attended the production of the first, is comparatively worn away; and the poet acquires a confidence in his own powers, and from that very confidence, a facility of versification, which are rarely advantageous to the later manations of his genius. He writes to please others, too, less than to gratify that beautiful feeling of sympathy with his kind, which renders him so anxious

har butter, its cate the getting district description of partition or competent. To share with others his impassioned thoughts.

Independently of this cause, however, there are a hundred others, which combine to prevent the after-productions of a youthful poet from realizing the expectations which his debut may have created. Whatever may be the motives which have led him, in the first instance, into the arena, there are strong inducements for his subsequent visits, which are often of a less exclusively refined character than those which dictated his earlier adventure. Again, the very popularity which is the object of his ambition, offers to him temptations to write with more rapidity, less care, and less, too, of that freshness of inspiration, which have hallowed his Muse, before the spells of this gross world had drawn her nearer to earth. It is the operation of all these circumstances which has prevented Miss Landon from ever equalling her Improvisatrice; and, however unfair it may be to measure her later productions by the scale of excellence which she herself has established, we must confess that both the Troubadour and the volume in which the present remarks have originated, are decidedly inferior to their precursor. It is, however, but justice to add our conscientious opinion, that we know of no single volume of poetry of modern date which contains such striking evidence of genius as the Improvisatrice. There is all the freshness and inspiration we look for in the firstling of a youthful poet, united with a power of imagery, a facility of versification, and an exquisite propriety in the application of epithets, of which the most experienced writer of the present day might justly be proud; and all this, too, without the slightest appearance of effort or elaboration.

Was it not natural that powers like these should excite general and even enthusiastic admiration? especially when it was understood that their possessor was a girl, who had as yet scarcely attained the age of womanhood; and one, too, who had few of those opportunities of cultivating her taste and capabilities, which it has been the good fortune of many of her less gifted contemporaries to enjoy. Perhaps the contemplation of the youth, the sex, the disadvantages under which she had laboured, and, more than all, the vivid beauty, and luxuriance of her imaginings, might have led to a degree of praise, which the soberer critic may condemn as indiscriminate. But supposing for a moment, that the tributes she received were, in truth, beyond her deserts, was she, therefore, to be sacrificed to the indiscretion of critics, whose eulogiums, if they exceeded the bounds of temperate criticism, were no doubt offered in a spirit of the utmost sincerity and kindness? Such, it seems, was the opinion of a few base and unmanly scribblers, who, from her first appearance in public to the present moment, have, with a degree of brutality, worthy of individuals with whom the gentler sex are objects rather of aversion and disgust, than of peculiar sympathy and solicitude, persisted in assailing her. The cuckoo notes of these candid and liberal critics are—first, that she had been praised beyond her merits; and, secondly, that she can sing only of love: and these were deemed sufficient reasons why their petty stings should be directed against her at every possible opportunity, Whether or not she was praised with a degree of enthusiasm amounting to indiscretion, or rather with an absence of qualification as to defects, from which she, in common with all inexperienced writers, was by no means exempt, it is not our purpose to inquire: as it regards the second assertion,

however, it is flatly contradicted by the very volume which was referred to for its confirmation. But that her sweetest song should have been given to that power whose influence over the human heart, and over woman's heart more especially, has been allowed, on all hands, to be omnipotent, ought not to excite surprise. The objections which have been raised to the subjects she has chosen for the exercise of her delightful pen, are thus beautifully alluded to in the lines with which the Golden Violet concludes:

For me in sooth, not mine the lute On its own powers to rely;

But its chords with all wills to suit, It were an easier task to try To blend in one each varying tone The midnight wind hath ever known. One saith that tale of battle brand Is all too rude for my weak hand; Another, too much sorrow flings Its pining cadence o'er my strings. So much to win, so much to lose, No marvel if I fear to choose. How can I tell of battle field, I never listed brand to wield; Or dark ambition's pathway try, In truth I never look'd so high; Or stern revenge, or hatred fell, Of what I know not, can I tell? I soar not on such lofty wings, My lute has not so many strings; Its dower is but a humble dower,

And I who call upon its aid,
My power is but a woman's power,
Of softness and of sadness made.
In all its changes my own heart
Must give the colour, have its part.
If that I know myself what keys
Yield to my hand their sympathies,

I should say it is those whose tone
Is woman's love and sorrow's own;
Such notes as float upon the gale,
When twilight, tender nurse and pale,
Brings soothing airs and silver dew
The panting roses to renew;
Feelings whose truth is all their worth,
Thoughts which have had their pensive
birth
When lilies hang their heads and die,
Eve's lesson of mortality.

Eve's lesson of mortality.

Such lute, and with such humble wreath
As suits frail string and trembling
breath,

Such, gentle reader, woos thee now.
Oh! o'er it bend with yielding brow;
Read thou it when some softened mood
Is on thy hour of solitude;
And tender memory, sadden'd thought,
On the world's harsher cares have
wrought.

Bethink thee, kindly look and word
Will fall like sunshine o'er each chord;
That, light as is such boon to thee,
'Tis more than summer's noon to me;
That, if such meed my suit hath won,
I shall not mourn my task is done

But although her lute may not have many strings, it is by no means limited to one. Witness the impassioned beauty of the description with which the Improvisatrice opens; the powerful and pathetic sketches, entitled "St. George's Hospital;"-"The Deserter;" (in which the agony of a widowed mother is depicted, with a degree of truth and energy which could have had their origin only in genius of the purest and most lofty description); -" The Sailor;" a descriptive sketch, embodying the same beautiful affection, the love of a mother for her son; -" The Covenanters," another powerful little tale, of grief and suffering, painful from its excess of beauty; "The Soldier's Funeral;"-"The Oak;" -" Change;" and the "The Death of Crescentius:" To this enumeration we would superadd "The Apologue, Air-Water-Shame," which is as original in conception as it is felicitous in execution; and the "Soldier's Grave," which will not yield in mysterious and indefinable beauty of rythm and language to Wolfe's much admired lines on the Death of Sir John Moore. Now all these poems are to be found in one small volume, and have their origin, without an exception, in the sweetest and most glorious feelings of our nature. There is not one of them that owes its inspiration to the subject which is said to form the staple

commodity of Miss Landon's poetry. Yet there have been critics bold enough to affirm, that in the variation of one theme alone is she successful.

A short year only elapsed between the publication of the Improvisatrice and the Troubadour. That the latter volume did not realize the high expectations which her previous attempt had led us to entertain, we are free to confess; but that it afforded evidence of an incapacity to realize such expectations, we most confidently deny. Independently of the causes we have already alluded to, the subject was less happy, and consequently the work could scarcely fail of being considerably less interesting. Miss Landon had exhausted themes which had in all probability been floating in her mind for years, and the treasury of her imagination had not been allowed to recover itself before a fresh demand was made upon its resources. With all its faults, it is a volume which would have elevated many authors, of less acknowledged talent, to a high degree of public favour. The objections we have to offer to the poem from which the volume takes its name, will, however, scarcely be found to apply to the minor pieces in the same collection, for they are for the most part full of beauty and inspiration, and may confidently be referred to as additional evidence, that Miss Landon's powers are of a more versatile description than many people seem disposed to The principal poem is injured in some respects by its length, and the monotonous character of its imagery. Indeed, such is the luxuriance of fancy in which this young writer indulges, that we can scarcely dwell upon her poetry for any length of time without feeling our brains in that pleasing but erratic kind of whirl, in which one would find oneself in a conservatory of beautiful exotics, too odoriferous not to pall in some respects upon the senses. In her brilliant and everspringing variety of imagery, the thread of the story, (especially if the tale be long,) sometime vanishes entirely from our remembrance. We are so dazzled and bewildered by the profusion of her flowers and gems, that our sense of sight and hearing is completely deadened before we arrive at the denouement of the story.

The Golden Violet is on the whole superior to the Troubadour, although not, we think, equal to the Improvisatrice. The title is derived from the Festival alluded to at the close of the former poem. Miss Landon has preferred Wharton's account of the origin of this metrical composition; and a happier subject for the display of her poetical powers could scarcely have been selected. The Poem opens with an ani-

mated apostrophe to May. The heroine resolves

To give
The praise that bids the poet live.
There is a flower, a glorious flower,
The very fairest of my bower,
With shining leaf, aroma breath,
Befitting well a victor wreath;
The Golden Violet shall be

The prize of Provence minstrelsy.
Open I'll fling my castle hall
To throng of harps and festival,
Bidding the bards from wide and far
Bring song of love or tale of war,
And it shall be mine own to set
The victor's crown of Violet.'

The Dream, is beautiful, but we cannot bring ourselves to admire the hop-skip-and-a-jump kind of measure in which it is written. The Queen of Cypress, is in the Author's best manner. The Pilgrim's Tale, is in the style and spirit of the most stirring of our old English

Ballads; as is also Sir Walter Manny at his Father's Tomb. The Eastern King forms a striking contrast to the Pilgrim's Tale, but is no less admirable of its kind. The following song will speak for itself:

My heart is like the failing hearth Now by my side,

One by one its bursts of flame Have burnt and died.

There are none to watch the sinking blaze, Wound to too fine and high a pitch, And none to care,

Or if it kindle into strength, Or waste in air.

My fate is as you faded wreath

Of summer flowers: They've spent their store of fragrant health Silence, forgetfulness, and rust,

Lute, are for thee: On sunny hours, Which reck'd them not, which heeded not And such my lot; neglect, the grave, These are for me. When they were dead;

The Spanish Minstrel's Tale, affords another proof that L. E. L. can be eloquent on more subjects than one. The Italian Minstrel's Tale is unquestionably the Lay that deserves the Golden Violet, although the authoress, with becoming diffidence, leaves it to the public to award the prize. We cannot resist the temptation of presenting to our readers the following description of a Festal Hall. It is quite unrivalled in its

The Count Gonfali held a feast that And the white vases, white as mountain

And colour'd lamps sent forth their odorous Look'd yet more delicate in the rich glow

Over gold carvings and the purple fall

Were statues, pale and finely shaped and And, like the broidery on a silken robe

As if all beauty save her life were there; And, like light clouds floating around each

And scented waters mingled with the breath

Other flowers, unwarn'd by them,

And my own heart is as the lute

They both are breaking.

And of their song what memory

An echo, like a passing thought,

Will spring instead.

I now am waking:

Will stay behind?

Upon the wind.

Of summer blossoms, hanging o'er each

Of tapestry; and around each stately Like sunset reddening o'er a silver tide. There was the tulip with its rainbow globe: Made for the beauty's festal midnight hours, The sparkling jessamine shook its silver showers;

Like timid hopes the lily shrank from sight; The censers roll'd their volumes of per- The rose leant as it languish'd with delight, Yet, bride-like, drooping in its crimson shame;

And the anemone, whose cheek of flame Of flowers, which died as if they joy'd in Is golden, as it were the flower the sun In his noon-hour most loved to look upon.

We wished to have given some analysis of and extracts from Erinna, one of the noblest productions of L. E. L.'s genius, but having already materially exceeded the space we had prescribed for ourselves, we must postpone this pleasure until next month, when we shall probably find room for a few more samples of the Golden Violet.

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THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

AN IRISH TRADITION.

From the foot of Inchidony Island, in the bay of Clonakilty, an elevated tract of sandy ground juts out into the sea, and terminates in a bank of soft verdure, which forms a striking contrast to the little desert behind it, and the black solitary rock immediately under it. Tradition relates that the Virgin Mary, having wandered one evening to this sequestered spot, was there discovered praying, by the crew of a vessel which was then coming to anchor in the Bay. Instead of sympathizing with her in her piety, the sailors were so inconsiderate as to turn her into ridicule; and even add to their ill-timed jeers some very impertinent remarks upon her beauty. The result may readily be anticipated, a storm arose, and the vessel having struck upon the black rock of Inchidony, went down with all her crew, not one of whom was ever afterwards heard of.

I.

THE evening star rose beauteously above the fading day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin went to pray;
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall,
But the bank of green where Mary knelt, was the brightest of them all.

II.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant bark appeared,
And her crew all crowded to the deck, as to the land she neared;
To the calm and sheltered haven, she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below, in pride and glory shone.

III.

The Captain saw our Lady first, as he stood upon the prow,
And marked the whiteness of her robe, the radiance of her brow;—
Her arms were folded gracefully, upon her stainless breast,
And her eyes looked up among the stars, to him her soul loved best.

IV.

He bad his sailors look on her, and hailed her with a cheer,
And on the kneeling Virgin straight, they gazed with laugh and jeer;—
They madly vowed a form so fair, they ne'er had seen before,
And cursed the faint and drowsy breeze that kept them from the shore.

V.

The ocean from its bosom then, shook off the moonlight sheen, And its wrathful billows fiercely rose to vindicate their Queen; A cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land, And the scoffing crew beheld no more Our Lady on the strand.

VI.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leapt about, And rushing with its watery war, the tempest gave a shout; That fated bark from a mountain wave came down with direful shock, And her timbers flew like the scattered spray, on Inchidony's rock.

VII.

Then loud from all that guilty crew, one shriek rose wild and high, But the angry surge swept over them, and hush'd that maddening cry; With a hoarse, exulting murmur, the tempest died away, And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant waters lay.

VIII.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunore, Full many a mangled corse was seen, on Inchidony's shore; And even now the fisher points to where those scoffers sank, And still proclaims that hillock green, The Virgin Mary's Bank.

ON REVISITING A SCENE IN SCOTLAND.

I.

WITH pensive steps and cheerless heart
Again I tread this once loved shore,
And sigh o'er scenes that can impart
To me a joy no more;
For to the dim and tearful eye
But dark the brightest hues appear,
And the glad songs of summer's sky
Fall sad on sorrow's ear.

II.

The feelings long have passed away
Which shed o'er life a hallowed light,—
Which lent enchantment to the day
And beauty to the night.
The flowers as gaily deck the stem,
The leaves as greenly shade the tree,—
I weep no faded charms in them,
The change is all in me!

III.

The heart—the heart!—I trace it there,
Whose brightness and whose bloom is gone,
That mantled ocean, earth, and air,
With beauty all its own.
The heart—the heart!—each breath of joy
May sweep its broken chords in vain—
O'er tuneless harps as breezes sigh,
But wake no answering strain.

and contribous, and had, indeed, a considerable deal of the dandy in

MR. W. E. WEST'S PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON.

Turner's splendid Mezzotint after the portrait of Lord Byron by Mr. W. E. West, has at length made its appearance, and fully realizes the expectations which report had led us to form of its merits. As an engraving, it is unquestionably the most favourable specimen of Mr. Turner's capabilities he has as yet produced. The flesh is as clear and bright as we should expect to see it in a highly finished line engraving, and the drapery and other details, whilst they are given with great force, and successfully relieve the more delicate parts of the picture, are entirely free from that crude and rugged appearance, which is

too often observable in this style of engraving.

Some idea may be formed of the picture, from Engleheart's line engraving, in the volume of the Literary Souvenir, just published. Mr. Turner's print, however, bears a closer resemblance to, and is altogether more worthy of the original. This may have arisen from the extreme difficulty of giving the painter's effects on so very contracted a scale. The size of the print is nearly identical with that of Mr. Turner's mezzotint of the King. With respect to the correctness of the resemblance, we can only speak from the report of those who, from having seen Lord Byron within a short period of his decease, are the most likely to be competent judges on the subject, and they declare, that it is in every respect authentic. To their testimony may be superadded that of Lord Byron himself, who was so convinced of its correctness, as to desire the artist to apply to Raphael Morgan, to engrave it at his own price, and at his Lordship's expense. The time required for the completion of the work, was the only obstacle which prevented his Lordship's intentions from being carried into effect.

From a passage (published some time ago in the New Monthly Magazine), in a letter from 'the Countess Guiccioli' to Mr. West, it will be seen that her opinion accorded entirely with that of Lord Byron, and such of his friends as had opportunities of seeing him about the time the picture was painted. The following description of Mr. West's first interview with his Lordship, and the disappointment of the anticipations which the published portraits of the noble bard had led him to entertain, agrees with the character of the nicture under remark.

"My reverence," says Mr. West, "for Lord Byron's talents, made me afraid to encounter him. I expected to see a person somewhat thin and swarthy, with a high forehead, and black, curly hair, a stern countenance, and lofty and reserved manners, perhaps a black mantle and diamond-hilted dagger. I thought, moreover, to hear the most common topics of conversation uttered with the purest eloquence, if not in poetry: I was much surprised to find almost the reverse. His manners were altogether without ceremony; his person inclining to fat, and, apparently effeminate; his complexion delicate, his eyes light blue or gray, and his hair dark brown, combed smoothly over his forehead, and falling with a few curls down about his neck. He was dressed in a sky-blue bombasin or camlet frock coat, with a cape descending over his shoulders, boots

and pantaloons, and had, indeed, a considerable deal of the dandy in

his appearance." the aw nedw digit and the paration one digit

In opposition to the various convincing testimonies in favour of the authenticity of Mr. West's picture, to which we have already referred, we have the admitted fact that it differs very essentially from all the engravings of Lord Byron that have hitherto appeared. It has not the demoniacal look which Mr. Westall has given him; the theatrical and bullying air of Mr. Phillips's portrait; nor the effeminate coxcombry and maudlin sentimentality of the sketch by Harlowe. It is unlike all these, (as indeed if any one of them had ever been a correct resemblance, it must necessarily be from the circumstance of the change which his Lordship's appearance is said to have undergone during his residence abroad), in all but those general characteristics on which time can effect but little alteration. It is not

'The sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-faced man,'

the public have been taught to consider Lord Byron. In the place of the demoniacal curl of the lip, and bitter scorn of the eye we have been accustomed to look on, we have a face with something more of the attributes of humanity about it—full of fire and intellect, but combined with a suavity perfectly characteristic of the more amiable traits of his character. The change in his habits may possibly have conduced to relax in some degree the sternness of his physiognomy, if indeed it were ever half as stern as it has been depicted. He had abandoned, too, many of the affectations which are so frequently adopted by young poets, even of genius. He had given over shaving his forehead, and bringing down the solitary corkscrew-like curl over his brow; and if his face had gained a little more of rotundity than may accord with the tastes of those who think leanness one of the concomitants of intellect, it had also acquired an expression of gentleness and amiability, which we may seek in vain in any other of his portraits. In opposition, therefore, to the opinion of those who have seen Lord Byron, since Mr. West's portrait was taken; in opposition to his Lordship's own opinion, so unequivocally expressed; with what has the artist to contend? Why, truly, with the dogmatism of two or three gentlemen of the newspaper press, who remember Lord Byron when he was at Harrow, only twenty years before the said portrait was taken. It cannot be like him, say they, because he was so different at that time; and they are confirmed in their opinion, by the fact, that it is certainly not like the well known portraits of him already alluded to. In addition to the objections of these very influential persons, there is another circumstance which has tended greatly to prejudice Mr. West; and that is the importation from Paris, of a thing, purporting to have been engraved from his picture by Mr. Wedgewood, which we will undertake to say, is no more like the painting, from which the Engraver impudently professes to have copied it, than Mr. Turner's Mezzotint is like the stipple print after Harlowe. Mr. Wedgewood's Lord Byron is a coarse, brassy-looking head, with saucer eyes and an unmean ing stare. The countenance is plebian in the extreme. We speak of this production in the terms of unqualified censure it deserves, with less hesitation, as an attempt has been made, by hawking it about at a

low price, to forestall the sale of the genuine print. That we speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, when we affirm that it bears no resemblance to the picture, from which Mr. Wedgewood professes to have copied it, any of our readers, who will be at the pains of calling upon Mr. West, at No. 63, Margaret-street, Cavendish Square, may easily satisfy themselves. Mr. West will, we are assured, gladly avail himself of every opportunity that may be afforded him, of convincing the public, that Mr. Wedgwood's print is destitute of resemblance to his picture in every feature. A delightful portrait of the Countess Guiccioli, which has lately been engraved, in the line manner, by Mr. Charles Rolls, is also in the possession of the artist, and is not unworthy of his Byron. The genuine print of the Byron is, we perceive, published by Messrs. Colnaghi. We mention this fact, to prevent our readers from being humbugged into the purchase of Mr. Wedgewood's manufacture—although it comes from Paris!

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non president for the through his habits may preside have con WHEN I affirmed that there was not a more pestilent class of nuisances on the wide surface of the globe, than book-borrowers, I ought, by all means, to have excepted another species of the same genus, namely, professed BOOK-BEGGARS. The characteristic of this order, is a desire to possess the fruits of other people's labours, without being compelled to resort to the disagreeable necessity of putting their hands into their pockets. This disposition arises, in fact, less from an abstract desire on the part of the delinquent to possess the lucubrations of his friends, than from a covetous anxiety to acquire anything and everything that is to be obtained free of cost. Book-Beggars usually hover around a young author, like carrion crows about the gibbet on which some malefactor is to be executed. They snuff their prey with a sagacity and keenness of scent, which is truly remarkable. The green horn is invariably the victim of these literary barpies. No sooner does he perpetrate a book and effect its publication, than he is immediately beset by them in swarms. One is an old friend, and claims a copy of his book on the plea of acquaintanceship; another, because he prognosticated that he would one day or other become a shining light; a third, because he is a passionate admirer of his poetry, but is altogether at a loss to know where he can obtain it; a fourth, because he is a brother author, who has written books even more unreadable than his own; a fifth, because he possesses a large collection of presentation copies, with the autographs of their various authors on their fly-leaves; a sixth, because he baits his line of flattery with some trumpery publication of his own; and many others, because they are critics, editors, hangers-on of newspapers, &c., who will, no doubt, have opportunities of recommending the elegant (yes, elegant is the word), little volume, to the notice it deserves. To the amateur author, who is stimulated to publish by his anxiety to see his name in print, these eleemosynary applications

are extremely flattering. He considers that they are dictated by a sincere admiration of his genius, and is well content to pay a pretty tolerable penalty for the delusion. On the author by profession, however, they fall more heavily; and constitute a sort of pole-tax, (if I may be allowed the pun), which accords as little with his inclination as his convenience. More than one-third the selling price of a book is the legitimate spoil of the bookseller, and after having to meet the various expenses attendant upon the printing and getting up of the book out of the residue, it will readily be believed, that the author, unless he be successful to a very extraordinary degree, stands but little chance of repaying himself for the labour of its composition. In spite, however, of the knowledge of these circumstances, his volume has no sooner made its appearance, than he is surrounded by a set of vampires, who all conceive themselves entitled to prey upon his credulity by extorting, under a variety of circumstances more or less aggravated, gratuitous copies of his work. It is a singular anomaly, and one for which I find it wholly impossible to account, that whilst no one ever dreams of trenching upon the time and occupation of an attorney or an apothecary, without making him an adequate compensation, the time and professional avocations of a literary man, are continually sacrificed by people who call themselves his friends, without the slightest appearance of compunction; and after robbing him of five or ten guineas worth of his time, the intruder not unfrequently winds up the interview by humbugging his victim out of a copy of his last new work. I remember one of many striking instances of this description of robbery, which I must mention, by way of illustration.—I had engaged to write an article of some research for a well known periodical, for which I was to receive twelve guineas. Habits of procrastination, combined with an unusual number of demands of a similar description upon my attention, led me to protract the compilation of the said paper, until the day on which it should have been forwarded to the party for whom it was undertaken. Just as I had collected my ideas, and was in the pith and marrow of my subject, a wealthy acquaintance, by whom, whatever I might have expected, I had never been benefited to the amount of a single sous, sauntered into my study; and after exhausting most of the commonplace topics of conversation which were then current, and disarranging half the volumes on my shelves, observed, that he would accept from me the series of an expensive work, of which I was the author, "if I would allow him to make me a suitable return." Of course I had no alternative, but to beg the gentleman's acceptance of the books: the forlorn hope on which my speedy release from his pestilent intrusion depended. Forlorn indeed it seemed to be, for no sooner was this matter adjusted, than he settled down again in his chair, and began a story of such prolixity, about the sufferings he had undergone from the late oppressive heat of the weather, that I gave up all idea of proceeding with my undertaking. He at length departed, after occupying five hours of the best part of my day; leaving me not only minus a set of books, but also my whole stock of patience and good temper; indeed, in so very irritable a mood, that I could not bring my thoughts to bear upon any other subject during the remainder of the day. Some months afterwards, I received a brace of moor-game from the Highlands, the carriage and

porterage of which cost me 11s. 6d., with a note, informing me that they were sent me in some sort as a return for my splendid and most interesting present. In drawing out a debtor and creditor account of the matter, I found the balance to be pretty much as follows:—

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Regiments Wilson B. Insura & £ s. d.	By a brace of Moor-game at
To the loss of five hours, and my consequent inability to	the London Poulterers price 0 8 0
complete an article for the Magazine 12 12 0	by profession, consists of a set of sta-
The price of three splendidly illustrated volumes 2 2 0	are the editors or hangers on of the
Carriage of Moor-game from the Highlands 0 11 6	Balance lost by this pestilent Book-beggar 14 17 6
£15 5 6	£15 5 6

It is curious enough, that whilst people make no scruple whatever of receiving from literary men, aye, and women too, gratuitous copies of works, on which they depend more or less for the means of subsistence, no one ever thinks of going into a butcher's shop, and falling in love with a lily white fillet of veal, or a plump little leg of Welch mutton: and yet to spell for a present of one or two choice joints for a Christmas dinner, would be far less contemptible, if we really stood in need of it, than to attempt to cajole a poor devil of an author out of the commodity which constitutes his stock in trade. Why should we sponge for the new book of a professed author, any more than for a pair of the latest boots from some cordwaining emporium in Bond-street. man supports himself and his family by his handicraft, and another by his brains; but why should the produce of the one be held lighter than that of the other. It not unfrequently happens, however, that the very books that an author is called upon to present gratuitously to his friends, are paid for in bona fide cash to his booksellers; and in such cases, to receive gratuitous copies, is to pick the writer's pocket of at least the trade price of the book. Those who publish works on the system of a mutual division of profits, are rarely allowed more than half a dozen copies for their private use. How, then, are they to satisfy the craving of the literary cormorants by whom they are beset. The author may refuse to squander his books upon any blockhead who may sponge upon him for a copy! Doubtless he may; but the assaults upon his goodnature are made in so great a variety of forms, and under such specious pretences, that it requires more nerve than literary men usually possess, to resist the blandishments, entreaties, hints, and delicate insinuations, which are showered upon him. There are, however, various species of the order of Book Beggars, some of which are considerably more wary in their tactics than others. We shall endeavour to define their respective peculiarities. ob an almost

The species which we shall place first in our description, are Book-Beggars by profession; and even they may once more be subdivided into two several classes. The former consist of those friendly applicants who consider that, because they have known the author of a work for a series of years, they are therefore of necessity entitled to all the products of

his brain gratuitously; and this without rendering back any part of the commodity, which forms their stock in trade, in return. These d—d good-natured persons, not content with depriving their friend of copies of his work, are so proud of their intimacy with him, that they cannot help lending them to half the town; so that such of his enemies as might be led to purchase them from motives of sheer curiosity, are thus, thanks to the good nature of the author and his friends, gratified without any cost whatever. The second division of the class of Book-beggars by profession, consists of a set of sturdy mendicants, who solicit literary alms with their hats in one hand and their cudgels in the other. They are the editors or hangers-on of the minor periodicals and newspapers. These fellows often add menaces to entreaties; and if you refuse to comply with their extortions*, take an early opportunity of abusing you for your non-compliance.

The second, and not the least importunate class of Book-beggars, are your hunters after presentation copies, who profess to care nothing for a book, unless the author's autograph is on the fly leaf. These people are, perhaps, on the whole, less troublesome than some others, because they prefer their requests, for the most part, in writing: they are, however, indefatigable in their researches, and suffer no modern author, how small soever he may be, to escape them. They, of course, uniformly affect to have been seduced into their applications by their profound admiration for the genius of the person to whom their beg-

ging epistles are addressed.

The third class, are the authors of vapid and worthless books, which have never sold. By these people you are inundated with letters and presentation copies, requesting to receive your interesting volume in exchange; and regretting that circumstances should have operated to delay the publication of works of theirs which would have been more worthy of your acceptance. These vermin are now extremely numerous, and ought by all means to be avoided.

The fourth and last, and by very much the most pestilent order of Book-beggars, are those who beg by unequivocal hints and intelligible insinuations. Of this number are old ladies, who, sailing up to you at crowded evening parties, congratulate you on the appearance of your new work, and desire to be put down as *subscribers*; expressing

^{*} A droll specimen of the tactics of this class of book-beggars, has just fallen under our own observation. A fellow who signs himself Robert Mudie, and who describes himself as the author of the "Complete Governess," and the editor of a dull, filthy, and venomous weekly catch-penny, published under the auspices of "Messrs. Goss and Co., Consulting Surgeons," addressed, we are told, a letter to Mr. Alaric Watts, the editor of the Literary Souvenir, begging from him a copy of his book, in order that he might do all justice to its attractions!!! This letter, and a second application to the publishers of the work, were taken no notice of by Mr. Watts; who was too well acquainted with the character of the applicant, and the publications with which he stood connected, to be in the least ambitious of his praise. What followed will readily be anticipated. The next week, or the week afterwards, we do not distinctly remember. which, this same Mr. Robert Mudie, attacked Mr. Watts personally, in terms of the most filthy scurrility, in five or six different parts of his paper. This is one of the unmanly scribblers, whose foully calumnious and personal abuse of the authoress of the Improvisatrice, has inspired such unmitigated horror and disgust. The hireling is worthy of his hire, and equally so of his respectable employers, Messrs. Goss and Co., Consulting Surgeons.

anxiety, at the same time, to be informed where they can procure the book,—as if every book were not to be procured at its own publisher's. Now, even if you choose to appear in the character of a hawker of your own publications, you keep no accounts; and if you did, nothing short of a doomsday book would answer the purpose; for not a single subscription do you stand any chance of collecting, until the day of judgment. But on occasions like these, you do not care that it should appear as though you consider the value of a few copies of your book a matter of any importance to you. Accordingly, you beg to be allowed to present the old frumps with copies, and inquire where you shall have the honour of sending them. To the same order also belong simpering young ladies, vastly fond of poetry and romance, but whose Pas and Mas are unaccountably dilatory in supplying them with new works. These loves, who would expire with chagrin if their shoemaker ventured to offer them a pair of shoes as a token of his esteem, have no hesitation in receiving quantities of the brain-craft of a poor author.

This begging system has now reached so intolerable a pitch, that if some check be not speedily applied, there will, ere long, be no buyers of books at all. Until, however, it shall be demonstrated satisfactorily, that an author receives the various necessaries of life from his tradespeople gratuitously, and lives, moreover, in a house for which he pays neither rent nor taxes, the present system of book-begging ought to cease. To whom is an author to look for patronage, after having supplied the whole of his friends with his work gratuitously? To his enemies? or at least to that portion of the public who know nothing whatever of his literary character. In condemning the meanness of certain literary amateurs, in trespassing upon the labours and generosity of people whose "time is really their only estate," we would nevertheless strongly recommend liberality from one author to another; not, however, to such as bear any resemblance to the creature to whom we have already taken occasion to refer. With this piece of advice, we shall conclude, for the present, our animadversions on book-begging.

Book-beggars, nee unosata beento noneradowers a trais on maillaible membraneations. Of this raced worses past sweet, a who, soften up to your crowded evening parties noongraphing has on the appearance of your new work, and desire to be put down as subscribers; expressing that and gone, with all its illa.

A droll specified of the therefore the expension begans, has just fallen under our own observation to yellow you repeat his set. I where and who describes himself as the authors wells in the subject of the expectance of the expe

7, at the same time, to be informed whose they can procure

LINES ON THE NEW YEAR.

While midnight's chime beats deep and drear—
The pulses of the parting year,
I will not hail another's birth
With reckless and unseemly mirth.
By me its welcome shall be said,
As in the presence of the dead.

A smile, the new-born year to greet,
A silent tear to that gone by;
As blending in our bosoms meet
The dreams of hope and memory.
Again I hail each inmate gay,
Assembled in the festal room—
But some, alas! are far away,
Some sleeping in the tomb!

A narrower circle seems to meet
Around the board—each vacant seat
A dark and sad remembrance brings,
Of faded and forsaken things:
Of youth's sweet promise to the heart,
Of hopes that came but to depart;
Like phantom waters of the waste,
That glad the sight, but shun the taste.
Of bright eyes veiled in cold eclipse—
The balm, the breath and bloom of lips,
Where oft in silent rapture ours
have clung like bees to honied flowers;
With their sweet voices past away,
Even like the harp's expiring lay.

But fled and gone, with all its ills,
And dreams of good—a long adieu!
Unto the year beyond the hills—
And welcome to the new.
And hoping oft to meet again,
To hail the sacred season's call,
Thus, hand in hand the bowl we drain,
"A good new year to all."

what is life but a perpetual transition from the one to the other of these?

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

Generally, the old dwell with

Who has not, in some corner of the earth or other, a maiden aunt? In all large domestic circles, I invariably look for this unit, as essentially necessary to complete the aggregate of the amount. And in what estimation do we really hold maiden aunts? They are considered, and but too generally, as the common-places of life—classed under the genus, old women, or at best, specified as old maids—rarely, if ever, individualized. If they ever had characteristic identity, it has been lost in those habits of compliance and assimilation in which their own comfort has, during their long performance of this subordinate rôle, compelled them to merge every feeling that once peculiarly distinguished the woman. At length it seems doubtful, whether they have an independent existence at all. And it may be questioned, whether they do not occupy their tenement of mortality on a lease equi-durable with the lives of those who stand to them in the relation of the noun and substantive to the adjective. In a word, few of the old respect this character; and the female suffering under the most galling domestic despotism, rarely desponds sufficiently to regret that it was not hers; whilst the young shrink from the probability of ever assuming such a position, with feelings of horror and dismay.

Yet, how many of these unblessed individuals have passed through the young morning of their life, surrounded by splendid groupes and finely-tempered accompaniments—contemplating the promise of the future with bounding hearts, and all the painful excitation of female

hopes and fears—admired—sought—deserted—and wretched.

Alas, what a volume of events might these few words develop! how many sad and melancholy histories, to warn and to deter; beacons on the ocean, in which numberless female hearts are yet to suffer ship-wreck and utter ruin! But the warning voice smites the ear with painful apprehensions, and throws a funeral pall over the brightest visions of the present; the happy therefore rush to the music of the revel to escape its boding tones. The experience of others impresses the young no more than the hourly chime reminds them of eternity. And yet these things are true; for life is suffering, and time is a span.

My maiden aunt—for I too had such a kinswoman—the wanderer's best benison on her memory! Nurse of my infancy—playmate of my childhood—indulgent friend of my youth—soother of my sorrows by chidings too gentle to wound, and by tales of suffering too sad to be recalled but for the sake of one beloved so well, and so worthless of love—this heart must indeed be cold when it forgets to mourn thy ill-requited tenderness! It was thy province to shed tears for me when living; be it mine to hallow thy grave with the fondest tributes of regret and affection, now that, for the first time, thou art heedless of my sufferings.

Because a woman has past her prime uncheered by protection, and unwarmed by love, must she necessarily be isolated amongst her species, as having no sympathy with its history of smiles and tears? For, after all,

what is life but a perpetual transition from the one to the other of these? Had she no years of youth and beauty, whose traces may yet dwell upon her memory, and prompt the unpitied sigh? Or is age such a torpedo, that it benumbs the heart? Generally, the old dwell with melancholy pleasure on the bright dreams from which chilling experience has aroused them. They delight in pourtraying the scenery in the midst of which the halcyon days of existence wore away; and to kindle the feelings of their younger audience to a participation in their remembered joys and pains, is indeed to live the past again. Does the maiden aunt alone find no charm in the indulgence of cherished remembrances? Or does lack of sympathy keep her mute?

Poor, helpless, solitary being! whose tenderest services are too often accepted as a right,—not as a favour to be repaid by such fervent affection as prompted them—look on the grave, at least, with hope. Vengeance of thy wrongs is there; if the heart be not utterly hardened, the sod that covers thee will be watered by tears of remorse—although

vain and incapable of atonement!

Truly, there are various foibles peculiarly characterising certain individuals, who form component parts of the class called "maiden ladies," that render the idea of attaching any romantic sympathy to them a caricature of sentiment. Yet, it is worth an inquiry, what has so acted upon the mind of the most ridiculous of them as to force her thus into an exaggeration of woman's weaknesses. Wherefore has she sunk into so sombre a shade, so remote from the atmosphere of light, and joy, and sunshine, and tenderness—in which lovely, pitying woman floats, like a creature of a purer element? It is not time alone that has caused the change; for how radiant the path of a wife and mother, as she moves along, with mature and chastened grace, loving and beloved-often the most touching figure in a group, where the young and the infantine surround her. No, it has little to do with the mere positive fact of additional years; -it is the work of events; and after all, Mankind-heroes, statesmen, as well as meaner men,-are more the creatures of circumstances, than, peradventure, the mass of their admirers may consider them.

Now, a person who writes so entirely under the influence of impressions made by present objects as I do, may be supposed to have a subject of examination under his eye at Barton Hall. It is true there is Miss Lister, Lady Barton's elder sister—a problem almost defying solution—a fixture belonging to the house, and during her existence assuredly forming an item in the inventory of its immoveable appurtenances. And yet, like a crystal gem glittering on some umbrageous tree, she is in contact with the family without ever being united with it.

It was at dinner, on the day succeeding my arrival at the Hall, that she rose upon my dazzled vision, not indeed "like the morning star, all soft and beautiful, bright and dewy," but like as portentous a meteor as Shaksperian fancy ever drew. She is the phantasma of a beautiful woman, or what the mummy of Venus might have been some thousand years subsequent to her emerging from the sea, if she had descended from "that Egyptian cave," and had not inherited immortality. A hazel eye that once probably sparkled with joyous life and pleasurable feelings, is still bright, but its motion is restless, its glance unquiet,

and its "few" and "far between" moments of repose so unhappy, as to inspire a wish that its sparkle were less vivid. It seems to me, that the mind of which it is the index, must be in an unhealthy state: it wants the subdued, mellow, tenor-kind of tone, that makes matron loveliness too dear to allow a person, gifted with the keenest perception of beauty, to regret the fading of the more brilliant tints of youth. The complexion—alas, that follies, scarcely ever excusable, should survive to an epoch that renders them utterly insupportable! that is purchased at the boutique of the cosmetic-dealer, and the gorgon equipage of curls, intended to relieve its glare, is, like exotics, to be admired because not of native growth. Her figure, once admirable for its slightness, is spare and lean; but by the art of the corset manufacturer is tortured and aided into a most unnatural appearance of roundness. She was always distinguished for a beautiful ancle, and it still retains much of the exquisite proportions it boasted in days of yore. Perhaps this is the most unlucky circumstance that could have befallen her. It betrays her into such unhappy—indecorums, shall I call them? It robs her drapery of so many graceful folds. It detracts so much from the dignity suited to her years. Above all, it spoils her walk; and there I confess I am critical; "vera incessa patuit dea." There is a trick in putting the foot to the ground, which does exhibit that member, to say the truth of it, to advantage—but then it destroys all grace of motion so completely! Poor Miss Lister! "sae trippingly—sae mincingly gaes she." It is an unfaded relic of days of youth, which she exhibits with all the zeal of a devotee. It is, moreover, an everlasting topic, on which she can descant when she benevolently wishes to annoy her nieces, who certainly cannot be said to trip on the "light fantastic toe." It is a point on which she is pre-eminently superior, having in this particular no rival near her throne. It is a perpetual consolation, that supports her in the hours of trial she necessarily undergoes from the youth and beauty of her nieces. To say the truth, the behaviour of these girls is sufficiently vexatious. They have no motive, to speak calculatingly, for exercising forbearance towards the portionless sister of their mother, and they are not of that rare class of generous spirits who would find, in this very deficiency, a cause for redoubled kindness. There are a thousand little slights, by which they contrive to mortify her, and which are so intangible as to give an air of petulance to any complaint of them. What injuries are so cruel as those it is impossible to resent—the continual falling of the single drop of water? But they wear out alike the heart and the marble.

In her youth, there was not a creature so followed and admired as the beautiful Miss Lister, notwithstanding her debût was made under circumstances somewhat unfortunate. Her father, Sir Joseph Lister, was poor, and committed an atrocious mes-alliance, which deprived his daughters of a mother's sanction: Lady Barton made a capital match at an early age, and Miss Lister, on the score of seniority and superior personal claims, wandered through a maze of flirtations, in search of a higher establishment—afterwards, an equal one. They were unattainable;—I know not why;—there is a fate in these things. Lady Barton was never half so handsome; but she married sixteen thousand a year and a baronet—no bad success as times go. Poor Miss Lister

had once a serious penchant for a colonel of dragoons; serious it must have been, for she had consented to matrimony on the comfortable prospect of his pay and two hundred a-year landed estate. How it happened is one of those secrets that never transpire, and which the most curious eye cannot penetrate. There was a great deal of ill usage on his part, for her attachment to him was " no thing to jest upon." The clothes were made—the ring bought—the cake ordered,—and the colonel's letter of resignation came in, rendering all the rest nugatory. She felt it deeply; there was the silence of suffering, that worst of symptoms. There was ruined health, soured temper, blighted youth, then-now, there is coquettish old age, intolerable peevishness, envy of the young, aversion to the old, an insatiable avidity of conquest, and hopeless aspirations after matrimony. Miss Lister's courage is equal to her resolution, otherwise she never could venture an attack on a man of Colonel Elton's acknowledged character, and whom she herself, when annoyed by his unconscious insouciance, pronounces the most impenetrable of mankind. She retains enough of her remembrance of her faithless lover, to find an attraction in a soldier's very name; there is an air amongst the military, she says, which all others labour in vain to acquire. These assertions, though generally aimless, are more frequently repeated now, and I can detect the plan on which she conducts her operations-woman's usual mode of warfare, if she be politic -undermining. Alas, the colonel has nerve enough to withstand an

earthquake! It is amusing to observe the dignified retenue with which he sustains the artillery of smiles, arch questions, and other prettinesses with which she assails him. To him, she is merely Miss Lister, the sister of Lady Barton, and as such to be treated civilly; but he has as much feeling of the proportions of the ancle so often exposed to his view, as he has of those of a mile-stone. Then he occasionally deals out a sarcasm that cannot but "touch home," and which is rendered more poignant by the coolness of his look, and the unconcern of his brow. It seems as if he is asserting a plain fact-means no severity, has no design to mortify, but states the truth as it actually exists. He calls the love of three-score, dotage; and speaks most unrelentingly of the beauty a woman of forty boasted in her youth. He recollects the date of Miss Lister's first presentation at court, and appeals to her memory to testify to the accuracy of certain anecdotes of St. James's, that must have occurred, he says, almost within the range of her observation. She asserts her utter ignorance with quiet steadiness; gently questions the colonel's chronological accuracy, but yet submissively defers to his judgment, whilst he averts his searching eye, with an impatience of motion expressive of the annoyance her stupidity occasions him. Nothing dismays her; her perseverance knows no defeat, her good temper suffers no eclipse; -- if baffled by some downrightness of the colonel's in the evening, she returns with renewed vigour to the assault on the following morning. Lady Barton looks on quietly, and sees the game with the eyes of her lord and master, the medium through which she views every object. The baronet stands aloof; hopeless, perhaps, of ever being actually freed from Miss Lister's society, but willing to allow every manœuvre that can possibly bring about "a consummation so devoutly to be wished." The heir-presumptive whistles, as usual, about the grounds, "for want of thought;" and the young ladies are at present in debate, whether the rank, fortune, and connexions of the colonel counterbalance the desagrément of his age, and whether they shall rush to the conflict, and carry off the spoil in triumph from

the very grasp of their more experienced rival.

And this is the autumn of the life of woman, when her destiny conducts her through the pathway of events unheeded and alone. I am convinced, that the portrait of Miss Lister is that of ten thousand females in every class of life, varying only in the accompaniments. The fact is, an error of education is the root of the evil; and until that is corrected, the effect will continue to exist. The strongest impression made on the mind of a girl is the expediency of marrying; not to obtain success in this matter, is deemed almost disgraceful, and is the origin of the slighting contempt with which old maids, as they are called, are, even in this period of high civilization, regarded. The female mind needs strengthening by the habit of expecting happiness from its own resources; it should learn its own sufficiency to itself. Women should be taught the possibility of independence in her happiness. Her heart should be directed to occupy itself with fulfilling relative duties, and enjoying those social affections which last through existence, and which are capable of affording felicity of the purest and most exquisite kind. An amiable daughter and an obliging sister, is a lovely and beloved being, even though she never becomes a wife. A maiden aunt is capable of fulfilling the highest duties of a mother, and of inspiring the same affection. There are proofs of this-too few, indeed, but sufficiently numerous to establish the truth of the position,, that a woman, properly educated, may be happy, respectable, useful and beloved, albeit a "maiden aunt,"

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RAYMOND LULLI.

The multifarious knowledge, and the innumerable writings imparting so much information respecting the scholars and philosophers of the middle ages, are actually astounding to the fashionable literati of these enlightened, polished, and languid times. Nor can we derive any solace to our mortified vanity, or any alleviation of our amazement, from considering the course of life of these prodigies; since many either prematurely closed their laborious career, or did not enter upon it until far past the years usually devoted to study; whilst others were engaged in public avocations, or at the least in public instruction. Of the efforts of all these doughty champions of Minerva or the Muses, none are, perhaps, more overwhelmingly astonishing to our weak minds than those of Raymond Lulli, who lived and performed, as well as learned and wrote, so much, that we cannot but believe that a short account of himself and his various performances, must prove interesting to such of our readers as may be wholly unacquainted with him. No small class, we suspect;

since—alas for the duration of immortal fame! the reputation of Raymond Lulli, deemed probably by his contemporaries and immediate successors inaccessible to the assaults of envy, or even of Time, situ pyramidum altior, has melted into air, under the influence of progressive modern improvements in those sciences which he studied and

taught.

This remarkable personage, the offspring of a noble family, was born in the island of Majorca, in the year 1236. In his youth he was a soldier, a courtier, and a libertine; he married, and became the father of a family, without prejudice to his former occupations and qualifications. During all this portion of his existence, no symptoms of any thing resembling a studious disposition manifested themselves. Very many years must therefore be deducted from the number allotted himhe attained to the age of 79—in estimating the time occupied in acquiring and communicating his extraordinary knowledge. His conversion to religion and learning, is said to have originated in the following circumstance:—He was enamoured of a lady whose name, Eleonora, has been carefully recorded, and had long persecuted her with unlawful solicitations. Wearied with his importunities, Eleonora, in order to free herself from his criminal suit, one day abruptly unveiled her bosom, and discovered to her ardent admirer that she was rapidly sinking to the grave under the ravages of that fearful disease a cancer. The shock affected him so powerfully, as entirely to extinguish in his breast every spark of profligacy, turning the whole energy of his spirit to devotion; whilst it impelled him to engage in the study of chemistry, in the hope that the arcanæ of this science might afford him means of administering relief to Eleonora's sufferings. Whether or not he succeeded in this expiatory attempt, is not mentioned by his biographers, who thenceforward abandon the poor lady to her fate, bestowing their undivided attention upon the scientific and pious achievements of her cidevant lover.

In knowledge, it should seem, as in some other things, l'appetit vient en mangeant; and Raymond Lulli, in entering upon his new pursuit, if he began with chemistry—of course including, or rather included in, alchemy—did not confine his researches to the laboratory. He applied himself likewise to medicine,—as might have been anticipated from the object which had first excited in his mind the desire of wisdom—and moreover to the classical and oriental languages, to the philosophy of Aristotle, to grammar, rhetoric, logic, physics, metaphysics,

and, above all, to theology.

At an early stage of his progress in this career, Lulli undertook a missionary expedition to Asia and Africa, for the purpose of converting the Moslems; and engaged in vehement religious controversy with the champions of Islamism. In this application of his learning he does not appear to have been quite as happy as in its acquisition, having escaped with life only in consideration of his solemnly binding himself, at his departure, never to return. Unless, indeed, the mere circumstance of its having been thought worth while to demand such an engagement from the zealous preacher, may be regarded as indicative of serious apprehensions amongst the Mahomedan doctors, at the alarming number of proselytes he was making.

Lulli, after his return to Christendom, traversed the greater part of Europe; but this second peregrination appears to have been undertaken in furtherance rather of his philosophical than of his religious designs. In the course of this journey it seems probable that he visited this country, and our celebrated philosopher Roger Bacon, whose disciple he took pleasure in calling himself. Attached as we naturally are to the reputation of the literary Hercules, whose life and labours we have so long and so diligently studied, it would afford us high gratification could we increase his claim to British favour by confirming an opinion mentioned by the worthy historian of the Public Revenue of the British EMPIRE, that to Raymond Lulli's superlative skill in alchemy, our third Edward was indebted for those sinews of war, which enabled him to effect his brilliant conquests. But alas! the uncompromising reverence we have ever professed for truth, compels us to acknowledge, that chronology opposes her stubborn facts to the admission of this pleasing Raymond Lulli died in 1315, when Edward the Third, who ascended the throne in 1327, was only three years old. The philosopher must therefore have been endowed with the spirit of prophecy, as well as with the art of gold-making, had he, during this visit to England, or even during any other which, though unrecorded, might have been made subsequent to the death of Friar Bacon, in 1292, about twenty years prior to Edward's birth, employed himself in providing for the future wants of the future monarch. To say nothing of a difficulty which appears to us yet more insuperable—the difficulty of securing such a treasure from the profusion of Edward the Second, and the rapacity of his favourites—we return to matters better authenticated.

At Naples, Lulli publicly taught a new system of philosophy; or more properly, an improvement upon the old one, bequeathed us by Aristotle, which did not, in his judgment, rest upon a basis sufficiently solid and extensive. He wrote 4,000 treatises, according to the computation of his most enthusiastic admirers; 500, according to the most moderate computation, upon the different topics already enumerated as the subjects of his studies. At the age of 77 he solicited and obtained from the Pope the dissolution of his marriage vow, and entered upon his noviciate in the order of Franciscans. He had no sooner assumed the cowl, than he returned to Africa, and renewed his missionary labours. Indeed it is evident that upon this point his zeal did not require to be stimulated, or his contempt of a promise—given certainly under some degree of duress-to be confirmed, by his aggregation to a monastic fraternity; for previously to that event, he is said to have made a second missionary expedition in partibus infidelium, although neither its topography or its chronology are now easily ascertainable; all that is positively known concerning it being, that he had even more difficulty than before in saving his life. His perseverance had by this time effectually exhausted Mussulman toleration; the marvel is, that it should have endured so long. Upon this third spiritual invasion, he was seized and thrown into a dungeon.

With respect to the close of Raymond Lulli's labours, religious and philosophical, and of his existence itself, some discrepancy is found amongst his biographers. Those whom we consider as most authentic, state, that he was again released, either freely, at the intercession of

some Genoese merchants, or else ransomed by their gold; that he embarked with them on their return to Europe, and died when within sight of land, from the consequences of the hardships he had undergone. His more enthusiastic eulogists, particularly those among his countrymen, and yet more especially among his Franciscan brethren, who were endeavouring to establish his claim to canonization, assert that he actually obtained the crown of martyrdom, having been stoned to death whilst in the act of preaching to a Moslem congregation.

When this account of a most actively, if not always very usefully occupied life, is compared with the number of the sciences, which-such as they were, and not the easier, probably, for their imperfection-Raymond Lulli mastered, and of the volumes which he wrote, it seems hardly possible to admit the credibility of both; yet in the chief points both are tolerably well authenticated. Our surprise is heightened by an examination into the nature of his works, for he was not a mere recorder of, or commentator upon, matters previously known; he was also an inventor. We have said that he was an improver, or at least an innovator upon Aristotle's system of philosophy. He was the first deviser of plans for assisting the memory; an art which, whatever be its utility, has since been revived and cultivated, under the sonorous title of mnemonics. Upon this subject he wrote at some length. But his principal invention, the discovery upon which he mainly rested his pretensions to an eternity of renown, and which called forth the most extravagant encomiums of his disciples, was what he himself denominated his Ars Magna; although his immediate successors, in the fervor of their admiration, altered its name to that of Ars Raimundi. At the time of its celebrity, this Great Art was deemed a most ingenious application of the cabalistical doctrines of the Jewish rabbis. To us, could it be divested of the hard words, such as categorics and others, therein employed, it might rather seem to resemble one of the various instructive toys, contrived of late years, for the purpose of teaching children every thing they can possibly have occasion to learn, without labour, and in play: contrivances, soit dit en passant, which go far to refute the old position, of there being no royal road to geometry; or, to speak more reverently of what our ancestors so highly valued, it might be not inaptly compared to that species of foot-rule, by which a carpenter is enabled to measure the solid contents of a stick of timber, without possessing the slightest acquaintance with the laws, or even the forms of calculation, on which his operation depends.

The Ars Magna being the reputed chef d'œuvre of so very extraordinary a man, we will endeavour to explain the nature of this metaphysical and argumentative machine; although it is to be feared that the passion of the existing generation for direct and plain utility is too decided to permit even its mechanical ingenuity to recommend it to favour. But ere we speak of the mechanism, we must recur to Lulli's system of philosophy, in order to give an idea of the sort of table of contents, which shews the kind of ratiocination intended to be manu-

factured.

The reader will be pleased to remember, that our hero—well, we think he deserves the appellation—was an improver upon Aristotle. One of his improvements was made upon the Stagyrite's scheme of metaphysics,

and consisted in the substitution to his master's nine categories, of nine others, which he held to be more comprehensive, and which he entitled Absolute Principles. Of these, the first three, affording an ample specimen, were goodness, size, and duration. To each Absolute Principle he now attached a Relative Principle, of which the corresponding first three were, difference, concordance, and contrariety. Upon these two classes of Principles, he founded nine Questions, after the fashion of Aristotle's two Categories, when and where. There were, moreover, nine Subjects of these Questions; the first three being, God, angel, heaven. To all these nines, he superadded two lists of nine Virtues, and as many Vices, beginning respectively with justice, prudence, force, and avarice, gluttony, voluptuousness.

The materials thus provided were arranged in six columns, each containing its own series of the appropriate nine words: the first nine letters of the alphabet—we are misleading our readers; it was not correctly the first nine: poor 'great A' having, for some unexplained reason, been disgraced, the selection began with 'bouncing B.' Nine consecutive letters then, were intrusted with a sort of regulative authority over the whole; each letter governing a Subject, a Question, an Abso-

lute and a Relative Principle, a Virtue and a Vice.

All being now prepared, we come to the Instrument which elaborated discourses, or at least theses thereon. And here we cannot but entertain some fears of not making ourselves very intelligible, inasmuch as we are compelled to confess that we do not feel perfectly masters of what we have undertaken to expound. The utmost that we can safely venture to assert is, that the machine was itself circular, and is described as having consisted of two moveable concentric circles, by means of which any one of the nine subjects upon which the disputant proposed to argue was placed in conjunction with a letter. The subject thus selected, brought in its train, and disposed in due order under the auspices of the same letter, its proper Question, together with an Absolute and Relative Principle, a Virtue and a Vice. Thus, we imagine, satisfying the most sceptical or the most ignorant mind respecting its essence and occult qualities.

So far, although we acknowledge our inability to conceive how two concentric circles should effect as much even as what has been already stated, we flatter ourselves we have got on tolerably well, and clearly. But this is by no means the whole operation. When these simple combinations were exhausted, or when the players—we beg pardon, we should say, the philosophers were men of bolder genius, recourse might be had to some more complicated movements; at which, if we should pretend to hazard a guess, we should say, surely they must have needed the action of more than two moveable circles, concentric or not. Their result, however, we boldly state, upon the word of those learned authors from whom we derive all the information communicated to our readers in the present article. This result was, the bringing of two, or even of four letters, with all their respective appurtenances, together,

uniting them into perfect or imperfect squares.

What a boundless, and withal what a labyrinthine field does this marvellous quadrature of the circle open to speculative ingenuity! No imagination, unheated by the fervid rays of a southern sun, could, we

think, be rash enough to adventure itself amidst such a maze of complicated, and occasionally incompatible abstractions. Our plain John-Bull intellects shrink aghast from the bare contemplation. Feeling ourselves, however, in some measure committed, by our presumptuous introduction of this wonderful instrument, and its almost equally wonderful inventor, to the notice of our readers, to endeavour, at least, somewhat more fully to explain to them its effects and uses, we struggled hard to overcome this natural horror, and further to prosecute the investigation of these quadriform combinations. We laboured at our self-imposed task, until we had so thoroughly 'bewildered our brains' amidst Absolutes and Relatives, Virtues and Vices, Contrariety, Concordance, Goodness, Avarice, Heaven, and Gluttony, that we abandoned the attempt in despair. We have, therefore, only to solicit indulgence for our deficiency of nerve, whilst we impart the few ideas that we did evolve upon the subject, before we were absolutely

'smothered with words, if not with eloquence.'

That an invention which, completely as it has long been lost, even to the researches of the curious, was held in such high estimation by its author, his disciples, and, indeed, all his contemporaries, could not, during the continuance of this high estimation, be allowed to rust in useless inaction, is so self-evident as almost to partake of the nature of a truism. This idea impressed itself forcibly upon us, when we were absorbed in wondering admiration of the unexpected and well-nigh unimaginable combinations which the instrument must have frequently exhibited, and gradually superseded all other thoughts and emotions. The current of our meditations was turned; and instead of hopelessly toiling on to ascertain how many contradictory qualities might, by its assistance, be predicated of heaven, we began to ponder upon the strangeness of our not only being destitute of any records of the productions of this most creative engine, but of not even knowing that any such ever existed. Suddenly the various systems of philosophy which have divided and distracted the world flashed upon our recollection; and we felt, with that irresistible conviction ever accompanying the very first perception of truth, that to no other than the multifarious involutions of the wonder-working concentric circles, could they be ascribed. We have, indeed, no external evidence to confirm our opinion: but the internal evidence is so decisive, and, to all conversant with such matters, so palpable, that none, we are convinced, but the most thoroughgoing sceptic, will hesitate to pronounce the reading public indebted to the Ars Magna of Raymond Lulli for whole libraries of metaphysics, cosmogony, physiology, and more recondite learning, than our limits will admit of our even enumerating.

Our delight at this great discovery induced us to indulge in further lucubrations upon the uses to which this reasoning machine might, did we possess it, be put in our own times. After maturely considering this important question, we will take upon us to affirm, that it would prove of the greatest use to orators. By simply substituting in its columns, in lieu of those abstruse terms which offered the fairest jousting-ground to the scholastic subtlety of the middle ages, the words, Holy Alliance, Carbonari, Agricultural Distress, Banking System, Combination Laws, Legitimacy, Radicalism, Liberalism, Ultraism, Church-of-Englandism,

or any other isms which chance to be the fashionable topics of the day; the merest Tyro in eloquence and politics need only work his concentric circles, to manufacture harangues, which, if not sufficiently finished for the senatorial market, they would fully and admirably answer the large demand for public-dinner speeches, especially after the first dozen of toasts have been drank. In the poetic line, too, much might be done, we think, by an instrument so well calculated for stringing rhymes. Now, since in the enlightened nineteenth century it should rather seem as if every body, although incapable of aught else, were expected to be able at least to make either speeches or verses, we recant our former apprehensions upon the score of non-utility. A machine adapted to afford such assistance must command public attention; and we recommend it to those talented persons who dedicate their genius to the concoction of toy-puzzles—the class of artists, we judge, most likely to succeed,-to attempt the restoration of this valuable succedaneum for intellectual labour. Amply should we deem ourselves recompensed for all our midnight vigils over musty, worm-eaten, black-letter MSS., might we hope, that by directing mechanical skill to so interesting an object, our toils had contributed to the recovery of what, if we may be allowed to Anglicise its name, adapting it to the new uses we have suggested, we would denominate, Raymond's Ready Rhymer, or Every Man his own Rhetorician.

With these few hints and conjectures, we take our leave of the Ars Magna Raimundi; as, with one concluding remark, we shall of its extraordinary and most indefatigable inventor. We are far from wishing that our half-pay officers, disgraced courtiers, battered rakes, superannuated dandies, and bankrupt or retired tradesmen, who are now grumbling away a discontented existence in continental country towns, should learn a dozen sciences, and write 4,000 or even 500 books a-piece. God forbid! But we do think that the example of Raymond Lulli might afford to persons deprived in the middle of their career of the accustomed stimulus of necessary exertion, both consolation and encouragement to direct their activity into a new channel.

M. M.

SONNET.

Poets are Nature's Priests: their hallowed eyes
Behold her Mercy-seat within the Veil:
From their inspired lips the nations hail
Her oracles, and learn her mysteries.
With pure and pious hearts, then, let them prize
Their consecration: shall they hold for sale
The gifts of Heaven?—and tempt mankind to rail
At glorious powers profaned for lusts and lies?—
Thus Phineas and Hophin dared profane
God's Altar,—till their Father's House was cursed,
And they destroy'd; and ev'n the Ark was ta'en
From the lewd nation that such knaves had nursed.
Men highly privileged are prone to ill:
Yet Israel had Samuel then—we have Wordsworth still!

THE CAPTIVE.

Wake not the waters with thine oar,
My gentle gondolier!
The whispers of the wave and shore
Still linger on my ear.
Lonely the night, and dark its sleep,
And few the stars that glow
Within the mirror of the deep,
That lies outspread below.

But fix the mast, the sail unfurl,
My gentle gondolier!
The wind is soft—the calm waves curl—
The sentry cannot hear.
And in this light, our little sail
May well escape his ken;
And we shall meet, ere dawning pale,
Our long-lost countrymen.

Long years the iron manacle,
My gentle gondolier!
Hath worn these limbs in death-damp cell,
'Till they are stiff and sere.
Yet little heed I strengthless limb,
Or think of anguish past,
So we escape while night is dim,
And Heaven is overcast.

"Hark! 'tis the wakeful sentry's call!'

Nay, nay, my gondolier!

We're far from castle-moat and wall—

The sentry cannot hear.

'Tis but the plunging sea-dog's feat,

Or wild-bird on the cliff;—

And lo! the wind is in our sheet.

More swiftly sails our skiff.

More swiftly, and more swiftly yet,
My gentle gondolier!
The gale is fresh—our sail is set—
And morn will soon be here.
Oh! ne'er did Hope so ardently
In human heart expand,
As mine, to see thee ere I die,
My own—my own loved land!

You lawel had Samout then -we have Wonceworth still?

good aciglibours, disappaaced from Scotland. According to the credulous imaginations of some, they remained to a period considerably later:

THE MAY-FLOWER OF DOWNIE.

A TRADITIONARY TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Few persons can have travelled between Dundee and Arbroath without having observed, about mid-way, on the left hand, a fine rich sloping bank, rising to a considerable height, and terminating in a green ridge, beautifully diversified with knolls and hollows; in some places very steep, and in others swelling with a gentle ascent. This ridge is termed the Hills of Downie, and intersects the eastern part of the parish of Monikie, making a variety of climate so remarkable that in former years, when agricultural improvement was less general, harvest was sometimes drawing to a close on the south side of the hill, when it was only beginning on the north side; and still the difference is very

obvious, even in the most favourable seasons.

Although the legendary and traditionary lore of the olden time is now fast hastening to the gulf of oblivion, the Hills of Downie still present one object which renders them interesting to every patriotic Scotsman. Early in the eleventh century, in the reign of Malcolm II., the Danes, who had often invaded Scotland, made a descent upon the shores of Angus, at Carmonstie, in the parish of Panbride; they were violently opposed; and so dreadful was the conflict, that the historian who records the battle, says, the rivulet of Lochtie, on whose banks the action was fought, ran with a purple stream into the sea. Cambus, their valiant leader, was killed; but they penetrated still farther into the country, carrying the corpse of their chieftain along with them, till crossing the Hills of Downie, they buried him nearly on the summit of the ridge. A monumental stone of six or eight feet in height, with a head resembling a cross, and covered with hieroglyphics, still points out his grave; and is known all over the country, by the title of Cambus' cross: in the neighbourhood, it is called the Cross of Cambustoun, from the adjoining farm.

There seems hardly a doubt that the above account is worthy of credit, as an historical truth; but as people of that and after ages were fond of blending much of the marvellous with their matter of fact, ridiculous fables were orally repeated and handed down from one generation to another, and most implicitly believed by ignorance and credulity; and the more remote the period of the tale, so much the more did they consider its authenticity confirmed. Among many other absurd traditions, current in the quarter of which I write, it was commonly reported, and for many centuries believed, that at the time of Cambus' burial, there was deposited by the Danes, on the Hills of Downie, a copper-kettle full of gold: the spot where it was sunk was within sight of the cross; but in what direction, or at what distance, none knew: it was affirmed, that the treasure lay so near the surface, that

the sun shone through the ear of the kettle every day.

My readers are no doubt aware, that it was only about the beginning of the eighteenth century, that the fairies, alias the little folks, alias the

good neighbours, disappeared from Scotland. According to the credulous imaginations of some, they remained to a period considerably later; for the writer of this, in his early days, often conversed with an old woman, who assured him that she had seen them frequently. favourite haunts were romantic and sequestered spots; especially where the turf was smooth, flowery, and interspersed with green knolls. The Hills of Downie had all these recommendations; for the turf is green, and soft as velvet, and thickly studded with romantic knolls: one in particular, on the very summit of the ridge, still retaining the name of Panton's hillock, about half a mile west of Cambus' cross, was said to have been the summer dwelling of the fairies; while another to the south, named Merlin's Craig, was looked upon as their winter residence; or, according to tradition, the former was reckoned the abode of the king; and the latter, that of the queen. Be that as it might, the little folks were believed to hold their nightly revels on the Hills of Downie; and few peasants cared to cross them, at what they considered untimely hours. This dread was, perhaps, augmented by the circumstance, that the path across the ridge passed close by Cambus' cross; and his ghost was said to keep nightly watch, lest any one should discover, and carry away the kettle containing the golden treasure. was further affirmed, that the king and queen of the fairies danced nightly on the turf which covered the kettle, embracing each other when they had finished their cotillion; and that none others of the turf tribe durst set a foot on the spot sacred to royalty.

It is certain that many of the green circles termed fairy rings, are still to be seen on the height, all of which have been narrowly inspected in the sunshine, but no discovery has been made. Tradition also tells of two youths who had fearlessly watched through the night, in order to discover the hidden treasure; but the one was struck dumb, and the other lost his senses. Whether these punishments were inflicted by Cambus' ghost, or the little folks, could never be ascertained, but they

prevented others from tempting a similar fate.

The lands of Downie, consisting of three large farms, and now part of the estate of Panmure, were formerly a separate lairdship; the mansion house being at what is now called West Downie. At one period, the date of which has not been preserved with the tale, the laird was left a widower, with only one child, a daughter, then of an age when youth unfolds its fairest bloom; but, in as far as regards external appearances, nature had been unkind to young lady Mary; for she was a dwarf in stature; had a crook in her neck, which made her head rest on one shoulder; squinted horribly; beside a profusion of carrotty-coloured hair, and a deeply freckled complexion. But, in proportion as her person was disagreeable, her mind was amiable and attractive: she was intelligent beyond most women of her day; not only good-natured, but with a winning sweetness of manner which endeared her both to old and young; she was warm-hearted, kind and beneficent; and the poor for miles around prayed for blessings on lady Mary.

Her cousin, Peter Wilkie, the young laird of the Grange of Barry, about two miles distant, had just come into possession of his estate; and having pulled down the old mansion house, came to reside at Downie with his uncle, until his own residence should be rebuilt. He was in

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every respect a contrast to his cousin Mary; being tall in stature, muscularly and yet elegantly formed; his fine figure was indeed the admiration of both sexes and of all ages. But he was ignorant, proud and overbearing; and with a naturally licentious disposition, carried his libertine propensities into practice at every possible opportunity.

The laird of Downie farmed part of his estate, and had several cottars, or vassals, residing in Windy-edge, a hamlet on the brow of the hill, which still retains the name, although the number of cottages is now diminished. Among these were Adam Wallace, a ploughman to the laird; and Walter Lundie, the cowherd. Adam had only one son; and Walter's only child was a daughter. The contrast between them was as great as could well be imagined; for Ned Wallace was a dwarf in stature, a giant in strength, and a lamb for gentleness and good-nature. Some people said he was double-jointed; for he could lift and carry a sack of corn under each arm, while his neighbours felt one, a burden sufficient for their shoulders. Not a youth in the parish could wrestle a fall with him; and although he was bandy-legged to an extreme degree, none were found between Lidlaw and the sea, to match him in the race. As his father had been, he was plough-boy to the laird, by whom he was much esteemed; for with dexterity equal to his strength, he was prepared for any exertion, and was always willing to assist the helpless, and stand forth as the defender of the oppressed. He was believed to be more learned than the parish priest; but in addition to all his other defects, he stuttered so dreadfully in his speech, that it was with difficulty he could be understood even by his most intimate acquaintance. Notwithstanding this defect, however, he sang exquisitely. He had made for himself a flute, with which he would wander out in the twilight, and "discourse most excellent music." Although Ned's mind could not escape those superstitious prejudices of the times, which obtained almost universal belief, it rose superior to the fears which they generally inspired; and he felt a strong wish to have an interview with the little folks, or with the good neighbours, as he always entitled them.

Susan Lundie, the cowherd's daughter, was so much of a beauty, so elegant in stature, and so delicate in complexion, that she was the object of envy with one sex, and of admiration with the other. In a word, she was celebrated all over the country as a paragon of beauty; and generally known by the appellation of the May-Flower of Downie. But seldom if ever had nature been at such pains to ornament a casket, containing so worthless a trinket as Susan Lundi's cold and insensible heart. Her mother had spoiled her in childhood, by praising her beauty; and now she was so followed and flattered, that her heart became inflated, and forgetting her station, she believed that her face and stature must inevitably make her fortune. With this impression, she avoided working out of doors, lest the sun and weather should injure her complexion; and assisting her mother in the house, would have destroyed the beauty of her fine and delicate hands: she therefore attended to nothing but the arts of dress, that she might set off her charms to the best possible advantage.

Ned Wallace could not be insensible to such exquisite beauty, and had long sighed in secret, before he ventured to disclose the wishes of his heart, which were at last expressed by his fond and impassioned

looks, rather than by his imperfect speech, which he now bitterly lamented, as so ill adapted to give utterance to the eloquence of love. But he contrived to express his passion in a song, and presented it to his fair one, accompanied with an air of his own composing. This air it became his sole delight to play at every interval of labour. Susan, although insensible to love, was delighted to hear her praises chaunted by so perfect a minstrel; and while she despised him, at least gave him such encouragement as induced him still to worship in her chains.

The attractions of female beauty have in all ages cast a spell over the great and the wise: heroes and sages have persuaded themselves that they were in love, when it was only a fever and delirium of the senses. No wonder then, Ned Wallace, a poor untutored ploughboy, should have been fascinated with the exquisite beauty of an artful and cold-hearted coquette. From the encouragement he had received, he believed himself warranted in proposing marriage. She affected to hear him with tender regard; but heaving a deep sigh, said, their union could not possibly take place till he was cured of that disagreeable impediment in his speech, which made him appear to such manifest disadvantage. She was convinced, she pursued, that he might overcome it if he chose, and until this was accomplished, forbade him speaking to her on the subjects of either love or marriage. This was merely a ruse of Susan; for she believed that his impediment was incurable, but still wished to induce him to celebrate her praises, even though she " had other tow upon her distaff."

Ned was for some time inconsolable, for his passion seemed to him perfectly hopeless; he had never believed himself an object either of ridicule or pity; and both were equally galling to his feelings. He no longer mingled in the sports or rustic feats of his companions, in which he had previously shone unrivalled. He performed his various avocations, but never spoke when it could be avoided; and at evening retired to some sequestered spot, to indulge himself with his favourite flute. There was a fine echo at a short distance from Merlin's Craig; and Ned, who possessed at all times a warm and rather romantic imagination, delighted to hear the sorrows of his heart, as breathed from his flute, responded by what he believed the airy and invisible beings around

him.

One fine evening as he was seated there, breathing his plaintive strains, the twilight sky was more than ordinarily beautiful, and the air unusually serene; whether it was that he touched his flute with any peculiar delicacy, or that the fine evening operated on his susceptible imagination, I cannot undertake to determine, but he sat much longer than usual; and still the ærial responses became more mellow and exquisitely pleasing, till his senses were overpowered and absorbed, as in a rapturous dream. At this moment he fancied he heard a sigh breathed close behind him; a feeling which he could never describe stole over his frame, and although inclined to rise, he appeared rivetted to the spot. Not a zephyr was breathing, all was solemn stillness around him, when another sigh was heard, so loud, that it was responded by the echo; and turning his head, he saw a human figure, sitting on a grey rock almost close behind him. His eyes were for a

moment dazzled, and when he recovered his sight, a little old man, with white hair and a long grey beard stood before him. Ned felt a strong emotion, but was by no means daunted; and there was a serene benignity in the old man's countenance, as he stood with his face opposite to the full-orbed moon, which would have banished fear from a brow far more timid than that of Ned Wallace.

"Where did you learn the air that you played just now " said the

grey headed old man.

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"I-I-I m-m-ma-made it m-m my-myself," replied Ned, scuttering,

and speaking with greater difficulty than usual.

"Had I played it since you were born, I would have said you had stolen it from me, for it is of my composing; I never heard any one play it but myself till to-night, and I have not played it for thirty years past; give me your flute, if you please, I will try it once more."

The little old man took the flute, and breathed over an air of the same notes as Ned's; but with such innumerable graces, prolonging the swells so sublimely, with such delicate softness and sweetness in the cadences, that the ploughman's heart was enchanted, and elevated to a degree of rapture he had never before experienced. "My breath is now feeble and broken—but I will try it again," said the old man; and he played over the same air, with more than a dozen variations, all of them of inexpressible sweetness. His eyes sparkled, and he said, "How do you like these?" Ned could only stutter out, "I-I-I th-th-tha-thank you! I never h-h-he-heard any th-th-thing so fine."

"But why do you stutter so? Are you afraid?" said the stranger.

"I n-n-never s-s-sp-speak b-b-better."

"What would you give to be cured?"

Ned heaved a deep sigh, and looking most wistfully, replied, that he was a poor ploughman, and had little to give; but that were he possessed of a kingdom, he would freely bestow it for a cure, were skill adequate to the task to be found.

"I think you would purchase the use of your tongue at too high a price;—you are no public speaker, eloquence would be of little value to

you.

The old man kept up a conversation with Ned, and wound himself so far into his confidence, that he told the tale of his love, extolling the incomparable beauty of his mistress.

" Is not that the maiden named the May-Flower?"

"Y-y-ye-yes."

"I have seen her; she is indeed passing fair: I will undertake to cure you, upon one condition; and that such an one as you can easily perform."

" N-n-na-name it,"

"This is Friday evening. Will you come here at the same hour on every Friday night, for a year, and play the same air which you played just now."

"S-s-se-seven y-y-ye-years, if y-y-you li-li-like."

The little old man smiled, stroked his grey beard, and said; "Such love merits a return. Take this small phial, you know the Lady-well, go there in the morning, take nine drops of this, in a draught of water from the well, in which then dip your head three times over the ears,

for nine days. Touch not your flute till the ninth morning, then play the air over before leaving the well, and you will see the effect of your obedience to my directions."

Ned was attempting to thank the little old man; but he said, "Go home; you will thank me by and by:" and turning behind the rock,

disappeared.

With full confidence in the prescription, Nea went home, and enraptured with the hope of gaining Susan, arose early and performed his ablutions at the well, which was near the mansion-house of Downie. After the third morning, the effects of the antidote began to manifest themselves, although very differently from what he expected; for he spoke with far greater difficulty than before, and this difficulty increased every succeeding morning. However, his confidence, although shaken, was not destroyed; and he determined to persevere, let the consequences

be what they might.

The ninth and last morning came; he rose earlier than usual, took his flute in his pocket, and as he swallowed the draught of water, it tasted like honey. Having immersed his head in the well, he firmly expected to speak plainly; but on making the attempt, stuttered, if possible, worse than ever. Blaming his own rashness, as he had not yet played the air, he sat down on the bank and took his flute; no sooner had it touched his lips, than a sensation shot through his frame like that which he felt when he met the little old man at Merlin's Craig. The house dog now came running and jumping upon him; Ned patted his head, and attempted to say, "poor Oscar!" but found, to his bitter disappointment, that he could articulate no sound whatever. This was indeed a dreadful consequence; and he felt inclined to curse the old man in his heart, and also his own credulity; but checking himself, he resolved to wait till Friday evening, when he determined to repair to the echo at Merlin's Craig, with his flute, in obedience to the directions of his oracle.

In the meantime, Susan, who had seen Ned every day pursuing his ordinary employments, but never heard his flute, which his avocations did not admit of his playing in the day-time, believed that she was for ever freed from his importunities; of which she was heartily glad, for Peter, the young laird of Grange, had shewn attentions to her which could not be mistaken, from which the most extravagant hopes were anticipated by her lofty imagination. Indeed, when she reflected that Peter was the finest-looking young fellow for many miles round, and that she was universally allowed to be the handsomest girl in the country, she believed that nature and fate had formed them for each other; almost loathed herself for having ever listened to Ned Wallace; and now heartily rejoiced over the device, by which she had delivered herself from his importunities.

Indulging in this delightful day dream, she was one evening walking out in a direction in which she expected to meet the young laird, when she came to an old blind beggar-man, seated under a hedge, who hearing her approach, in a piteous tone requested her to lead him where he could obtain shelter for the night. But Susan eyed him with a glance of contempt, and passed on quickly, without deigning to reply. However, Ellen Shaw, a servant maid in the neighbouring farm, approached

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soon after, and to her the blind beggar made the same request; Ellen was a kind-hearted girl, and said, "poor man! I am in haste to visit my sick mother, but give me your arm; I will guide you to the laird's, where the young lady Mary will give you supper and lodging; for she never turned the helpless from the door."

"Blessings on your kind heart, my sweet lassie, for such I am sure you are; I hope you will never regret your kindness to a blind beggar," said the old man, leaning on her arm, and gently pressing her hand: Ellen led him along; they met lady Mary on the green, who kindly conducted the old man into the house, where he became sick and ready to faint. Mary administered a cordial to him, continuing her attendance until she saw him recovered; and then giving him in charge to a servant, with orders to prepare a bed for him, in a soothing voice bade him good night, expressing her hope that he would find himself well in the morning, adding her request that he would not depart without breakfast.

The young laird continued his attentions to Susan; his fondness increasing at every interview; for as she was unrivalled in beauty, she excelled most of her sex in those blandishments which could display it with the greatest advantage; not only keeping hope alive, but also tanning the flame of desire; at the same time checking improper freedoms, and preventing them from proceeding farther than suited her These arts she had exercised on Peter with such dexterity, that she believed him entangled beyond the power of escape. In this opinion she was confirmed by an old woman, who meeting her one day, offered to spae her fortune. Nothing could be more agreeable to Susan; she readily and eagerly extended her hand to the hoary sybil, who as she drew her lank and withered fingers along the line of life in Susan's soft lily palm, muttered, "wonderful things here—great changes—be not too rash, lady—take time—there is only one like you—you were formed for him-you are worthy of each other." All this appeared plain to Susan, and she felt her head turning round with the prospect of felicity which fancy presented to her imagination.

Ned Wallace continued dumb, but still with his spirits unbroken he plied his labours through the day, and at night solaced himself with his flute, playing over his favourite air with all the delightful variations of the mysterious old man, impatient, however, for Friday evening, when he should wake the echoes of Merlin's Craig with his plaintive melody. Friday morning came, with a storm of wind and rain; but the hardy ploughman determined to keep his appointment, whatever the state of the weather might be. However, the tempest was hushed about noon; and at evening the sun set behind the forown hills of Dod, curtained around with gold and purple, tinging the dark and lofty woods of Pamure with every variety of light and shade. Ned set out on his expedition with a heart palpitating with alternate hopes and fears. The bean fields in full flower breathed a delicate fragrance as he passed. On reaching the appointed spot, he seated himself on a little hillock covered with wild-thyme, breathing perfume, he played over the mysterious air with a delicacy and sweetness which surprised himself, and echo responded the notes with a greater softness than formerly. He paused; a cloud seemed to pass before his eyes, and the little old man stood before him.

"You are much improved as a musician, and play that air with all its variations remarkably well," said he, "but lend me your flute; I will give you another lesson." He took the flute, played it over with new and still softer variations, and Ned was enchanted as he listened to the cadences, dying as the echo, in ærial sweetness.

"Let me hear you try that," said the little old man, returning the

instrument from which he had produced such melody.

No sooner had Ned applied the flute to his lips, than a delightful thrill shot through his whole frame, similar to that which is produced by the first kiss of love. He started, paused, and stood in silent rapture.

" Proceed!" said his companion.

The ploughman breathed on the instrument, which seemed to express the very soul: never had he listened to his own music with such delighted sensations.

"Excellent-if you speak as fluently as you play, your eloquence

must be irresistible," said the little old man.

"I cannot speak at all," replied Ned, uttering his former feelings, before he was aware that his tongue was giving the lie to itself.

" I think you speak very well for a dumb man!" said the stranger,

smiling significantly.

"Oh sir! I am lost in astonishment; and knew not till this moment, that I have not only recovered my speech, but can talk without

stammering."

"Yes; you are now cured; and I release you from your agreement of playing here, excepting for your own pleasure. Go home; remind Susan of her promise: get married, and be happy." And the old man disappeared.

Never before had Ned felt such lightness of heart; he bounded along with the swiftness of a roe, scarcely conscious whether he was on his head or his heels. He learned, the next morning, to his great regret, that Susan was absent at the cottage of a friend, and would not return

for a week.

The following evening, Ellen Shaw had visited her mother, who lived in the village of Guildy, on the other side of the hill: she was returning in the twilight, and was walking very fast, as she had to pass Cambus' Cross and Merlin's Craig; both of which, after dark, were religiously avoided by the country people. Peter Wilkie, the young laird, had been at Monikie, and on his return overtook Ellen, as she was climbing the height to Cambus' Cross. Expressing his surprise at finding her out so late, he said he should now have the pleasure of seeing her safely home. Ellen was no stranger to Peter's character, and would have taken her chance with Cambus' ghost, aye, and also with the fairies of Merlin's Craig, rather than have risked herself in his company. However, there was no alternative, and she resolved not to betray her alarm. Peter had taken her arm, and as they passed the cross, began to talk, first of the ghost, and then of the fairies; endeavouring to excite her feelings, that she might cling the closer to him for protection. He now began to take freedoms, which alarmed her far more than his previous conversation, and which she modestly, but firmly resented. When in the loneliest part of the hill, opposite to Merlin's Craig, he folded her close in his arms, and seating himself on a green knoll, put her down forcibly beside him. It happened to be the very hillock on which Ned was wont to sit with his flute. His rudeness increased, and the terrified maiden trembled in his grasp. The ruffian now told her, with characteristic brutality, that she had better confer as a favour, what he was determined to obtain at all hazards. Ellen screamed, and

called out "help!" so loudly, that echo repeated the call.

"Hush!" said the ruthless assailant, in a most scornful tone; "the fairies, or as you will term them, the good neighbours, are coming to your assistance; but I shall be before-hand with them;" and he began to offer still ruder violence, when a voice behind him called out in a solemn tone, "Forbear!" Appalled, he looked behind him, but saw nothing. Ellen felt a gleam of hope, and attempted to rise; but the brutal ravisher detained her, and after a minute or two, renewed his attack. She now shrieked in wild terror. The voice again called out, "Forbear!" and Ellen believed she recognised the voice of the blind beggar. A longer pause now took place, when Peter, rudely grasping Ellen in his arms, said: "Man or devil, come forward and shew thyself—I start not at shadows!"

He had scarce uttered this defiance, when a stone went over Ellen's head, and striking Peter on the temple, stunned him so completely, that he fell back on the ground. Finding herself at liberty, Ellen sprang on her feet; when the little old man with the white head and the grey beard stood by her side, and, in a soothing tone, said: "Be not afraid; I will be your guide to-night, as you were once mine."

Ellen was too much agitated to reply, and stood passive as he took her arm. They proceeded in silence, till they reached her master's door, when the old man releasing her arm, said: "Good night—forget

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Most anxiously did Ned count not only the days but the hours till Susan's return, when he hastened to meet her, persuaded that her joy would equal his own. However much the proud beauty might be astonished to hear him speak plainly, it was by no means an agreeable surprise, when with great fluency he requested her to fix the happy day. For she had met the young laird since her return; and believed her fate near its consummation. She therefore, with much coldness, but affected civility, replied; "A miracle seems to have been wrought upon you, and a wonder has happened to me: my fate has been foretold; I am to be a lady. You are as yet only a plough-boy; talk not to me of marriage, till you can make me a lady; and I shall then be happy to see you."

Ned's disappointment was the more keenly felt, as it was entirely unexpected. He passed the night without sleep, and the day in a state which baffles all description. Still determined to win the May-Flower on her own terms, he bethought him how he should acquire riches; till at length the legend of the copper kettle on the hill came across his mind. This everybody knew, and most people believed. He had already found the little folks friendly, and had no cause to apprehend injury from them; he therefore, determined to watch every possible opportunity of discovering the treasure. For this purpose, he seated himself on the hill, from twilight till he heard the cock-crow; visiting

first one spot and then another, but still without making any discovery. This was continued till, between anxiety of mind and want of sleep, his health was broken, and he began to be afraid of losing his reason. Recollecting that the next night was Friday, he resolved once more to visit the echo with his flute; hoping he might again attract the attention of the little old man at Merlin's Craig. With Ned, to resolve was to execute. His flute, which had lain for some time untouched, was now resumed, he played still more exquisitely, breathing strains of melody unknown to himself. This he considered a good omen; he hastened to the rock, and soon awakened the echoes, which seemed to delight in prolonging his strains; and he had touched his flute a very few minutes, when the kind little old man again stood before him.

"How is this? I thought you would have been too happy, too busy fondling your May-Flower, to have found leisure for courting the echoes

on the hills," said the old man.

Ned, heaving a deep sigh, related his disappointment, and Susan's declaration.

"And what came you here for? speak freely, but truly, and without equivocation or disguise;" said his mysterious friend.

"I came to seek you."

"Well; what do you want with me?"

"You have already been my friend; I believe your skill extends

still farther, and would again solicit your assistance."

"I consider you a tolerably well-behaved young man, and will oblige you in any thing reasonable, as far as is in my power: tell me frankly what you wish."

"There is a kettle of gold on the hill—I have long sought it in vain. Could you direct me to the spot in which it lies, Susan might yet be

mine."

"You have been candid in telling me the truth; but you have acted rashly: you have been observed lurking between Merlin's Craig and Panton's hillock; and if you had not had a good friend, might have suffered for your temerity. The kettle of gold I will not shew you; it must never be found by man."

"Then Susan is lost for ever; and there remains no more happiness

for me in this world."

"I am not sure of that. If you follow my advice, you may yet be as happy as woman's love can make you."

"I will take your counsel-tell me what I shall do."

"First answer me one question. You have seen Susan only once since you could speak plainly. Now tell me truly, did you kiss her?"

" I did not."

"Cold courtship, indeed! However, go home; you will find her alone this evening. Tell her that the friend who taught you to speak plainly, meets you at Merlin's Craig; that you have seen him to-night; and that he has assured you, as I now do, that your wife shall be a lady, the most lovely and beautiful woman in Angus-shire. When you have told Susan this, clasp her fondly in your arms; kiss her once, and no more, till you see the result. But, however fond either of you may be, take care that you press her lips only once; for on that your suc-

cess and future fate depends. I scarcely think you will require any farther assistance: however, should it be necessary, you know where to find me."

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Away went Ned, with his heart nearly as light as before: for although he had found Susan less delicate and more mercenary than he expected, he relied with confidence on the skill, counsel, and influence of the little old man. Susan was sitting alone, but seemed to regard his visit as an intrusion. The truth is, that she expected the young laird; and was bitterly disappointed at the ploughman's appearance. Ned began his story according to his instructions. Susan smiled, but it was not the smile of gladness—it was the bitter smile of scorn. "So you assure me your wife is to be a lady," said she. "When I know where your land lies, I may then think of you! but till then you must excuse me."

She was about to leave him, but he caught her arm, and said— "Dear Susan, will you—can you leave me thus? Let us not part in anger; once more I must press that lip, the sweetest and loveliest that ever smiled on man." And he looked with such languid fondness, that Susan, from the spirit of coquetry, resolved to indulge him, that he might the more bitterly deplore his loss. With impassioned fondness, he impressed upon her lip that kiss which was to seal his fate, expecting her to sink into his arms, soliciting forgiveness for the severe trials she had made him undergo. The banquet was delicious, and he was in no haste to leave it; being prohibited from more than one embrace, he wished to protract the pleasure. The angry fair turned away her head, and opened her mouth to chide, or rather to storm; but, to her astonishment, she could with difficulty utter a word; and this was her first "Y-y-you a-a-are v-v-ve-very i-i-impudent!" For with Ned's kiss she had caught his former disorder; and the infection had been as powerful as it was instantaneous.

Alarmed and ashamed, she started; tried again to speak, and found that she could only stutter, worse than Ned had ever done. Next morning, she was no better; and after a day or two's trial, finding the disorder growing in virulence, she affected dumbness, to avoid the ridicule of her companions; and also kept her bed, pretending sickness.

Ned had called to visit her, but she refused to see him; and her mother believed that he had brought this evil on her daughter. Susan had also, from a different motive, refused to see the young laird; for she was ashamed of her situation: more especially, as it was similar to that under which Ned had laboured; believing it would indicate a familiarity with one whom she had never loved, and now bitterly hated. Peter made another abortive attempt to see her; but although foiled, he learned from her mother, that she could not speak; and that Ned had been with her when she was first seized. The young laird departed, secretly vowing vengeance against Ned.

Susan, after much anguish of mind, determined, at whatever hazard, to solicit the assistance of the little old man, who had rendered Ned so eloquent. She accordingly stole out one evening, after twilight; and with fearful heart, which fluttered at the sound of her own feet, she hastened to Merlin's Craig, where superstitious timidity conjured up a thousand phantoms to her teeming imagination. She was just about

to return home, being overcome with terror, when the little old man, with his white head and long grey beard, stood before her; and, in a rough and disagreeable voice, inquired how she dared to intrude upon his property at that untimely hour.

Ready to sink with terror, her tongue would have faltered at any rate; but with her present impediment of speech, it was with great difficulty she could relate her distress, or say that she had sought him

for relief. 1 min to ming the torn torn the days at the port to make the world "I can refuse nothing to so fair a flower," said he; "and will restore your speech, upon a condition which you can easily fulfil."

"N-n-na-name it," said she.

"That you permit me to press these lovely pouting lips with mine. I shall then be able to boast of having embraced the bonniest lass be-

tween Perth and Aberdeen."

"I am not accustomed to kiss grey beards;" stuttered Susan, in a tone which partook both of modesty and haughtiness. She was about to say something more, when recollecting that a kiss produced her distress, she thought it exceedingly probable that another might remove it. She therefore attempted her most seductive smile, and approached the little old man in silence; but with a most expressive look, which seemed to say, "Do your pleasure." He pressed his withered lips to those of the blooming May-Flower; and then said: "Now, if you give this kiss to the person whom you hold dearest on earth, your impediment of speech is gone for ever; but if to any other, it will return, and prove incurable. Do you promise to obey me? Speak; and you will find I have not deceived you." Yes; I will obey you faithfully," replied Susan, delighted to find that she spoke with her wonted ease and fluency: and away she bounded along the bank, so lightly, that the wild-flower scarcely bended beneath her feet.

The young laird had been at her father's to inquire for her; and met the maiden at the corner of the kail yard, beneath a broad and shady elder tree. He rushed forward, folded her in his arms, and snatched the willing kiss; but losing his grasp, he started back, crying,

"W-wh-what the d-d-de-devil is th-th-tha-that?"

DESCRIPTION TO SERVING ALL "What do you mean? what alarms you? You see I have recovered my speech."

"Y-y-ye-yes; and g-g-go-got a-a-a-a b-b-b-be-beard l-l-li-like a

b-b-bur th-th-thistle!"

It was with difficulty she comprehended his meaning, he spoke so ill; but passing her left hand across her chin, she felt with horror, that the little old man had made her a present of his thick and long beard. Peter again attempted to speak, but was utterly unintelligible; for he had not only got Ned Wallace's stutter, but also the bur of a Newcastle collier, and the lisp of a fine lady. Both were too much displeased with themselves and each other to continue their fondling. Peter walked away in silence; and the May-Flower entering the house, ran to consult her mirror; in which she found she had a long, thick, grey beard, from her lip to her chin. 019

While all this was passing on the brow of the hill, Ned had walked out, and seated himself by the well, with his flute; the coldness and inconsistency of Susan had rendered his favourite air less pleasant

either to his ear or heart. As he paused, he heard a voice call, "Ned Wallace, you are wanted at home instantly." He started; for it was not the voice of any of his fellow-servants. However, knowing that the laird had been absent, he imagined that his master was returned, and that his services were wanted. He started from the green hillock, ran to the house, and entering the kitchen, found no one there. He called, but received no answer, which at that late hour rather surprised He turned round to walk out, and make some inquiry, when he heard a sudden scream in the room directly above him. It was repeated with wild agony; and he believed that it proceeded from the young lady Mary. He sprang up stairs, almost at a step. The shrieks were now dreadful, and proceeded from a room immediately before him. The door was fastened on the inside; but with one stroke of his foot he burst it open, and found the young lady with her clothes all in flames! It was her bed-room; and with habitual presence of mind, he snatched a blanket from the bed, in which enveloping her closely, he succeeded in extinguishing the flames; but the lady was dreadfully

The servant maids, taking the opportunity of their master's absence, after the young lady had retired to her bed-room, had gone out, to indulge in a romp with their companions; so that lady Mary was alone in the house, and it was only the entrance of Ned that saved her from a most dreadful death. A considerable time elapsed before any assistance could be procured for the lady; and even then there was none better than that of the maid-servants. The first thought that occurred to Ned, after he got her committed to their care, was a surgeon; but none was nearer than Dundee, upwards of eight miles distant. In two minutes he was on horseback, and off at full gallop. The night was dark, and the road rough; and when about midway, the horse stumbled and fell, and no efforts of Ned's could raise him. Not to lose time, he pushed forward on foot; found a surgeon, got him mounted, and proceeded with him, keeping pace with the horse. When opposite to Stob's-muir, the surgeon recollected something which he had left behind, and dispatched Ned to town for it, requesting him to follow as speedily as possible, as the article might be wanted. Ned had a light foot and agile limbs, and arrived at Downie soon after the surgeon; but the excitement he had experienced, and the violent exertion he had made, had produced a strong and profuse perspiration, which soon changed into cold shiverings; and robust as his frame was, it overpowered him soon after his

The laird had arrived long before the surgeon; and as Mary, although in a dreadful state, could speak, and was still sensible, they learned from her how the accident had happened, and to whom she was indebted for her life. Her head-dress had taken fire at the lamp, and communicated to her other clothes. Her hair was completely burnt, her eye-sight destroyed, and her face and neck one series of blisters. The grief of her father was inexpressible; and it was augmented to find her in a high fever. The surgeon, on a subsequent visit, said to her father in confidence, that her recovery seemed almost hopeless; and even should she be saved, she would be blind for life, and her face dreadfully disfigured. She continued to grow worse; and her medical attendant

declared he could do nothing, except endeavour to mitigate her sufferings, which he said might be considered as near their termination.

Soon after this melancholy sentence was pronounced, a poor old woman called at the kitchen, and insisted upon seeing the laird, with an importunity which would not be denied. When introduced to him, she said: "My husband was lately a blind beggar, but his sight is now restored. He has heard of the accident which has happened to the young lady your daughter; she once shewed great kindness to him, and he has sent me to restore her to health; which I will undertake to do, pro-

vided you put her solely under my care."

Although placing little confidence in the old woman's assertions, yet, as the surgeon had pronounced her incurable, and as drowning men catch at straws, the anxious parent felt a glow of hope; and requested the old woman to accompany him to the surgeon, with whom they had a long conversation. When the old woman retired, the medical attendant being asked his opinion, replied: "If I am not much mistaken, this old woman is one of the folks whom you call good neighbours; I believe them possessed of power to perform wonderful things. It is with sorrow I confess myself incapable of doing more for the young lady; and I do not think human skill can save your daughter. Let the old woman have her will; I shall see you every day, and watch her operations."

Mary had been a considerable time blind and speechless, with the apparent sickness of death at her heart, when the old woman was introduced. She contrived to make her patient swallow some drops from a small phial; and taking a chip box from her pocket, gently anointed Mary's face with an unguent, which diffused a most delicate and pleasant odour over the chamber. "She will now have a long and sound sleep," said the old woman; "I must watch her, but she will

awaken much refreshed."

Mary slept till next morning, and awoke with no fever; she spoke, and said, she felt little pain. On the third day she opened her eyes, discerning every object distinctly; and declaring that the pain was entirely gone, she having nothing to complain of but weakness. The delighted father rejoiced in the rapid convalescence of his daughter; and saw with astonishment, that although the old woman rubbed her face and neck thrice a day with the ointment, yet the box, which was very small,

continued to all appearance always full.

The surgeon had attended Ned, who continued in a high fever, accompanied by delirium; but this had not been communicated to lady Mary. The good man having met with an accident, was unable to visit Downie; and as Ned was considered in great danger, the laird requested the old woman to visit him. She went, looked on him, and listened to him, raving wildly. His flute lay in the room; she took it up, and applying it to her skinny lips, produced tones wild and soft as those of the Eolian lyre. Ned was instantly silent; and raising himself, sat listening with evident delight; and when she laid down the instrument, he sank silent and motionless on the bed. His delirium did not return; but he continued in a state of insensibility, and so motionless, that it was only by close attention that it could be ascertained that he breathed—the only indication that he was alive.

The lady Mary recovered rapidly; and what was very extraordinary, her head, which before rested on one shoulder, was now placed fairly between them; in short, the crooked neck and squint in her eyes, seemed both to have been frightened away by the fire. When she was able to leave her bed, and stood upright in the room, it was discovered, that she was nearly a foot taller, and of most elegant shape and stature; her hair had also begun to grow again, and instead of being red as a carrot, was of a most beautiful dark auburn. She no longer squinted; and as the scars on her face healed, her skin appeared so renovated, that she was not like the same woman; for her neck was white as a column of alabaster. In her complexion, instead of brown freckles, the rose and lily were so harmoniously blended, that by the time her health was re-established, she was more beautiful than the May-flower had ever appeared; but resembled her so closely, that she seemed Susan Lundie, improved in stature and beauty.

Such were the form and features of lady Mary, when she first went to visit Ned, her preserver, who was still confined to his bed, although now able to speak. When she entered, his eyes sparkled with delight, and he cried:—" My dear Susan, this is kind to visit me on my death-bed! Oh! let me gaze on you—methinks you are and are not Susan: that beauty is Susan Lundie's, much improved: but that smile, and that gentle voice, is lady Mary's; yet she has never come to see me, although I rejoice that I was the means of saving her life. But my senses are surely wandering, or perhaps this is all a dream; for an an-

gel appears before me."

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On the eventful night, the wonders of which have been recorded, Susan was so mortified at her beard, that the thought banished sleep from her eyes, and happiness from her breast. Next evening she was sick, and unable to leave her bed. She was, however, visited by the young laird, who wished to make inquiries about what had happened to them; for he still stuttered, burred, and lisped, in a manner which provoked the risibility of all who heard him. Susan, ashamed to shew her face, confessed to him the measures she had adopted to remove the imperfection of her speech; and they both agreed that the glamour of the little old man had produced their misfortunes. Peter, proud and rash, determined to use every effort to extricate them from this spell; he resolved to see and force the contemptible old wretch, as he termed him, to do them justice. He therefore, next evening, set out for Merlin's Craig, where it is probable he had met the little old man; as he was found next morning asleep on the green hillock; every endeavour to awake him proving abortive. He was carried home, and lay in that torpid state for many weeks, defying the skill of the most eminent physicians, and the influence of the most powerful medicines. When he awoke and recovered his senses, he refused to tell anything of the past; but believing himself to be well, insisted on getting up; and to his astonishment, found that he was dwindled to a dwarf in stature, with bandy legs; that in short, he was the exact model of Ned Wallace; but without his strength, or swiftness of foot; and with all the imperfections of speech already described. His first visit was to the May-Flower, who still retained all her former beauty, excepting the grey beard. Believing him to be Ned Wallace, she flew into the most violent rage,

uttering dreadful imprecations; and ordering him never again to appear

in her presence.

Immediately after his departure, the hoary sybil who had formerly spaed Susan's fortune, visited her, and undertook to remove the offensive ornament from her chin, provided she would consent to lose her beauty at the same time. Susan's proud heart was now humbled, and she replied:--" make me the plainest woman in the parish, but leave) Length as to bear the control of the best me like a woman!"

"Well; go wash nine mornings in the Lady-well, and your beard

shall disappear; but you must be no longer the May-Flower."

Susan obeyed, and lost her beard; but acquired lady Mary's pigmy stature, crooked neck, squinting eyes, and freckled face; with a profusion of red hair, which neither comb nor scissors could keep in regularorder.

Ned Wallace, when he arose from bed, found his clothes would not fit him; for he was now metamorphosed to the figure and stature of Peter, the young laird of Grange; and this was the only circumstance

which could convince him of the lady Mary's identity.

The result of all these transformations, and the denoument of our tale, will be anticipated by every reader. Ned Wallace had saved lady Mary's life; she was now the loveliest girl in face and form, between Buchan and the Border; as her mind had always been the most amiable, she was indeed the genuine May-Flower. Susan had been a gay and gaudy poppy; but Mary was a rose of rich fragrance and unrivalled beauty. Ned was the only man who seemed worthy of her; but his diffidence forbade the expression of that love which he now so warmly cherished for her. Gratitude, however, impelled Mary to outstep the custom, although not the modesty of her sex. The matchless pair were united; and lived long and happily, Laird and Lady Downie. Tradition is silent respecting the future fate of Peter and Susan.

ON THE MISTRESS CICELY,

A PATTERN AND EXAMPLE OF HOUSEKEEPERS.

SHE was a woman peerless in her station,

With household virtues wedded to her name; Spotless in linen, grass-bleached in her fame, And pure, and clear-starched in her reputation. Hence in my castle of imagination She bides for ever more the dainty dame, To keep all airy draperies from shame, And all dream furniture in preservation. There walketh she with keys quite silver bright, In perfect hose, and shoes of seemly black, Apron and stomacher of hily white; -- o diprovide a And decent order follows in her track; and doors to smooth The burnished plate glows lustrous in her sight, And glossy floors and tables shine her back! T. H.

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NEAR FARNSFIELD, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE; WITHIN THE ANCIENT BOUNDARIES OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

FOUNT of this lonely nook,
Hardly may heaven look
Through the green covert of thy leafy trees;
Yet, in thy lucent wave,
Green ferns and mosses lave,
Dimpling thy stream as sways the passing breeze.

to I and depend out of moon

Beneath a classic sky
Thy hidden purity
To nymph or goddess had been consecrate;
King, warrior, bard divine,
Had mingled at thy shrine,
Bearing rich gifts, thee to propitiate.

Then, from thy twilight dim,
Pæan and votive hymn,
In the still moonlight had come pealing out;
Then odours sweet been shed,
From flower-gifts garlanded,
And solemn rite been here, and festive shout.

And marvel, 'tis thy spring,
So purely bubbling,
Never was sainted, ne'er had cross nor sign;
Strange, that beside thy well
No holy hermit's cell,
Blessing thy waters, made this nook a shrine.

Fount of the forest! no—
Thy waters' crystal flow
Ne'er had a legend, traveller never came,
Childhood nor crippled age,
On wearying pilgrimage
From distant regions, guided by thy name.

As now, 'mong mosses green,

Dim in thy leafy screen,

Ages ago thy sylvan fount was flowing;

The squirrel on the tree,

The bird's blithe melody,

And drooping forms around thy margin growing.

still continue to call him) died, and into whose hands the whole of his

Even then thy cool retreat linique advant datedw Lured the tired peasant's feet; and some lined righty Here gentle creatures shunned the noonday beam; And, from the hunter's dart, Here fled the chased hart, And bathed his antlered forehead in thy stream.

Pure fount! there need not be Proud rites' solemnity, Priest, altar, hymn, nor legend, to recall The soul to thought of Heaven, Tis by thy silence given, Thy dimness, and thy water's tinkling fall.

There is a spell of grace Around this quiet place, That lures the spirit to a better mood; Whence? but that man's weak arm Hath not dissolved the charm Which nature forms in her calm solitude.

MARY HOWITT.

Then, from thy willight dim,

ISMAEL FITZADAM.

THE notice of Mr. John Macken (better known by his alias of Ismael Fitzadam), and his writings, and the pathetic fragment of autobiography from his pen, published in the Literary Magnet for October last, have, we are pleased to observe, excited no inconsiderable attention. We have lately been favoured with a communication from Fitzadam's brother-in-law, the proprietor of a highly respectable Irish newspaper, the Enniskillen Chronicle, which enables us to correct one or two mistakes in our remarks upon his highly-gifted relative. We hope at some future time to be enabled to lay before our readers several additional particulars, derived from the same source, as well as a few extracts from our friend's posthumous writings. The principal aim of our correspondent, in addressing us upon the present occasion, seems to have been, to confirm the opinion expressed by us respecting the conduct of lord Exmouth; and the improbability of the statement, conveyed to us anonymously, (by captain Pellew we believe), that his lordship never received either of his volunteer laureate's communications, nor ever heard of the dedication to him of "The Battle of Algiers." So far from this having been the case, the gentleman in whose house Fitzadam (for so we shall still continue to call him) died, and into whose hands the whole of his letters and papers have fallen, distinctly assures us, that he can with confidence affirm, that lord Exmouth did receive Fitzadam's letters; and that the poet had good reason to know that he received them. The 'Friend to Truth,' therefore, as lord Exmouth's defender chooses to entitle himself, would seem to know very little about the matter. His lordship, no doubt, supposed that the application was that of an eleemo-

and inclosed by Fitzadam in the letter published in our October num

on the writer of the foregoing article

synary bard, seeking remuneration for the praise which, in the spirit of patriotism, he had so lavishly bestowed upon his lordship, and the laudable service upon which he was engaged. In this impression, however, he was altogether mistaken; for the mind that was too delicately constituted to seek pecuniary aid from friends who were both able and willing to afford it, was not likely to play the mendicant to a nobleman, of whom he knew nothing, save that his tastes and habits were as extraliterary as could well be imagined. He required nothing further than the courtesy which every man has a right to expect from a superior in rank, to whom he has paid the homage of his respect. He would have spurned any pecuniary reward, had it been offered to him. One of his principal objects, in seeking an interview with lord Exmouth, at all, was, to undeceive him with respect to his assumed character of a sailor. We find that we also have been mistaken in supposing that Fitzadam had served on board a king's ship, as an able seaman. That character, as well as his nom de guerre, was merely adopted for the purpose of skreening himself from public notice, as an author. With regard to his circumstances, too, we have inferred from a paragraph in his autobiography, a degree of pecuniary distress, that he was scarcely likely to have laboured under, inasmuch as he had at all times friends and relatives both able and willing to render him any assistance he might require. The extreme delicacy which induced him to refuse the offers of pecuniary accommodation, made to him by persons who were comparatively strangers to him, would lead to the inference, that he preferred enduring any personal privation, rather than trench upon the resources of his relatives. The passage, however, in his letter, which we have construed into a declaration of great pecuniary difficulty, might have borne a reference to some other kind of affliction; for we are informed by his brother-in law, that he had not only remitted him considerable sums, (amounting in the course of three or four years to about 2001.), but had money and securities belonging to Fitzadam in his hands, at the very period at which we supposed him to have been so necessitous, and which would have been remitted to him immediately, had he desired it. His distress was therefore probably only of a temporary nature, arising from contingencies it was not in his power to control.

We learn from the communication that has given occasion for these remarks, that the work which excited so much attention some years ago, on the subject of the Huntingdon Peerage, and which professed to be the production of Mr. Nugent Bell, of title-hunting celebrity, was written and compiled by Fitzadam. For this undertaking, he was to have received, from Mr. Bell, 500l., but was never able to obtain more than fifty. This is the book to which he alludes, in the letter which was introduced in our former notice. Finding all his anticipations frustrated, he was induced, after repeated solicitations from his friends, to return home; where he remained up to the period of his decease, in the enjoyment of comparative comfort and happiness. He died of a decline, in the house of the amiable relative to whom we are indebted for the communication He has, we are told, which has given rise to the preceding narrative. left many interesting papers behind him. We subjoin a beautiful little song, inclosed by Fitzadam in the letter published in our October number, to the writer of the foregoing article.

LOVE AND THE FLOWERS.

co bing remuneration for the praise which,

BY ISMAEL FITZADAM.

I.

In times long past, when Love was young,
And Passion o'er the heart had power,
He raised his blissful bower along
A river's bank, all shade and flower.
That blest name then, first known to men,
His home, he called, the fairy dome;
For here below, of bliss to know,
Even Love himself must have a home.

f fro. Houbite notice, as

And there all wildly did he live

A life as sweet, the blue-eyed boy,
As his own native heaven could give,
Pure innocence, and peaceful joy—
With dance and lay to bless his sway,
Came many a captive nymph and swain;
And all were blest, for every breast
Loved truly, and was loved again.

III.

The grape may suit the hour of mirth,
And gold and gems adorn a throne;
But flowers, which are the smiles of earth,
Were made and meant for Love alone.
Even when their smile looks dim awhile,
A brighter bloom it soon discloses;
And here the day, Love loved away,
His brow and bow all over roses.

which exci.VI so amen attention

His arrows then were simply tipt
With rose-dews, till one day 'tis told,
Sporting along the stream, he dipt
An idle shaft, and brought up gold;
The splendid prize, so charmed his eyes.
Soon pointed thus shone all his quiver;
And since that hour, when gold got power,
The flowers of Love are gone for ever!

ong, inclosed by Mtxadam in the letter published in our October num-

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THE ADVANTAGES OF DEFORMITY.

Is it not a comfort to be free from the petty solicitude and toil, to which the consciousness of personal beauty too frequently subjects one? To comb the eyebrows twenty a times a day—to watch perpetually the changing lustre of the eyes, and the fluctuations of colour in the complexion? An ugly fellow is released from all these cares. Beautiful faces are often unmeaning, and elegantly proportioned persons deficient in agility and active vigour. It is ugliness, or something very near akin to it, that is compatible with strong manly expression in a countenance: and it is the thick-set, broad, coarse form, that is usually the most remarkable for strength and activity. Personal elegance and beauty are flowers which quickly fade; and the memory of them is pain to the subsequent life of him who has lost them. The fading of ugliness is but the withering of a thistle, the decay of a nettle. He to whom the change comes has the pleasure of discovering, that the difference between the ugly face and the handsome one is every day being diminished. Was he but little concerned about the cast of his phiz? he can, however, suffer no uneasiness on account of any effect of growing years upon it, unless it becomes, by growing years, more powerfully comic. It is curious to observe, that an ugly face is generally the indication of a witty and humorous mind; it suggests innumerable exhilarating witticisms to the wearer himself, and is the cause of wit to There is scarcely a merry, shrewd, witty fellow, even in fictitious history, but has the honour of ugliness attributed to him. Æsop was a very ugly little crook-back; uglier still was Socrates, no less a wit, and a man of humour, than a philosopher. The heroes of Rabelais were famous for personal deformity. Sancho Panza, his master, and Rosinante, were, in their several conditions, absolutely patterns of this interesting qualification. Hudibras and Ralpho were still more conspicuously ugly. Falstaff, Bardolph, ancient Pistol, and almost every character of wit and humour, in the drama of Shakspeare, were eminently ugly. Scarron, the favourite wit of France, was the most deformed little creature that ever a lovely woman allowed herself to be coupled to. What amusement is there to be derived from any thing peculiar in the nose! Is your nose excessively long? Comfort yourself that you have fared as well as if you had been at the promontory of noses. It is the proboscis of the elephant—it is the "suspensus nasus," which the Romans held to be so remarkable an indication of acute delicacy in the perception of the ridiculous. A short nose is, like every thing that is little, smart and pretty: in any dangers and hairbreadth escapes of the face, an humble little nose is not much more exposed than your cheek or your chin. A pimple, a wart, or a polypus, by enlarging, only beautifies it: it is ever brisk, alert, erect, and upon the qui vive—it affords moreover a shortened passage to the brain. It is a perfection in nature, to accomplish all her ends with the smallest possible means. Such noses are well known to have been much valued by the Romans, as a sure proof that the wearer was a person of shrewd discernment, and of lively and sarcastic wit.

There is a prodigious deal of comfort and advantage in a hump-back! Who is more chatty, who more conceited of his personal appearance, who more lively in wit and discernment, than the little "my lord?" The hump appears to the little fellow who bears it, as if it were a knapsack, in which he had bundled up all his cares, his follies, his absurdities, his ugliness; and had cast them behind him. He who can earn nothing by his hands, may yet acquire a fortune by lending out his hump, if he has one, for a portable writing-desk. It is well known what wealth a little "my lord" got at Paris, during the famous Mississippi rage, by putting his hump to advantageous use in this way.

A peerage conferred by the king has, perhaps, nothing more gratifying in it than the address of my lord; but he whom nature has honoured with a hump-back, needs no royal creation to enable him to have his ears constantly saluted with such high and flattering addresses.

HUNCHBACK.

THE LAST LAY OF THE MINSTREL.

Woe to me!---for my lute

Hangs on the yew,---a mournful token
Of happier days,---chordless and mute--Like my own spirit, broken.--

Weave ye a chaplet;---braid
Wolf's-bane, with death-grapes ruby red,--Pied violets, and the blue night-shade,
To wreathe my low-laid head.—

Lay me in the lonely cave,

Where the bat dwelleth;—and the dim

Meteor-damp lurks on the wave:—

And if one ask for him

Whose love she heeded not;—
Tell her—he slumbers,—as the tone
Of his once bounding chords, forgot,—
Like their hoar shell, alone.—

Yet if but one bright tear,

Stray 'neath the fringed pearls that hide

Her dark eyes' beauty,—say—that here,

Blessing her name—he died.—

But woe to him, that lute
Who taketh thence!—full soon, the token
Of happier days, it shall lie mute,—
Like his own spirit, broken.

C. D. M.

A MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON,

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

So far !—this is thy utmost bound !
Such were the words, whose awful sound
Restrained the torrents rushing round,
And checked wild Ocean's fiercest wave.

Thy hour is come—thy trial o'er— On thee the sun shall rise no more, That pang life's last weak fibre tore, And Byron fills an early grave!

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What awful visions round me roll! What sudden tremors chill my soul! Is the eternal heavenly scroll

Before a mortal's sight displayed?

No! but while thoughts each other urge,
We seem as placed on life's last verge,
Whilst round us yawns the swelling surge,
To bear us to the realms of shade.

Departed greatness claims a sigh,— We mourn when mighty heroes die, And tears of anguish dim the eye,

That sees its loved to earth resigned!
But, how deplore the Prince of Song,
So raised above the tuneful throng,
But who debased so deep, so long,
The matchless wonders of his mind!

If strains that angels weep to know,
Are poured upon a world below,
Can bid indignant virtue glow,

Byron! such guilty strains were thine!
Yet thine the song could fire impart
To Slavery's chilled and drooping heart,
And bid, fair Greece, thy Patriot start,
By all the music of the Nine!

Oh! hadst thou, in youth's earliest hour,
When in first manhood's opening flower,
Been sheltered by pure love's sweet power,

How had thy bright meridian shone!
But, oh! there came a fatal blast,
Which swept the blossoms as it past;
They fell—on earth's cold bosom cast—
And left the naked stem alone.

When genius fires the high-wrought brain, When passion throbs in every vein, With all to urge, and nought restrain;

How will the race of life be run!
Ye, who through Time's more sheltered shade,
In calm security have strayed,
Pause!—had your lot like his been made,
Ye might have done what he has done!

Then turn, and view his opening day,
That like the sun diffused his ray,
Fogs to disperse, and flowers display,
And spread new light and joy around;
To bid the shades of darkness fly,
And bring to the delighted eye,
Each beauty of the earth and sky,
To the horizon's utmost bound.

Though veiled ere noon his beaming head,
Thick clouds and darkness round him spread,
And every ray of brightness fled,
Save where the lurid lightning gleamed:
Ask not the cause!—thou knows't the storm,
When rolling in its direst form,
Round the wild crags of high Glengorm,
Has passed ere his last glory beamed.

So, when fair Greece implored his aid,
Casting aside the envious shade,
The patriot hero stood displayed
In all his native majesty:
Her gales, sweet land of arts and song!
Bore the glad tidings swift along!
She felt, in one true hero, strong,
And vowed to conquer or to die.

Ye beauteous isles, that gem the main,
Whence Homer poured his lofty strain,
Long bound by Slavery's galling chain,
How your awakened echoes rung—
When the proud song arose once more,
Along each cliff and winding shore,
That could to Memory restore
All the high deeds of which he sung!

Ye deemed, with Glory by his side,
His valiant arm should stem the tide
Of war;—and Conquest, like a bride,
With him in triumph had returned;

Or, that, whilst wept the great and brave,
A warrior's honour, Glory's grave,—
Should be his bed, who died to save
Those whom his sweetest song had mourned.

Low bow your heads!—be mute, be still!

To work high Heaven's mysterious will,

Its holy purpose to fulfil;

Death's awful shade is passing by !--What sound is borne upon the gale,
Faint as the infant's feeble wail,
Once breathed, then instant doomed to fail,—
'Tis Byron's last expiring sigh!

He falls not in the battle's strife,
Amidst the raging waste of life,
Where death in every form is rife,
And scarce is heard the dying groan.
He dies, as dies the simple swain,
Who sinks beneath stern Fever's reign,
Caught on the o'ertoiling harvest plain,
Who sinks unnoted and unknown!

Twas thine to fall, in life's full prime,
Unbroken by the touch of Time;
Forgotten, then, be every crime,
That could obscure thy noble name!
May thy last glorious act atone
For every failing thou hast shewn,
And round thy harp the spell be thrown,
That shall preserve its purest fame!

His inmost heart, fair Greece, was thine!
Be thou its consecrated shrine—
Round it thy deathless laurels twine,
For thou a mighty prize hast won!
For never, in thy proudest day,
Arose a sweeter, loftier lay
Than his, who thus his life could pay,
To be regarded as thy Son!

Raise not a tomb!—thy mountains stand—
They mock the toil of mortal hand;
His monument be thy dear land;
Thy glorious strife his funeral strain!
Oh! may his hovering spirit dart
Fresh valour to each patriot's heart;
And Greece and Byron's name ne'er part,
Whilst round her islands rolls the main!

OLD THOUGHTS ON A NEW YEAR.

Among the thousand and one subjects upon which modern essayists have chosen to descant, the New Year is, perhaps, the most hacknied. Yet, however trite the theme has become, there exists in the mind of man a secret sympathy which usually induces him to pursue them, when more elaborate essays on Fame, Fortune, or Ambition, are passed over unread; these, it is true, are suited alike to all seasons; and as far as the subject itself is concerned, may be taken up to-day, to-morrow, or indeed, not at all: but there is a charm about the New Year which hallows the most common-place allusion to it, and gives to the remark an air of freshness, which perchance may be sought for in vain when the spell (and surely there is a spell!) which the momentary union of time with eternity throws around them, is dissolved. Those oft repeated axioms of morality, which at other times are addressed but to the ear, now penetrate the most obdurate heart, and for awhile elevate us in the scale of being. We listen attentively to the strange mysterious voice of Meditation; and Fancy, like an ark-imprisoned dove, glides noiselessly over the scenes which we have passed, and searches for a resting place in vain! The ground whereon she seeks for a moment to alight, proves baseless or illusory, and she is forced to keep for ever on the wing! Hope, beckoning her towards the future, holds out the promise of an olive-branch—But what are the promises of Hope! are they not fairy vistas in the clouds, which too often delude the eye with unreal prospects, and upon nearer approach, whelm the heart in disappointment. The Cretan Labyrinth was easier far to be explored, than the cloud-mantled pathways of the future, illumed only, as they are by the glimmering reflections of the past.

But hark! the merry bells recall imagination home again! and he who can listen to their peal of congratulation unmoved, is possessed of feelings which few would envy. Ring on, ye joyous revellers!—The wisdom of the nineteenth century is advancing rapidly to your overthrow, and posterity will, mayhap, stand in need of variorum notes, to

tell them the meaning of-

"Those evening bells,—those evening bells! How many a tale their music tells!"

For my own part—heralds alike of merriment and mourning—I should be sorry to *live* without your music, or to *die* without your knell. And I can wish nothing worse to those *tasteful* vandals, who do all they can to deprive you of your time-honoured sanctuaries, than, that they may

never feel your happy New Year!

New Year! What then hath become of the old?—Gone to eternity! the moralist exclaims. And the moralist is right! But who can assure us of its ever having been present? Where are the proofs? The old year!—Hath it not passed away like a summer cloud?—True, but the shower which hath descended therefrom has widely altered the aspect and appearance of our earth. The bud has expanded into

blossom—the gay blossom likewise, has "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf;" and the withered leaf itself has been swept away by the stream! In the breast of youth, hope has given place to disappointment, and there is a wrinkle on the brow of age, like the traces of the shower, bearing witness that it has been!— And ask you for further proof?

Now it is that the brain of man is teeming with new projects, and busying itself in forming good resolves! Projects and resolutions are, however, easier formed than executed; and therefore, of the thousands who start upon a fresh race, the majority never attain the imaginary goal—some, afflicted with shortness of breathing, are soon obliged to relinquish the contest, and contentedly take to their old paces; whilst others, like the over-hasty Nisus, stumble at the very threshhold of success, when the prize is all but won!

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Of all the cold months in the year, commend me to January! It is the May of winter! A season in which the ever active mind culls its choicest flowers of recollection, while the heart is warmed with looks of happiness, and the hands with the blazing fire! When gay evergreens flourish upon shelves and chimney-pieces, and by the brightness and variety of their colours within doors, make up for the barren monotony of May the time be yet far distant, when this last link nature without! of the chain which unites the past with the present, shall be broken! It hath now, I know, become a fashion to heap ridicule and scorn upon every thing connected with the Good Old Times. But however much the plain manners and customs of our ancestors may be despised by the transcendant sapience of our own day, there is that about them, for which modern improvements can never fully compensate—the Romance of life! Long then, very long, may it be, ere the few faint traces of antiquity which yet linger around us at the commencement of the New Year, are scouted hence by the unfeeling hand of self-constituted wis-I pretend not to be wiser than my forefathers, and would fain see the laurel, the holly, and the mistletoe, still adorn our habitations, and the reeking wassail bowl of proverbial hospitality in request, at least once in the year! May the joyous, because innocent, pleasure of the young, (and who is not young amid youth and festivity?), continue long to revive in our breasts the glorious remembrance of what we once were, and the faerie and the goblin tale share alternate attention with the laughter-creating sports of forfeits and blindman's buff.

Seasons of the olden time—Oh that the honey-drop of inspiration had fallen on my lips!* Then indeed would I have caused your glories to bloom for ever in immortal song, and enshrined your reminiscences in the breasts of unborn generations! As it is, I must content myself with merely breathing—

^{*} According to the ancient Druidic mythology, the bard received his inspiration from a drop of liquid, the produce of certain herbs and other mystic ingredients which were, for one twelvement and a day, boiled unceasingly in the cauldron of poetical endowment; and which drop, whoever was fortunate enough to swallow, became immediately possessed of poetic genius, and the secrets of the veiled future were revealed to his ken.

OH for the faeries' mystic dance! Oh for the spells of youth! Ere science had torn the soft veil of romance, From the frigid features of Truth. When earth was but Fancy's domain! And mountain and meadow, and forest, and vale, Were peopled by wonders :- and legend and tale, Held captive the heart and the brain!

II.

Oh for the seasons of wild delight! Oh for the shuddering hour! Ere reason had gladdened the world with its light, And stript the dread wizard of power. — When spirits of ocean and air, Triumphant careered on the wings of the wind, Wide scattering destruction from Lapland to Ind,-Rejoicing in mortal despair!

of all sense comes and the distribution of the

Oh for the laugh of innocent mirth! Oh for the joyous cheer! The revel and glee of the boisterous hearth, That welcomed each happy New Year! When free and unfettered, the mind Nor feared for the future, nor cared for the past, Content that the present flew painless and fast, And left only sunshine behind.

then said the fedural the facete and the comment of the said beauty with the first trade. Oh for the feelings that then had birth! Ere sorrow had fixed its abode on the earth, Unsealing the fountain of tears.— When Hope with her " pencil of light," Pourtray'd the dark future, unclouded and gay, And years of regret 'neath its hallowing ray, Seemed teeming with joy and delight!

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attempt the untroduction of now that were by tender feelings. it must be broadd, swear that you intended to dramainse line directory.

HINTS TO YOUNG NOVEL WRITERS, IN THE CHOICE OF NAMES AND SITUATIONS.

A CONSIDERABLE part of the west end of town is sentimental .-Grovesnor square, Berkeley square, St. James's square, are remarkably To give some general idea of the analogy which ought to exist between places and individuals, Portland place, is calculated for a foreign ambassador or potentate; Portman, Hanover, Manchester, or Grosvenor squares, for any Englishman of rank; Wimpole, Welbeck, Wigmore, or Curzon streets, for gentlemen of landed property. Bedford square is very proper for a bishop or a judge,—and Brunswick square for an M.P. Merchants may live in Russell and Finsbury squares. The exquisite, must, of course, lodge in Bond street, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, or St. James's street. A novelist must always have a care to make his lovers, when in town, take up their quarters in some of these places. As there must be something very sentimental in the manners of the heroes and heroines, so there must be something very sentimental in the names of certain parts of the town, of which give them the preference. Never allow your lovers to reside in the city. Pudding lane, Pie corner, and Garlick hill, are the very antitheses to the sentimental. Let Newington Butts, Islington, and Somer's town, still continue to receive in their sheltering bosoms, the retired tallow-chandler, dry-salter, and ham and beef man of Tooley street and its vicinity. But how would the statement read in any novel, pretending to sentimentality, that the lovely Rosina resided near the pump in Aldgate; that Sir George's carriage stopped at a house on Saffron hill; or that the generous Captain A—, or accomplished Captain B—, had their residences in Mutton lane? "Faugh, the offence is rank!"-Nothing east of Temple bar possesses sentiment enough for a genuine lover. Who could be induced to weep for the distress of Clerkenwell, or the sensibility of Hounsditch? Who could sympathise with the petty agonies of Little Britain? Who could bow down to a goddess of Cripplegate, or die for love of a lady from Whitechapel? Who could melt in sentimental sorrows amidst the bellowings of Smithfield, or the Judaical clamours of Rag fair? Fie fie; the thing is impossible!

Again, nothing can furnish more unsentimental materials than trade. Trade, as politicians affirm, may be of infinite use to the nation, but it cannot be introduced with propriety into a novel. For what has a novel to do with the good of a nation, or with any good, but the good of a circulating library, or the morality of a ladies' boarding school? A woollen-draper may be an honest man, but he can have none of the stuff of sentiment in his composition. A tallow-chandler may have a reputation as clear as the flame of his own candles; but he never can melt in sentimental sorrows. A tobacconist may procure meat, drink, and clothing, for his family,—but he never can inherit tender susceptibilities from his "shag and pig-tail." Nothing behind a counter can be allowed a place in a novel or a play. Were you mad enough to attempt the introduction of any thing so alien to tender feelings, the world would swear that you intended to dramatise the directory,

sentimentalize Kelly's book-keeping, or introduce Chesterfield's graces,

among the bulls and bears of the Stock Exchange.

With regard to the choice of proper names, the reader must be sufficiently aware, that the common appellatives to be found in the Directory, such as Jones, Brown, Smith, Tomkins, Jenkins, Perkins, &c., are perfectly anti-sentimental; and the only way to avoid plunging into so fatal an error is, to ring the changes on such names as Melville, Belville, Delville. After which, by an alteration of the last note, you may form another set; such as Melford, Belford, Delford. Always, while you live, attend to names. Juliet says—

"What's in a name?
A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Quite wrong! Juliet was in love, and therefore disturbed in her ideas. The christian name of a novel hero, must be Charles or Henry. I prefer Charles; so do all the French dramatists and novelists of the present time. There is no name so sweet and mellifluous in all the volumes of circulating inspiration. John, manifestly belongs to a footman or coachman-convert it into Jack, and observe the result-you instantly conjure up, without further trouble, the personification of a sailor. Again, combine it with the prefix sir, and you represent a gouty old squire, who is at the same time a justice of the peace, and intimately acquainted with the game-laws and the art of brewing strong October. Affix the diminutive ny, and make it Johnny, while you drop the prefix sir, and you create a petted, tall, family booby. Something by the same process may be accomplished with the name of William. William is a confidential secretary; a modest youth of strict integrity—with the prefix sir, that is to say Sir William, you indicate old age, blood-hunt ers, good ale, an excellent pack of hounds, and an unincumbered estate. James and Thomas must take their station in the kitchen; and Robert, when the young lady takes an airing, may take his gold-headed cane, and place himself demurely in the rear. Francis is a good name, provided it be spelt Frank, because Frank vividly suggests the idea of a young rattle-brain, and careless debauchee. But oh! my worthy pupils in the mystic art of novel-writing, carefully, most carefully avoid the names of Peter, Nathaniel, Joseph, and Job. Obadiah is a quaker, as Hezekiah cannot avoid being a methodist. As to Christopher, you might as well admit Beelzebub to the privilege as him. Again, there is Jonathan—who out of Bedlam would dare to think of Jonathan for a hero? Better were it to dissolve Nicodemus in fine emotions, and melt Moses or Mordecai in sentimental sorrows.

The same distinction holds good with regard to female names. Betty is an intriguing chamber-maid—make the name Betsy, and you convert the character into a smart, pert, little grisette. The same graduated ascent of dignity may be traced from Dolly the dairy-maid, through Dorothy the maiden aunt, up to Dorothea the heiress and fine lady. But Eliza, oh! there you have at once a sentimental heroine; while Elizabeth, with the prefix lady, is always an earl's daughter, and a right honourable. As to Susan, you can make nothing of the wench whatever, above the rank of a laundry-maid. But Lucy is of higher rank—something between a cousin and a younger sister; make the name Lucinda, and the girl may pass for a third-rate heroine, and do in an under-plot.

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Deborah is only passable as a maiden aunt. Grace, Temperance, and Prudence, must be kept at a proper distance by any one who knows what's what. Polly, Jane, Barbara, Rebecca, Sarah, confine them all without mercy to the servants'-hall. No person who has the feelings of sentiment above a cheesemonger, a butcher, or blacking-maker, would think of weeping over the vulgar woes of such anti-sentimental names.

But oh! what tears, what tender agonies, what weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth—what handkerchiefs are steeped, and what pillow-cases are drenched, with the delicious woes of Belinda, and the blissful torments of Clara, Arabella, Rosa, Matilda, Henrietta, and though last, not least (in love), Maria, whose heart-rending appellations defy the iron nerves of barbarity itself to withstand. An eastern nabob, a black flesh-dealer, a hungry usurer, a Smithfield drover, nay, even a scalping Mohawk, or New-Zealand cannibal, would drop the exercise of their profession to weep and sympathise with Emma or Isabella, Gertrude or Geraldine. "Such is the might and magic of a name!"

CHIT-CHAT; LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

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MR. COLBURN has announced a series of most important and interesting new works for early publication. Indeed, to judge from the names and subjects of the various books included in his new list, he seems likely to carry all before him. Several of these annonces, however, bear the stamp of having been concocted only a short time before the catalogue was sent to press. Not that we would be understood to insinuate that the books will never appear, for we have no doubt they will present themselves to our notice some time or other; but we do shrewdly suspect, that like some of the works announced by Mr. Murray, they have yet to be written. Perhaps, to cite an example or two, "A New Work, by the author of Tremaine;" "The Military Sketch Book, by an Officer of the Line;" a sort of pendant to Captain Glascock's spirited "Naval Sketch Book;" "The Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin;" the person who attempted to foist upon the public that contemptible trash called "Pontefract Castle," as a novel by the Author of Waverley; "Retrospect of the Life of a man of Letters;" a book which will, we are informed, contain the only genuine account of Lord Byron; "a New Work, by the Author of Doblado's Letters," &c. are probably of the number. It is curious to see books with the most attractive titles possible, advertised from time to time—in short, until somebody is found to realize the bookseller's idea—and always as in the press, or nearly ready for publication. We do not intend our remarks to have any invidious reference to Mr. Colburn, for the same observation will apply with equal truth to Mr. Murray. Mr. Colburn seems to have a number of works of paramount interest forthcoming, among which may be enumerated:

Travels in Mesopotamia, by Mr. J. S. Buckingham. The author's journey commences at Aleppo, from whence he proceeds across the Euphrates at Bir, the Birtha of the ancients; from thence over the plains of the Turcoman hordes, at the foot of Mount Taurus, to Urjah, a large Turkish city, scarcely at present known, although hardly inferior in size to Smyrna or Aleppo, and containing the interesting remains of the Edena of the Greeks, and the Ur of the Chaldees, near Haran, the place to which the patriarch Abraham repaired from Ur, the city of his birth, at the command of God. From Urjah, Mr. Buckingham journied to Diarbekr, a Turkish city in the heart of Asia Minor, from thence to Mardin, and across the plains of Sindgar, through the ruins of Nisibis, a celebrated station of the Greeks, and the great city of

Mosul; visiting also the remains of Aerbela; the ruins of Nineveh on the Tigris, and those of Babylon on the Euphrates, the Tower of Babel, and other objects of ancient celebrity and interest. The journey ends at Bagdad, the most renowned among the cities of the East. This work will, we apprehend, be published in quarto, and illustrated with plans and engravings.

Tales of an Antiquary; a series of stories chiefly illustrative of the tradi-

tions and remarkable Localities of London, in 3 volumes, post octavo.

The Garrick Papers (as they are somewhat pompously designated); this work is likely, we think, to prove of great interest. It consists of some two thousand Letters, to and from Garrick, and, of course, comprises the correspondence of all the most interesting people of his age. These voluminous manuscripts, have, we are told, been purchased by Mr. Colburn, of Garrick's widow.

Mr. Boaden's Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons; this piece of dramatic biography will have been published before this notice meets the eyes of our readers.

The Prairie, a Romance; by Mr. Cooper, author of "The Spy."

The Natchez, an Indian Tale; by the Viscount de Chateaubriand, in 1 vol.,

in French and English.

Letters and Memoirs, Royal, Political, and Literary, illustrative of public and private Characters, from the reign of Henry VIII., to that of Queen Anne. Now first published from the original MSS., in the possession of Mr. Upcote, of the London Institution, in 3 volumes, octavo. This work will be edited by Mr. Singer, and is to be embellished with portraits and numerous fac similes.

A third series of Mr. Theodore Hook's Sayings and Doings.

Memoirs, Biographical and Critical, of the Wits and Courtiers of the reign of Charles II., with Notes and Illustrations, in 3 volumes, 8vo.

The Life of Dr. Jenner.

A third series of Highways and Byeways, or Tales of the Road-side; by a Walking Gentleman.

Tales of Passion, by the author of "Gilbert Earle," 3 volumes, post 8vo.

The Confessions of an Old Bachelor, in 1 volume, post 8vo.

Richmond, or Scenes in the Life of a Bow-street Officer, in 3 volumes, post 8vo.; rather too much flash for one sitting, we apprehend.

Sir Michael Scott; a Romance, by Allan Cunningham, autnor of "Paul

Jones;" a work, which we shall notice in our next.

Courts and Courtiers; a series of Memoirs and Anecdotes, by the author of the "Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe."

A New Volume of Odes and Addresses to Great People; by Mr. T. Hood. We are surprised to see, among the books announced by Mr. Colburn, a new Novel, by Mr. Surr, the author of "A Winter in London;" and several other books, equally worthy of the Minerva Press.

Messrs. Seeley and Son, announce the first Number of the "Christian Review and Clerical Magazine;" which (as may be anticipated from its canting title and prospectus), is to be "sincerely dedicated to the glory of the Saviour, and the edification of his Church." The Editors intend, "by the grace of God," to detect error by bringing it to the light of truth; and to expose a worldly or a wicked spirit (which is with them synonymous), by contrasting it with that mind which was in Christ Jesus! also to make a bold stand for the truth once delivered to the Saints. The labourers will no doubt be found worthy of their hire, which is to be three shillings per quarterly number. We never read a specimen of more utterly nauseous cant than is to be found in the two pages of prospectus, which announces the publication of this pious periodical.

A humbug book, addressed to "the friends of ante Slavery" (which means, we suppose, if it mean any thing, the enemies of Slavery), is about to be published, entitled "The System," a Tale of the West Indies. It will, of course, have, as its frontispiece, the bleeding Negro kneeling to Britannia!

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It is announced, that all Pictures and works of art, intended for exhibition and sale at the British Institution, must be sent to the gallery on the 8th and 9th of this month. The exhibition of his Majesty's pictures closed on the 30th ult.

Mr. Moore is about to publish, under the alias of Thomas Brown the younger, a Tale, entitled The Epicurean.

Mr. Pickering, one of the most tasteful and enterprising of modern publishers, has just published a very beautiful edition of the works of honest Kit Marlowe, the author of the powerful tragedy of "Dr. Faustus." These volumes are edited with great judgment; as, indeed, are most of the books proceeding from the same press.

Charles Wright, the puffing wine-vender, of the Opera Colonnade, has obtained a verdict of 50l. against the Literary Gazette, in the Court of Common Pleas, because it was asserted in that Journal, that "Wright's Champagne" is justly so called, because he makes it all himself. Judge Best, it seems, considered this very temperate piece of criticism a libel; from which sapient decision one thing is clear, that although Reviewers may cut up books by the hundred-weight, they must not criticise Colonnade Champagne. The most infamous frauds may be practised on the public (see the exposé of the Westminster Wine Company, for, of course, we cannot intend to allude to Mr. Charles Wright, whose wine is as good as it is cheap); Cape wine may be metamorphosed into Sherry, by the addition of pulverised oyster-shells and bitter almonds; but to criticise such poisonous trash in ungentle terms, would no doubt render a periodical editor liable to an action for damages. This is certainly a very delectable state of things.

The Odd Volume (the joint production, we believe, of four Scottish young ladies), has already reached a third edition. The authors are not only preparing another "Odd Volume," but also a Novel, to be entitled The Busy Bodies.

A series of Views of English Cities, from admirable drawings by Mr. G. F. Robson, edited by John Britton, is now preparing for publication, in parts. The first number contains beautiful line engravings, from drawings of Norwich, Litchfield, Rochester, Worcester, Canterbury, York, Chichester, and Bristol. No. I. has just issued from the press.

A new society, entitled The Melodists' Club, the object of which is, to unite poetical genius with native original and national music, of the finest order, has recently been organized.

At a late meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, Sir Gore Ouseley read a paper, in which he stated (as if it had really been an original discovery), that the following popular fictions have been derived from the oriental writers, viz.—Pope's 'January and May;' Boccacio's fourth story in the 'Decameron;' Parnell's 'Hermit;' the story of 'Santon Barsissa;' several of the tales in the 'Gesta Romanorum;' the story of 'Whittington;' and the induction to the 'Taming of the Shrew.' The Grave and Reverend 'Seniors,' who presided on this occasion, were, perhaps, not aware, that the above discovery is in fact no discovery at all; it having been made repeatedly, almost before Sir. G. Ouseley was born. The coincidences in question, have also been adverted to, more recently, by both Weber and Dunlop. Really, Sir G. Ouseley ought to do something better (as an associate at one hundred pounds per annum), than retail other people's criticism.

The Russian American Company are fitting out an expedition to explore the western coast of North America, towards the Frozen Sea and to Hudson's Bay; for the purpose of adding to the discoveries which have been made by Captain Parry and Captain Franklin. The Parry Humbug, for such we cannot help designating each new expedition to the North Pole is we perceive about to be repeated; Captain Parry is, of course, to have the command of the expedition.

Monsieur Jouy is about to publish a new work, to be entitled, 'Excite, or the Passions.'

The author of the Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century announces the Prophetic Messenger, with an ominous Hieroglyphic for 1827. This supersedes the Prophetic Almanack, discontinued. Moore still flourishes with awful predictions: this year he warns the Pope of a cholic at the fall.

Mr. Campbell, the poet, has been elected Lord Rector of the University of

Glasgow.

A charming Mezzotint has just made its appearance, by G. H. Phillips, after the splendid and well-known picture of the Paphian Bower, by that powerful and most original painter, Martin. The size is twenty-three inches by sixteen and a half. Considering the high merit and popular character of this picture, (and the engraving is of a very high order), the price demanded for it is very moderate. We cannot doubt its success. It must be popular.

The extensive library of the late Dr. Parr has been removed from his house at Hatton, and is now in London. It will be sold in the course of the present season by public auction. The books are, we are told, in a very indifferent

state, as it regards the bindings.

We are glad to perceive that the nefarious practice now so common with a certain class of publishers, of pirating the property of their neighbours, has at length received a check. An action has been brought against the Bookseller, Duncombe, for invading the copyright of the song of "Cherry Ripe," and a verdict of two hundred pounds awarded the plaintiff.

An historical novel, from the pen of a lady well known in the literary and fashionable world, is about to make its appearance, entitled, 'Dame Rebecca Berry; or, Court Scenes in the Reign of Charles II.' It is said to be founded on the well known tradition of the Fish and the Ring, alluded to in Lyson's Environs of London

Environs of London.

A new work is about to be published, entitled, 'England's Historical Diary,' detailing the most important events connected with the grandeur and prosperity of the British Empire; every act or deed enumerated having taken place on the day to which it is applied. We give this notice as it reached us. We leave our readers to discover its meaning if they can?

There are, no doubt, few of our readers who have not seen (for who does not see Blackwood) an admirable series of papers in Christopher North's Magazine, under the title of 'Mansie's Wauch's Autobiography,' full of that lurking, sly, insinuated humour, which is so characteristic of the most successful writings of Galt. Who the author of these entertaining chapters is, we cannot undertake to pronounce, so religiously do the gude people of Auld Reekie keep their own secrets. That they are by a practised hand will readily be seen,—some say Hogg—some say Galt, and some affirm that Professor Wilson is their author. These papers are, we are told, about to be collected, and with the unpublished chapters, printed in a separate volume. We can only add, that we shall be among the foremost to welcome their appearance.

A new work, to be entitled 'Traditions of Lancashire,' is about to be published by a young Gentleman of that county, who has, we learn from the puff preliminary, already 'procured popularity,' by his tales and poems. Who this Lancashire wizzard is, we are at a loss to conceive!

Nearly ready, Materials towards a well-digested History of Bristol; comprising an Essay on the Topographical Etymologies of that City and Neighbourhood; and a Critical Examination of the Rev. Samuel Seyer's 'Memoirs of Bristol.'

The Life and Reign of Richard III., (an eventful and interesting period of English history), is preparing for the press, by the author of 'The Life of Henry VIII.'

On the 1st of February, 1827, will be published, No. I., of a Series of Views in the West Indies; engraved from drawings taken recently in the islands; with letter-press explanations, made from actual observations. The intention of this work is, to convey a faithful outline of the existing state of slavery in the plantations in the British islands; the costume of the negroes, process of sugar-making, &c. Combining, at the same time, a selection of scenes calculated to form pictures, and describe the character of the scenery in the several Colonies.

A work will be published in the course of January, entitled, 'The Poetry of Milton's Prose. Selected from his various writings; with instances of parallel Passages from his Poems; notes, and an introductory Essay.'

Early next month will be published, 'The English Book of Fortune: wherein a true answer can be found to any question proposed, relative to the Pursuits, Health, Riches, Dreams, Travels, Pleasure, Law Suits, Hopes, &c. of the Inquirer.'

John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, has, we are told, a volume of

poems preparing for immediate publication.

Messrs. Cadell and Co. (late Constable and Co.), of Edinburgh, have, we perceive, lately published a catalogue of their books, at a very reduced price. Indeed, the list circulated by them amongst the trade, is of a nature to injure greatly those booksellers who, on the faith that certain books would never suffer a depreciation, purchased large stocks of them, in the course of the last year. Without exposing the secrets of the craft, we may mention, that in the Catalogue of Books offered to the public at large, by the phænix firm which has risen from the ashes of Constable and Co., the Encyclopædia Britannica, originally published at 421., is offered for 241.; the Edinburgh Annual Register, originally published at one guinea per volume, (consisting of twentytwo volumes), at 61.; and other works, in pretty much the same proportion. This is unquestionably the best time to form a library. Standard books of every description are now to be purchased at less than cost price. How long such a state of things will continue, it is impossible to say. With regard to several of Messrs. Constable and Co's. books, however, it may be observed, that they would be dear at any price.

A very meritorious plate has just been published, entitled 'The School-boy,' from a design by R. Farrier, engraved by J. Romney. It is a school-boy returning from school, through a church-yard, "whistling as he goes;" evidently not for want of thought, but for the purpose of frightening away hobgoblins. The print is eminently worthy the talents of both artist and engraver. Mr. Farrier has painted several very touching and beautiful pictures: witness the scene from the ballad of Auld Robin Gray, in the Literary Souvenir for 1827. His modesty alone prevents his asserting his claim to that rank in the art, which so many persons, every way inferior to himself, have managed to attain. The engraving does Mr. Romney's burin great credit. If we except a plate he is now finishing, also from a design by Mr. Farrier, we have not for a long

time seen any thing from his graver which has pleased us more.

The rage for old pictures is, we are happy to perceive, rapidly declining. Paintings are now purchased for their intrinsic beauty, rather than the fictitious value which age, and the picture-dealer's ingenuity, may have assigned them. A Madonna of Raphael, said to be an undoubted original, was sold by Mr. Robins, a short time ago, for 310 guineas. It is said to have cost its proprietor five thousand pounds.

Lord Grosvenor is building a picture gallery behind his mansion, in Grosvenor-street, which promises to be one of the noblest edifices of the kind in the kingdom.

A Miss Stockdale is about to publish, 'Instructive Poems for Young Cottagers.'

The author of 'Pandurang Hari,' has another work of the same kind in preparation, to be entitled The Zenana.

GOETHE.—The diet, sitting at Francfort, has paid a very unusual and handsome compliment to the author of Faust and Werther—ensuring him the sole right of publishing his works throughout the whole of the states under the German Confederation. The poet has confided their publication to M. de Cotta, bookseller, of Stutgard. They will, together, form forty volumes; in which, besides the hitherto detached pieces of the author, will be found several new productions.

The editor of that useful compilation, the Cabinet Lawyer, is preparing an Account of Public Charities, with notes, from the official reports of the Commissioners on Charitable Foundations. It is to make ten monthly parts, the

first of which will appear on the 1st of January.

ROYAL Society.—Thursday, the 30th ult., being the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society, the following gentlemen were elected officers, and of the council, for the ensuing year:—President, Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. Treasurer, Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P. Secretaries, J. T. W. Herschel, Esq.; and J. G. Children, Esq. Council—old members: Sir Humphrey Davy, P.; John Barrow, Esq.; Lord Bishop of Carlisle; Davies Gilbert, Esq.; J. T. W. Herschel; Sir Everard Home, Bart.; Captain H. Kater; John Pond, Esq.; James South, Esq.; W. H. Wollaston, M.D.; Thomas Young, M.D. New members: John Abernethy, Esq.; Charles Babbage, Esq.; Captain F. Beaufort, R.N.; Robert Brown, Esq.; John George Children, Esq.; Charles Hatchett, Esq.; A. B. Lambert, Esq.; George Pearson, M.D.; Wm. Prout, M.D.

Mr. Pierce Egan has ready, 'A Trip to Ascot Races:' upwards of seventeen feet in length, and coloured after life and nature. Dedicated to his Majesty George IV. Exhibiting, from Hyde-park Corner, all the bustle of the lively scene on the road down to the Heath, (including several public buildings). The plates etched and coloured by Mr. Theodore Lane.

The author of "Lochandhu" has a new historical romance in the press, to be

entitled, 'The Wolfe of Badenock.'

The Memoirs of Muhammed Baber, Emperor of Hindoostan, written by himself, and translated partly by the late Dr. Leyden, and partly by William Erskine, Esq., are said to be preparing for publication.

Mr. Burnet, the author of the admirable 'Practical Hints on Composition and Light and Shade in Painting,' has in the press, we understand, a work on the General Management of Colour in a Picture, which will appear early in the ensuing Spring.

Nearly ready, the Book of Spirits, and Tales of the Dead; comprising 'Lord Byron in the other World; Weber and the Heavenly Choir; Talma in Celestial Spheres; the Phantom Ship, or, the Flying Dutchman, with several other narratives of a similar character.

Many of our readers will, no doubt, remember the publication of a very delightful volume of tales, entitled "London in the Olden Time;" the object of which was, to illustrate the manners, habits, and superstitions of the inhabitants of the modern Babylon, in days long gone by. The author of this clever and most interesting work is now, we are told, about to publish a second volume, illustrating the manners, customs, and superstitions of the Londoners, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. In this volume, the state of the minstrelsy, the form and proceedings of taking Sanctuary, and the superstitions relating to talismans and astrology, will be discussed; together with some notices of Sir Johan Froissart, Geoffrey Chaucer, the Countess of Richmond, Dame Juliana Berner, William Caxton, and others. The work will appear early in the spring.

LIVING BRITISH ARTISTS versus THE BLACK MASTERS.

WE have observed, with considerable satisfaction, that the rage for collecting pictures merely because they are the reputed productions of centuries ago, is now gradually, if not rapidly, declining; and that a healthier, more laudable, and shall we add, more patriotic feeling, is beginning to prevail in its stead. The daily prints assure us, that an undoubted Madonna of Raphael, which cost its proprietor five thousand pounds, was lately sold by public auction (not without a due specification of its factitious value), for three hundred and ten guineas! We cannot choose but feel some exultation in having it in our power to record this fact, because we believe it to be only one of a number of similar indications of the change which is taking place in British taste and British feeling as it regards the Fine Arts. We would not willingly be misunderstood. We are far from desiring to detract from the fame of those immortal men whose genius has consecrated their names to all succeeding ages: we will even go so far as to admit that, in their master-pieces, they have scarcely been approached by even the most distinguished painters of our own immediate era. But it is notorious to all who possess any knowledge of the art, that for every exalted effort of their pencils, they have produced hundreds, nay thousands of pictures, every way unworthy of their fame. Such, however, is the spirit of bigotry which characterizes modern virtu, that, notwithstanding a picture abounds with defects, which every tyro in the art can discover at a glance, an enormous factitious value is assigned to it, provided the presumptive proof of its having been painted by an eminent master is tolerably convincing. Its comparative merit is seldom a matter of much importance to the connoisseur; who buys paintings as some people buy horses, less for their intrinsic value, than that they can boast of an unimpeachable pedigree. The dictatorship of the would-be virtuoso is, it seems, now upon the wane: and as, according to the sensible truism of Butler, things are worth no more than they will fetch, these pretenders will soon be compelled to swim with the stream which they have hitherto managed to control. Still there are cogent and obvious reasons why the change in the public taste cannot be effected at once. Many of those noblemen and gentlemen who, from their wealth and influence, possess the best opportunities of patronizing modern art, have formed large collections of the old masters, and will not willingly allow themselves to believe that the immense sums they have lavished in the purchase of ancient pictures has been improvidently expended. They will, of course, be the last to defer to a revolution of taste, that will tend in a great degree to invalidate their own property. We have hitherto said nothing about the impositions commonly practised upon buyers of old pictures, by the manufacturers of, and dealers in, the Black Masters: we have assumed, on the contrary, that the collector possesses really genuine specimens. What sort of comparison will they, for the most part, bear with the works of modern artists of genius which may be obtained at a tithe of the price? We reply—in very many instances, none whatever. Might not the sapient gentleman who was foolish enough to give five thousand pounds for

an indifferent Madonna, attributed (and we dare say correctly) to Raphael, have obtained a splendid collection of the works of living British artists, many of them every way superior, both as it regards the means and display of the art, to his boasted purchase? Presuming, for the sake of argument, that any man was really blockhead enough to give five thousand pounds for a second, or rather third-rate Raphael, (and, although we doubt the fact, it is notorious enough that equally large sums have been given for pictures of less intrinsic merit), what might he not have obtained at the same cost? Let us endeavour to ascertain:—

I. A splendid Portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; which would bear an advantageous comparison with any painting of the same class of art of any age, not forgetting that of Vandycke.

II. A classical subject, by Hilton; vying, in the exquisite beauty of its colour,

with the richest specimens of the Italian School.

III. A Female Head, by Howard; far more worthy of the genius of Raphael than the Madonna above alluded to.

IV. A River Scene, by J. M. W. Turner; glowing with all the warmth and

brilliancy of Claude.

V. An Historical picture, or an Allegory, by Etty; in which the vividness of the colouring of Rubens would be combined with a grace and beauty which that painter was incapable of feeling.

VI. An Illustration of Holy Writ, like Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, by Haydon. VII. A Cattle piece, by J. Ward, such an one as, with the name of Cuyp as its

painter, would have been thought cheap, five years ago, at 2,000l.

VIII. A Scene from Don Quixote, or a Festival in honour of May, by Leslie; who, in his most successful efforts, is unrivalled, in his way, by any of his predecessors in the art.

IX. A Battle Scene, by Cooper; not unworthy the genius of Wouvermans.

X. A Domestic English subject; from the truthful pencil of Mulready.

XI. An Interior, by Wilkie; rivalling the noblest productions of the Flemish School.

XII. A Scene from Moliere; full of character; by G. S. Newton.

XIII. An Illustration of Shakspeare, abounding in sentiment of the most lofty description, and full of grace and nature; by Henry Thompson.

XIV. A Scene from Boccacio; by Stothard.

XV. A Domestic Groupe, by R. Westall; instinct with as vivid beauty as if it had been painted with a pencil dipt in the hues of the rainbow.

XVI. A Gale at Sea, by Callcott.

XVII. An Improvisatrice, by H. W. Pickersgill; full of poetry and inspiration.

XVIII. A gorgeous display of cloud-capped turrets, rising over each other in endless and magnificent succession, with baths and aqueducts, and every thing characteristic of the splendour of a Grecian or Roman city, and its suburbs; and a vale of unrivalled luxuriance of beauty, glorious as the Garden of Eden; with here and there a bright unearthly form, flitting among its everlasting solitudes. By John Martin.

XIX. A Group of Histrionic Portraits, in character; by Clint.

XX. A Domestic Scene; by W. R. Bigg.

These twenty pictures, all of the highest class, may be averaged at 2001. each, more or less; making 40001. For the remaining 10001., twenty more subjects might have been obtained from artists of the first-rate eminence, who from painting on a more limited scale, or being younger in the art, would require smaller prices than some of their distinguished contemporaries. In the place, therefore, of one third-rate Madonna, by Raphael, our virtuoso might have possessed himself of a collection of pictures which it would be difficult for him to rival from the old masters at twenty times the price it would have cost him. He would, moreover, have had the satisfaction of knowing, that he had served

forty men of genius of his own time, in the place of having ministered

to the greedy rapacity of some unprincipled picture-dealer.

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It is singular that such considerations have not had due weight in accelerating the change which is now taking place in the public taste. And yet, when we see the Directors of an Institution formed for the avowed purpose of benefiting modern art, expend 3000l. of funds, which might have been so much more usefully employed, in the purchase of a picture, and an indifferent one too, by an old master, (we allude to the Parmegiano of the British Institution), we ought not to blame people whose avowed ignorance of the fine arts affords them so much more plausible an excuse. When we turn to the list of Governors and Directors of the British Institution, and discover in it the names of so many passionate admirers of the Black Masters, it is very easy to divine the extent of patronage which modern art is likely to experience at their hands. They cannot be expected to encourage a set of men, whose pretensions, the moment they are as generally acknowledged as they deserve to be, will bring a portion, at least, of their own pictorial property into comparative disrepute, and lessen the factitious value of the rest.

What indeed has the British institution really done to promote the interests of living artists? It purchased, to be sure, Mr. Ward's clever allegorical picture of the Battle of Waterloo, and kept it rolled up for years, in a lumber-room. But what other modern painter of eminence has derived any material advantage from its patronage?—How are its enormous funds employed? in purchasing, at liberal prices, the works of the most eminent living painters, and forming of them a National gallery, calculated to exhibit the actual state of the arts in this country at the present time?—No such thing. Some portion of its revenue is spent in attracting young people to a profession, in which they are never likely to arrive at any distinction—in the distribution of prizes to young ladies and gentlemen for copies of the Black Masters! Of the destination of its remaining funds, we are entirely ignorant; but hope they are more profitably appropriated. The Times newspaper inquires, very naturally, what is to be done with the large sum lately realised by the exhibition of his Majesty's pictures? Whether it is to be hoarded to purchase more old pictures, or to foster a fry of young adventurers, not in the exercise of original talent, but in administering to the prejudices of superannuated picture hunters?

It is pleasant to turn from the management of the British Institution to that of the Royal Academy, conducted by artists themselves; men of genius and taste, who have some experience as to the most proper mode of benefiting their profession. A disappointed candidate for honours, of which he has probably been found unworthy, lately inquired, through the medium of the Examiner, what became of the revenues of the Royal Academy? We can tell him. They are expended in a variety of ways, all more or less conducive to the objects for which it was established.—They are devoted to the support of its various schools of design,—to the remuneration of its professors, (and never were men of genius so inadequately recompensed), and the dispensation of pecuniary succour. We believe we are correct in affirming, that no less than eleven hundred pounds was distributed last year, in donations of various kinds, to the widows

of deceased, as well as to disabled and necessitous, artists. We should be glad to be informed, what part of the liberal funds of the British Institution has been similarly appropriated? We shall inquire into the nature and objects of this establishment more particularly, at some future period. In concluding for the present our remarks upon this interesting subject, we would observe, that it is not in the purchase of small pictures of limited price and importance, that the body of our British artists can be essentially benefited. They must be encouraged to undertake subjects calculated to occupy their time and attention for a space sufficient to enable them to do justice to their conceptions, or they will have but little chance of rivalling their great predecessors in the art. A painter cannot afford to expend two years upon a subject, without a moral certainty that he will be remunerated for his labour. Yet this has often been done; and works of art, which, could they have been supposed to have been the productions of early masters, would have been purchased at any price, have either been allowed to rot upon the walls of the artists, or else have sold for little more than the value of the canvas on which they were painted. Unless, therefore, those wealthy persons to whom it is most natural for painters to look for patronage, and who have not scrupled to squander thousands of pounds upon a single picture of other times, will step forward, and prove their pretended love of the art, by something like a liberal patronage of it; the decline of the taste for the dead will be of little avail to the living.

THE GREY ASS.

THE worthy Boniface of a small inn, or rather public-house, in a village in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, not less known by its sign of the Grey Ass, than by the virtues of its home-brewed ale, having taken it into his head that his symbol was scarcely commensurate with the dignity and importance of his establishment, resolved to change it at the first fitting opportunity. The result of the battle of Waterloo, so exhilirating to all loyal Englishmen, afforded him an excellent excuse for carrying his intentions into effect. He accordingly employed an itinerant artist to paint him a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, which he substituted for the effigy of poor neddy. In the meantime, a shrewd rival, who knew the value of a name, took a house immediately opposite mine host of the Wellington, and adopted his discarded sign. The country-people, who knew more of the character of the Grey Ass than of the qualifications of the great Captain of the age, all flocked to the inn designated by their favourite appellative, until at length the elder publican had little or no custom left. Finding that his friends were ebbing from him like a spring tide with a breeze from the shore, he bethought him of an expedient to put a stop to the desertion. This dernier ressort was to attach to the portrait of his Grace of Wellington, a supplemental panel, containing, in large and legible characters, the following pithy inscription-" This is the Original Grey Ass!" It is scarcely necessary to add, that the intimation had the desired effect.

A WOMAN'S FAREWELL.

T.

THE waves are all at rest on you river's shining breast,
And in evening's sweet light sleep the towers of Thoulouse;
The bright-haired god of day ere long will pass away,
And twilight be shedding her shadows and dews.

II.

'Tis now that silent hour when love hath deepest power To stir the soft heart with its dreams of delight;—
When even the sickening thrill of hope delayed still,
And the sunbeams of feeling grow golden and bright.

III.

How can I then but choose at such an hour to muse
With fondest regret on the days that have flown;
For all seems wildly changed since hand in hand we ranged
By the green, winding banks of the gleaming Garonne!

IV

What darkly-chequered years—what passionate hopes and fears—Have solaced and seared our young bosoms since then; What clouds of care and blight, what visions of delight, Have chilled them and thrilled them again and again!

V

Yet believe me, love, in this,—though in moments of bliss Every pulse of thy heart found a response in mine; When the storm upon us came, I may merit thy blame, But so sweet was our sadness I could not repine:

VI.

Forgive me if I deemed Fate kinder than she seemed,
If I smiled at the world and its fiercest alarms;
If I inly blest the grief that bade thee seek relief
In the cherishing shelter and pale of my arms.

VII.

Was loss of wealth severe, when a fond one was near
To soothe thee and make thee a Crœsus in love?
Or vexations all must bear, worth a thought or a care
Which a kiss—and thou'st owned it—a kiss could remove?

VIII.

What are life's petty ills, its hectics or its chills—
Do they trench on affection, or wither its flowers?

No: in hearts with feeling warm, love's the bow of the storm,
Which grows deeper and brighter the faster it showers.

IX.

Though keen and bitter woes have troubled our repose,
There's a wilder one, dearest, in store for us yet:
Oh, what a thrill intense drinks up each vital sense,
When I turn to the bodings I fain would forget!

X.

Why did we ever part? Sorrow had not a dart
In her quiver I could not have smiled at beside:
Even the fiat of my doom, though it spake of the tomb,
I could calmly have bowed to with thee by my side.

XI.

Some have said that passion's storm will oft thy soul deform,
But to me thou hast ever been gentle and calm:
Some have said hate oft hath wrung bitter accents from thy tongue,
But to me have thy words been as music and balm.

XII.

Let them rail, let them rail, those who credit their tale Cannot know thee so deeply and dearly as I. Then our foes we'll forgive, since their efforts to rive Affection's firm chain hath drawn closer the tie.

XIII.

Thus will it ever be, on the world's troubled sea,

When two fond ones are cleaving in concert their way,

Though clouds sometimes may hide them, and tempests divide,

They'll be nearer than e'er when the wreck drives away!

XIV.

In life's unclouded spring, as on Pleasure's light wing,
'Mid its bowers of enchantment we carelessly roved;
With feelings, hopes and fears, far too deep for our years,
In that sunburst of gladness we met and we loved!

XV

Thou wert then at that age when the stormy passions rage
More fiercely the wilder earth's wise ones reprove:

Pride and gentleness combined, in thy deep heart were shrined,—
The softness and fire of the eagle and dove!

XVI.

Though Fortune was unkind, to thy merits ever blind,
Still thy spirit could unstooping her malice endure:
And what though thou wert thrown on this wide world alone
Did I love thee the less for being friendless and poor?

XVII.

In the casket of thy soul, beyond Fortune's control,

There were gems of more value than gauds of this earth;

And for rank thou could'st vie with the highest of the high,

For thy heart sure was princely, whate'er was thy birth.

XVIII.

Feelings lofty and refined, golden gifts of the mind,
Were the rank and the riches most precious to me;
And, but that words are weak, and the heart may not speak,
I would tell what a treasure I met with in thee.

XIX.

What is wealth, what is wealth, could it purchase me health?
Or procure for us moments more blissful than those
We together oft have past, whenever Fate's chilling blast
Could not ruffle our own little world of repose?

XX.

Surely not, surely not! Life's light ills were forgot,
Then protected by thee, on thy bosom I hung;
And though tempests raged above, they were harmless to love,
For the wilder the ruin, the closer we clung!

XXI.

But the sun has looked his last, and the day is fading fast,
And night's shades are overwhelming my heart and my song;
Fare-thee-well!—a long farewell!—I have broken the spell,
Which has bound me to earth and its witcheries so long!

AN IMPROMPTU ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

O, CHRISTMAS DAY! O, happy day!

A foretaste from above,

To him who hath a happy home,

And love returned for love!

O, Christmas Day! O, gloomy day!
The barb in Memory's dart,
To him who walks alone through life,
The desolate in heart!

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MR. SHARON TURNER AND THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE last number of the 'Monthly Review' contains a very able, and we think, well-merited castigation of Mr. Sharon Turner and his humbug "History of the reign of Henry VIII.;" a volume which cannot, we feel assured, have been perused with ordinary attention by the few critics who have been so enthusiastic in its eulogy. From his preface, it would appear that Mr. Turner has discovered that many parts of the reign of Henry VIII. have not been sufficiently elucidated by preceding historians; that the public have not been put in possession of the entire truth upon the subject; and that the king, and his conduct, have not been impartially appreciated. "To elicit further light on what was obscure or doubtful, he has turned to original documents at the British Museum, which had been singularly disregarded by former historians, although long open to all who would take the trouble to investigate their contents." We agree with the reviewer, that if there ever existed a monarch whom the voice of all history had agreed unanimously to brand with the vices of brutal sensuality and atrocious cruelty, without any redeeming qualification, that despot was our eighth Henry. We had deemed "that the universal reprobation of mankind was for ever recorded against the savage and inexorable tyrant, who, most truly has it been said, spared neither man in his hate, nor woman in his lust: the butcher of the poor victims of his wanton appetites—the murderer of his most faithful servants—the ferocious persecutor both of Catholics and Protestants-who, in the madness of his pride, imposed contradictory Articles of Belief upon a whole people—and consigned the most virtuous spirits of both parties to the flames or to the scaffold, to glut his thirst of blood, or to gratify his fierce and inconsistent bigotry." Yet this is the man whose defence Mr. Sharon Turner has "felt proud in undertaking." The principal events in the life of Henry VIII. are too well known to render a recapitulation necessary. His atrocious conduct towards his wives, Mr. Turner devotes no inconsiderable portion of his pages to palliate. Among the qualities ascribed to our English Bluebeard, by this most candid and sophistical of historians, is " a mild and friendly temper." "Of his six consorts," says Mr. Turner, "the first and last did him credit;" yet the one he repudiated; stigmatized her child as the offspring of incest, and broke her heart; and the other was saved only from impending ruin, by the address with which she averted the wrath of her imperious tyrant. After attempting to palliate the crimes of the king, by the most monstrous sophisms, this enlightened historian remarks, that, "if the denomination of a good king be taken with the same latitude of meaning as the expression of a good man in ordinary life, the inscriptionary circle must then be as large as the royal crown that it encircles, and Henry might plead, not unavailingly, for a graduated inclusion!" The purport of this nonsense, which is nearly as intelligible as a large proportion of the book, may readily be guessed. But for the gross mis-statements, the barefaced perversion of facts, the disingenuous sophistries of this paragon of historians, we must refer our readers to the Review which has given occasion for this notice, the writer of which deserves the thanks of the public, for his very complete exposure of Mr. Turner's fallacies.

THE POETRY OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

THIS is unquestionably the age of antithesis. The poets of the day have ranged themselves under two distinctly opposite banners-those of quiet repose, and passionate excitement; and, according to the fluctuations of ever-varying taste and fashion, has each been alternately magnified and extolled. A few short years ago, nothing went down with the reading public but Sir Walter Scott's battle scenes—his gathering of the clans by the fiery cross—his gorgeous cavalcades, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war: or Lord Byron's semidemoniacal barbarians, contrasted with woman, sublimated to almost angelic loveliness. At this period, the public appetite was stimulated to a craving for intense emotion, not unlike that of the pampered gourmand for devilled turkey: the charities of the heart were regarded as common places; and whoever peppered the highest, was surest to During the prevalence of this singular perversion of taste, there was a class of writers who nobly kept aloof from the contagion, preferring temporary neglect to unenviable notoriety: and at the head of these praiseworthy devotees, was the illustrious Wordsworth.

A disciple of this great master, and one imbued with a strong conviction of the sterling truth of his poetical canons, Mr. Wilson made his debut in the literary world, whilst yet a very young man, by the publication of his 'Isle of Palms;' a work of amazing wealth in imageryever flowing with all that is bright, graceful, and gorgeous in conception; but somewhat deficient in that condensation of idea and of language, which is one of the characteristics of poetry of the more exalted order. It was, however, impossible not to discover, from this first exhibition of his powers, that, whatever might be his faults, poverty of intellect, and obtuseness in the perception of the beautiful and the grand, were not of the number; and that all that was required to enable him to produce a work of more permanent interest, was the application of a bridle to his singularly wild and excursive imagination. To the current productions of the era at which it appeared, the Isle of Palms furnished a remarkable contrast. The rage was then almost exclusively for romances in rhyme; and, provided the story was sufficiently bizarre and appalling, the quality of the poetry which was its vehicle was of subordinate importance. In the Isle of Palms, Mr. Wilson has woven, on a slender thread of narrative, four long cantos of exuberant versification; and, instead of savage anger, insatiable revenge, or unnatural hatred-

"Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder;"

we are presented with the ca!m, quiet, secluded beauty of nature: green trees and dewy flowers, bright sunshine, and cerulian skies, and sinless tears, and affectionate tenderness, and pious aspirations after the bliss of a more refined state of existence: in short, with all those brighter shades of human feeling, which adorn and dignify our nature. The machinery of this beautiful and truly original poem, is extremely simple. The story is briefly this:—Two betrothed lovers are wrecked together upon a desert, but lovely island in the Indian sea; where they

are discovered seven years afterwards by the crew of an English vessel. They return to England, to the great joy of the heroine's mother; who, having given her up for dead, at length determines to take up her abode in the town from the port of which her daughter originally sailed, with the remote hope of hearing some tidings of her fate. The following lines, from the first canto of the Isle of Palms, are not surpassed in beauty by any passage with which we are acquainted, in the whole range of modern poetry:

THE SHIP.

And lo! upon the murmuring waves A glorious Shape appearing! A broad-wing'd Vessel, through the shower Of glimmering lustre steering! As if the beauteous ship enjoyed The beauty of the sea, She lifteth up her stately head And saileth joyfully. A lovely path before her lies, A lovely path behind; She sails amid the loveliness Like a thing with heart and mind. Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair, Slowly she beareth on; A glorious phantom of the deep, Risen up to meet the Moon. The Moon bids her tenderest radiance fall On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings, And the quiet voice of the rocking sea To cheer the gliding vision sings. Oh! ne'er did sky and water blend In such a holy sleep, Or bathe in brighter quietude A roamer of the deep.

So far the peaceful soul of Heaven

Hath settled on the sea,

It seems as if this weight of calm Were from eternity. O World of Waters! the stedfast earth Ne'er lay entranced like thee!

Is she a vision wild and bright, That sails amid the still moon-light At the dreaming soul's command? A vessel borne by magic gales, All rigg'd with gossamery sails, And bound for Fairy-land? Ah, no !—an earthly freight she bears, Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears; And lonely as she seems to be, Thus left by herself on the moonlight sea In loneliness that rolls, She hath a constant company, In sleep, or waking revelry, Five hundred human souls! Since first she sail'd from fair England, Three moons her path have cheer'd; And another lights her lovelier lamp Since the Cape hath disappear'd. For an Indian isle she shapes her way With constant mind both night and day: She seems to hold her home in view, And sails, as if the path she knew; So calm and stately is her motion Across the' unfathom'd trackless ocean.

In the above glorious picture, our readers will recognise the germ of the various poetical descriptions of a ship, which have appeared since its publication; especially Lord Byron's well-known and justly-admired

> "She walks the waters like a thing of life; And seems to dare the elements to strife."

Nor is the next quotation less powerful of its kind, although of a different stamp:

THE WRECK.

But list! a low and moaning sound At distance heard, like a spirit's song, And now it reigns above, around, As if it call'd the ship along. The Moon is sunk; and a clouded Declares that her course is run, No fears hath she ;—her giant-form

Soon as his light has warm'd the seas, From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze; And that is the spirit whose well-known song Makes the vessel to sail in joy along. And like a God who brings the day, O'er wrathful surge, through blackening Up mounts the glorious Sun. and many storm, and stored a mode realisment

Majestically calm, would go 'Mid the deep darkness white as snow! But gently now the small waves glide Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side. So stately her bearing, so proud her An hour before her death; array, the bot : The too will and all a

The main she will traverse for ever and

Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!

-Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread And the swallow's song in the eaves. Are hurried o'er the deck;

And fast the miserable ship Becomes a lifeless wreck.

Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock, Her planks are torn asunder,

And down come her masts with a reeling

And a hideous crash like thunder. Her sails are draggled in the brine That gladdened late the skies, And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moon- Astounded the reeling deck he paces,

Down many a fathom lies. Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues Gleam'd softly from below, And flung a warm and sunny flush

O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,

To the coral rocks are hurrying down To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship And sights of home with sighs disturb'd The sleepers' long-drawn breath. Instead of the murmur of the sea The sailor heard the humming tree Alive through all its leaves, The hum of the spreading sycamore That grows before his cottage-door, His arms inclosed a blooming boy, Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and To the dangers his father had pass'd; And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled, As she looked on the father of her child Return'd to her heart at last. He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll, And the rush of waters is in his soul. 'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces; The whole ship's crew are there. Wailings around and overhead, Brave spirits stupified or dead, And madness and despair.

Another sample is all that we can afford to give of this beautiful poem; but it will be found no less characteristic of its author's genius than those already furnished. It is

THE RETURN TO PORT.

The pier-head, with a restless crowd, Seems all alive; there, voices loud Oft raise the thund'rous cheer, While, from on board the ship of war, The music bands both near and far, Are playing, faint or clear. The bells ring quick a joyous peal, Till the very spires appear to feel The joy that stirs throughout their tapering You almost hear the sound Ten thousand flags and pendants fly Abroad, like meteors in the sky, So beautiful and bright. And, while the storm of pleasure raves Through each tumultuous street, Still strikes the ear one darling tune, Sung hoarse, or warbled sweet; Well doth it suit the First of June, " Britannia rules the waves!"

What ship is she that rises slow Above the horizon ?-White as snow, And cover'd as she sails By the bright sunshine, fondly woo'd Exulting to behold the foe, In her calm beauty, and pursued And break the line of war. By all the Ocean gales?

Well doth she know this glorious morn, And by her subject waves is borne, As in triumphal pride: And now the gazing crowd descry, Distinctly floating on the sky, Her pendants long and wide. The outward forts she now hath pass'd; Loftier and loftier towers her mast; Of the billows rushing past her sides, As giant-like she calmly glides Through the dwindled ships around. Saluting thunders rend the main! Short silence !—and they roar again, And veil her in a cloud: Then up leap all her fearless crew, And cheer till shore, and city too, With echoes answer loud. In peace and friendship doth she come, Rejoicing to approach her home, After absence long and far: Yet with like calmness would she go,

Although no one was hardy enough to deny the merit of a poem abounding with passages as exquisitely beautiful as these, yet, as was to have been expected from the vitiated taste which prevailed when the Isle of Palms was first published, Mr. Wilson shared for some years the neglect, we had almost said obscurity, of his preceptor; and although fervently admired by a select and discriminating few, was on the whole little read and still less frequently purchased. Among those who paid him the well-merited tribute of their praise, at this early stage of his career, we are happy to mention Mr. Jeffrey, (although his previous abuse—his ignorant depreciation of Wordsworth, deprives his opinion of the sincerity or consistency which can alone render an opinion valuable); and the honest avowal of James Hogg, that such an impression did the perusal of the Isle of Palms make upon him, and "so completely did it carry him off his feet, that for some days afterwards he felt himself as in a land of enchantment, and could with difficulty bring down his feel-

ings to the business of ordinary life."

At the distance of about four years from the publication of the Isle of Palms, Mr. Wilson produced his best and most popular work, 'The City of the Plague,'—a poem of first rate excellence, amply realizing the anticipations to which his maiden effort had given birth. To the exalted merits of this production, which is of a severer order, and for the most part free from those exuberances of youthful genius which had in some measure deformed its predecessor, gratifying testimony has been borne by several of Mr. Wilson's distinguished contemporaries; and, among others, by Lord Byron and Mr. Moore, two writers whose genius is as opposite in character to that of the object of their eulogy as can well be imagined. In the preface to his 'Doge of Venice', Lord Byron mentions the City of the Plague, as one of the very few evidences that dramatic power is not yet extinct among us. If that poetry deserves to rank the highest, which excites the most vivid emotions in the mind of the reader, Mr. Wilson's tragedy will certainly be found amply to deserve his Lordship's generous tribute; for we know of no work, of a purely imaginative character, which is calculated to make so deep an impression upon a person of even ordinary feeling and intelligence as this. It assumes a loftier tone of inspiration than the Isle of Palms. Indeed, the two poems will scarcely admit of a comparison in any respect. One is a tale of love, beauty and repose,—the attempered glory of a summer's eve, disturbed only by one of those transitory storms which leave the face of nature more beautiful than ever; whilst the other is a narrative of alternate pity and sufferingtears and terror-imbued throughout with an energy almost supernatural—and producing upon the mind of the reader an impression which, like the recollection of a storm at sea, is never afterwards obliterated. Although dramatic in its form, there is little that is dramatic in either its plot, or the manner in which it is developed. It consists in a great measure of a series of impassioned dialogues on natural loveliness-a vernal picture of all that is serene, gentle and fascinating in human nature, here and there chastised by those "sabler tints of woe,"

Which blended form, with artful strife, The strength and harmony of life."

The selection of so awful a subject as the great plague in London, as a groundwork for the delineation of the abiding strength and loveliness

of our best affections, affords additional evidence of the power and versatility of Mr. Wilson's genius. Yet this he has attempted; and, not-withstanding the apparently antithetical nature of the subject, has achieved most triumphantly. The following passages from his poem, we select, not less for their intrinsic beauty than that they strike us as being peculiarly characteristic of his powers.

SIGNS OF THE PLAGUE.

Frank. Why does the finger, Yellow 'mid-the sunshine, on the Minster-clock, Point at that hour? It is most horrible, Speaking of midnight in the face of day. During the very dead of night it stopp'd, Even at the moment when a hundred hearts Paused with it suddenly, to beat no more. Yet, wherefore should it run its idle round? There is no need that men should count the hours Of time, thus standing on eternity. It is a death-like image. How can I, When round me silent nature speaks of death, Withstand such monitory impulses? When yet far off I thought upon the Plague, Sometimes my mother's image struck my soul In unchanged meekness and serenity, And all my fears were gone. But these green banks, With an unwonted flush of flowers o'ergrown, Brown, when I left them last, with frequent feet From morn till evening hurrying to and fro, In mournful beauty seem encompassing A still forsaken city of the dead. O unrejoicing Sabbath! not of yore Did thy sweet evenings die along the Thames Thus silently! Now every sail is furl'd, The oar hath dropt from out the rower's hand, And on thou flow'st in lifeless majesty, River of a desert lately fill'd with joy! O'er all that mighty wilderness of stone The air is clear and cloudless, as at sea Above the gliding ship. All fires are dead, And not one single wreath of smoke ascends Above the stillness of the towers and spires.

THE PLAGUE IN THE CITY.

How idly hangs that arch magnificent Across the idle river! Not a speck

Is seen to move along it. There it hangs, Still as a rainbow in the pathless sky.

Old Man. Know ye what ye will meet with in the city? Together will ye walk through long, long streets, All standing silent as a midnight church. You will hear nothing but the brown red grass Rustling beneath your feet; the very beating Of your own hearts will awe you; the small voice Of that vain bauble, idly counting time, Will speak a solemn language in the desert. Look up to heaven, and there the sultry clouds, Still threatening thunder, lower with grim delight, As if the Spirit of the Plague dwelt there, Darkening the city with the shadows of death.

Know ye that hideous hubbub? Hark, far off A tumult like an echo! on it comes, Weeping and wailing, shrieks and groaning prayer; And, louder than all, outrageous blasphemy. The passing storm hath left the silent streets. But are these houses near you tenantless? Over your heads from a window, suddenly A ghastly face is thrust, and yells of death With voice not human. Who is he that flies, As if a demon dogg'd him on his path? With ragged hair, white face, and bloodshot eyes, Raving, he rushes past you; till he falls, As if struck by lightning, down upon the stones, Or, in blind madness, dash'd against the wall, Sinks backward into stillness. Stand aloof, And let the Pest's triumphal chariot Have open way advancing to the tomb. See how he mocks the pomp and pageantry Of earthly kings! a miserable cart, Heap'd up with human bodies; dragg'd along By pale steeds, skeleton-anatomies! And onwards urged by a wan meagre wretch, Doom'd never to return from the foul pit, Whither, with oaths, he drives his load of horror. Would you look in? Grey hairs and golden tresses, Wan shrivell'd cheeks, that have not smiled for years, And many a rosy visage smiling still; Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt, With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone; And youthful frames, august and beautiful, In spite of mortal pangs—there lie they all, Embraced in ghastliness! But look not long, For haply 'mid the faces glimmering there, The well-known cheek of some beloved friend Will meet thy gaze; or some small snow-white hand, Bright with the ring that holds her lover's hair.

How beautiful is the following out-pouring of the spirit, that clings to heaven in its desolation:

Oh! let me walk the waves of this wild world
Through faith unsinking;—stretch Thy saving hand
To a lone castaway upon the sea,
Who hopes no resting-place, except in heaven.
And oh! this holy calm,—this peace profound,—
That sky so glorious in infinitude,—
That countless host of softly-burning stars,
And all that floating universe of light,
Lift up my spirit far above the grave,
And tell me that my pray'rs are heard in heaven;
I feel the' Omnipotent is merciful!

How finely do these lines contrast with the following:

O! 'tis the curse of absence, that our love
Becomes too sad—too tender—too profound
Towards all our far-off friends. Home we return
And find them dead—for whom we often wept,
Needlessly wept, when they were in their joy!
Then goes the broken-hearted mariner
Back to the sea that welters drearily
Around the homeless earth.

We will now add a specimen or two of another kind—sketches of silence and serenity:

O look upon her face! eternity
Is shadowed there! a pure immortal calm,
Whose presence makes the tumult of this world
Pass like a fleeting breeze, and through the soul
Breathes the still ether of a loftier climate.

O! might I say
Thy beauty is immortal! but a ghost,
In all the loveliness on earth it wore,
Walks through the moonlight of the cemetery,
And—I know the shadow of the mortal creature
Now weeping at my side.

She knew not

In other days, to what a lofty pitch

Her gentle soul could soar. For I have heard

She was an only child, and in the light

Of her fond parents' love was fostered,

Like a flower that blooms best sheltered in the house,

And only plac'd beneath the open air

In hours of sunshine.

How sweetly have I felt the evening calm
Come o'er the tumult of the busy day
In a great city! When the silent stars
Stole out so gladsome through the dark blue heavens,
All undisturbed by any restless noise
Sent from the domes and spires that lay beneath,
Hush'd as the clouds of night. Ev'n now 'tis so.
Didst thou e'er see a more replendent moon?
A sky more cloudless, thicker set with stars?
The night is silent—silent was the day.
But now methinks the sky's magnificence
Darkeneth the desolation on the earth!
Ev'n such the silence of a beautiful sea
Rolling o'er a thousand wrecks.

Magdalene. I hope thou feel'st no cruel pain?
Frankfort. Thy soft, white, spotless bosom, like the plumes
Of some compassionate angel, meets my heart,
And all therein is quiet as the snow
At breathless midnight.

Magdalene. No noise within thy brain?
Frankfort. A sweet mild voice is echoing far away,
In the remotest regions of my soul.
'Tis clearer now—and now again it dies,
And leaves a silence smooth as any sea,
When all the stars of heaven are on its breast.

In the volume which contains the City of the Plague, we meet with two poems which are deserving of especial remark, as being strikingly characteristic of the genius of their author; we allude to 'The Convict,' a dramatic fragment, in which, from a combination of natural touches, the catastrophe is wrought to the highest possible pathos: and 'The Scholar's Funeral,' a sketch, justly celebrated for the lofty, reposing, serene, and beautiful train of imagery and sentiment which pervade it. The story of the former poem is that of an innocent man, who has been tried, and convicted, upon strong circumstantial evidence, of a murder of which he

is wholly innocent. The first scene is laid in his cottage, where his wife and a friend are waiting, in momentary expectation of hearing the result of his trial. The alternations of hope and despair are most pathetically described. The clergyman, who has passed the preceding night in prayer with the supposed criminal, visits the wretched woman, for the purpose of preparing her mind for the message, which arrives soon afterwards, announcing her husband's condemnation. Scene the second, is the Condemned Cell, a few days previous to that appointed for the execution. The first scene of the second part of the poem is the same cell, on the morning of the execution; the clergyman praying by the doomed man, and endeavouring to inspire him with fortitude to endure the horrors that await him. The second scene changes again to the prisoner's cottage, where his wife is sitting with her friend, surrounded by her little ones. The third scene is a field, in which several labourers are reposing. The following powerful description of the appalling spectacle is put into the mouth of one of the bystanders:

> Master. Methinks I see the hill-side all alive, With silent faces gazing stedfastly On one poor single solitary wretch, Who views not in the darkness of his trouble One human face among the many thousands All staring towards the scaffold! Some are there Who have driven their carts with his unto the market. Have shook hands with him meeting at the fair, Have in his very cottage been partakers Of the homely fare which rev'rently he blessed. Yea! who have seen his face in holier places, And in the same seat been at worship with him, Within the house of God. May God forgive them! Mary. He is not guilty. Master. Every thing is dark. Last in the company of the murder'd man-Blood on his hands—a bloody knife concealed— The coin found on him which the widow swore to-His fears when apprehended—and the falsehoods Which first he utter'd—all perplex my mind! And then they say the murder'd body bled, Soon as he touch'd it-Let us to our work, Poor people oft must work with heavy hearts.

[The Scene changes to a little Field commanding a view of the place of Execution. Two Young Men looking towards it.]

-Oh! doth that sunshine smile as cheerfully

Upon Lea-side as o'er my happy fields!

1st Man. I dare to look no longer.—What dost thou see?
2d Man. There is a stirring over all the crowd.
All heads are turn'd at once. O God of heaven!
There Francis Russel comes upon a cart,
For which a lane is open'd suddenly!
On, on it goes—and now it has arrived
At the scaffold foot.

lst Man. Say! dost thou see his face?

2d Man. Paler than ashes.

1st Man, (coming forward). Let me have one look.

O what white cheeks! see, see—his upward eyes

Even at this distance have a ghastly glare.

I fear that he is guilty. Fear has bathed

In clammy dew his long lank raven hair,
His countenance seems convulsed—it is not paleness

That dims his cheeks—but a wild yellow hue
Like that of mortal sickness or of death.
Oh! what the soul can suffer when the Devil
Sits on it, grimly laughing o'er his prey,
Like a carrion-bird beside some dying beast,
Croaking with hunger and ferocity.

[He turns away.]

2d Man. He is standing on the scaffold—he looks round—
But does not speak—some one goes up to him—
He whispers in his ear—he kisses him—
He falls on his knees—now no one on the scaffold
But he and that old wretch! a rope is hanging
Right over his head—and as my Maker liveth,
That demon as he grasps it with his fingers
Hath laughter in his face.

1st Man. How look the crowd?
2d Man. I saw them not—but now ten thousand faces
Are looking towards him with wide-open eyes!
Uncover'd every head—and all is silent
And motionless, as if 'twere all a dream.

1st Man. Is he still praying?
2d Man.

I can look no more,
For death and horror round his naked neck
Are gathering! Curse those lean and shrivell'd fingers
That calmly—slowly—and without a tremble—
Are binding unto agony and shame
One of God's creatures with a human soul.

—Hark! hark! a sudden shriek—a yell—a shout!
The whole crowd tosses like a stormy sea.
But oh! behold how still and motionless
That figure on the scaffold!

1st Man. What can it mean?

2d Man. Perhaps with one soul all the crowd rise up
To rescue him from death.

And know what happens. Hark! another shout That rends the silent sky. See, hats are waved! And every face is bright—deliverance Is in that peal of joy—he shall not die.

He is reprieved at this very critical juncture; and the real murderer confesses his guilt, and delivers himself up to justice. We are disposed to consider this fragment the most touching and powerful of all

Mr. Wilson's productions.

Among the minor poems, which in the new edition of Mr. Wilson's poetical works occupy the second volume, our prime favourites are—the Scholar's Funeral—Address to a Wild Deer—To a Sleeping Child—Trout-beck Chapel—the Hearth—Peace and Solitude, and the Childrens' Dance. The pieces which are the most intrinsically characteristic of the writer's genius are—a Lay of Fairy Land—Edith and Nora—the Desolate Village—the Ass in a Storm Shower—Picture of a Blind Man—My Cottage—and Church-yard Dreams. We are compelled to curtail the following poem, in order to adapt it to our narrow limits:

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

one si clebto fell loca

Magnificent Creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;

Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale!--Hail! King of the wild and the beautiful!-hail! Hail! Idol divine!—whom nature hath borne O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the morn. Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor, As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore; For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free, Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee. Up! up to you cliff! like a king to his throne! O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone-A throne which the eagle is glad to resign Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine. There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast-Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest; And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill! In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still !-Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight, Like the arms of the pine on you shelterless height, One moment—thou bright Apparition !—delay! Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild Spirit hung in majestical mirth;
In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss;
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean!
Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the dell,
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath pass'd on the wind, And left the dark ocean of mountains behind! But my spirit will travel wherever she flee, And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea—Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a scream,
And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream;
—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow?
Fleet son of the wilderness! where art thou now?
—Again o'er you crag thou return'st to my sight,
Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night!
Serene on thy travel—as soul in a dream—
Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream.
With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd as with light,
And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright.
Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock,
'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
Thou fling'st thy bold beauty exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!

Magnificent prison enclosing the free!

With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crown'd—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou can'st clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold.

Yes! fierce looks thy nature, ev'n hush'd in repose-In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes. Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar, With a haughty defiance to come to the war. No outrage is war to a creature like thee; The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind, And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind. In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death, In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,— In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,— In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,— Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign: —But what if the stag on the mountain be slain? On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay, Like a victor that falls at the close of the day— While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat

From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet:— And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies, As Nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

We quote also a part of the Address to a Sleeping Child:

Art thou a thing of mortal birth, Whose happy home is on our earth? Does human blood with life embue Those wandering veins of heavenly blue, That stray along thy forehead fair, Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair? Oh! can that light and airy breath Steal from a being doom'd to death; Those features to the grave be sent In sleep thus mutely eloquent; Or, art thou, what thy form would seem, The phantom of a blessed dream? A human shape I feel thou art, I feel it, at my beating heart, Those tremors both of soul and sense Awoke by infant innocence! Though dear the forms by fancy wove, We love them with a transient love;

Thoughts from the living world intrude Even on her deepest solitude: But, lovely child! thy magic stole At once into my inmost soul, With feelings as thy beauty fair, And left no other vision there. Oh! that my spirit's eye could see Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy! That light of dreaming soul appears To play from thoughts above thy years. Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring To heaven, and heaven's God adoring! And who can tell what visions high May bless an infant's sleeping eye? What brighter throne can brightness find To reign on than an infant's mind, Ere sin destroy, or error dim, The glory of the Seraphim?

In these, and other poems which our limits will not admit of our extracting, it would be difficult to decide which we are most called upon to admire—the delicacy of sentiment, or the splendour of imagination, which pervade them. The faults of the less successful pieces in these volumes are, as we have already hinted, faults of exuberance and not of poverty; and so keen an eye does Mr. Wilson direct to the external world, that his imagination seems as it were oppressed with the crowd of imagery that is for ever rushing upon it; so that in fact, the distinctness of his pictures is sometimes marred by the profusion of metaphors by which he attempts to illustrate them. With all these stirring and active propensities, however, Mr. Wilson seems to

revel much more in the calm and secluded, than in the noisier and more bustling elements of our nature. He prefers pity and love, to war remorse and discord; the beauty of luxuriant summer, to winter's naked and howling desolation; and what is genial, gentle and kind, to that which is stern, stormy and repugnant. With all this, it can scarcely be affirmed that Mr. Wilson's pictures of human life are perfectly correct. He gives us human life to be sure—all of human life;—but he adds something of his own imagining, which is far better. In his pages, earth is the garden of Eden-man but a grade lower than the angelsand human language poetry. His finer delineations of character have an unapproachable excellence; they are invested with all that is bright or beautiful in human nature: and his pictures of moral degradation, possess always many redeeming touches of pity and pathos, which give their dramatis personæ a claim upon our esteem, instead of provoking our hatred; and excite our commiseration, instead of calling for our reprehension or disgust. The truth is, that Mr. Wilson's genius is of too fine and ethereal a character for the grosser realities of earth; and he cannot submit to the delineation of the deformed and untoward, without brightening them over with the colour of his own rich fancy. Hence he has taken peculiar delight in revelling over the high and superstitious feelings which once held such paramount sway over the minds of his countrymen of the olden time---more especially, as was to have been expected, with whatever concerns that most beautiful and interesting part of the Gothic mythology, the Fairies. It is, perhaps, from what Mr. Wilson has written concerning these tiny phantoms of northern superstition, that his greatest claims to originality, as a poet, will hereafter rest.

But we must now bring this notice to a conclusion. As a moral poet, Mr. Wilson must ever rank very high. In his voluminous poetical works, there is not a single passage that conveys a sentiment even of doubtful application; at least, we have never been so unfortunate as to meet with one, and our perusals have neither been few nor inattentive. Following the Greek dramatists and Wordsworth, between whom a more striking affinity exists than has generally been suspected, Mr. Wilson has chosen simple, unadorned nature as his model, in preference to the artificial states of life; and, like his great prototypes, has amply succeeded in proving that the elements of poetry are spread every where around us, alike in the varied beauty of external nature, and the simplest workings of human passion.

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THE LOVER'S FAREWELL TO HIS LYR

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

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. I lugar are perfectly cor My soul is calm, my bosom bright, With sunshine such as ne'er till now Rose to chase off the dreary night, That gathered round my moody brow; O long-loved tears! O cherished grief O, dear frequented glooms that wore So sweet a guise! your wild relief I need no more!

realer. Harmond of calling for

No tuneful fiction of the brain Wert thou to me, pale-eyed Despair ! So long I bent beneath thy chain, Its weight at length seem'd light to bear. But now thine adamantine mace Is broke, thy drear dominion 's o'er; Good bye! thy scorn of female grace

I need no more!

Oft, very oft, when Memory stung My heart to agony, I flew To fiction's tales, and o'er them hung, Till Fancy half believed them true; But Love now lends me sweeter themes And thoughts by far, whereon to pore; Good-bye, Romance, thy charmed dreams I need no more.

IV.

Sweet summer flowers! your cultured blooms Have many an hour my cares beguiled, Till, soothed by your divine perfumes, I've kissed your rosy cheeks, and smiled; But now with Hope my bosom beats, To win a flower, all flowers before, Good-bye! your tributary sweets I need no more!

And thou, my friend from first to last, Through good and ill, in weal and woe, Brightener and soother of the past, With all thy laurels round thee, go! I've loved thee much; but now, my lyre, What, if thy fascination 's o'er? And what, if, late eclipsed, thy fire I swol had any of I need no more?

VI.

Canst thou repine if dust devour Thy strings, left motionless and mute, rising A la v. When, touched by hands of dearer power, THAHAH AU as How as the My heart is grown the sweeter lute I'v a maying and land Thou 'st won me fame thou 'st won me praise; Take these: my aspirations soar adagvid and secons 1899 Loftier than this—thy trumpet lays and trumped as a dood lentan nealt brert arom handbrert mad brent I need no more ! I lo sagam

as that is n. IIV chest stories, the ideas which Did e'er thy voice, when most it tried, ogramme one sigh—I say not tear From her I loved? Go to! the pride Of song has cost thy master dear. If praise, if fame 's the only meed Of all my love, of all thy lore, Farewell! thy blandishments I need No more, no more!

VIII.

No! still, if still my lady's glance Chide not the vision I pursue, In such delighted chase, romance, Flower, lute, and music, all adieu! But come, young Joy, lead on the hour, When love shall say, thy reign is o'er; Good-bye, dear Hope, thy soothing power I need no more !

And thoughts by far, whereon to no HUMAN SORROW.

O'ER her lost son a mother wept, A sister's tears flowed wild and free; For with the fallen brave he slept, Far, far beyond the sea. But days and months, and years rolled o'er, Till bleeding hearts forgot their pain; Smiles beamed on faded cheeks once more, And eyes looked bright again.

II.

But far, upon the fields of Spain, Above the spot where he repos'd, The tears from beauty's eyes did rain Until those eyes were closed. Yea, graves of kindred may be wet With tears friends shed their turf above; But these will fail, and those forget-There's nothing true but love! J. M.

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

all that he could to aver a such a estastrophe, by removing him from the

hundles the bolist inopogless and mute in informs us DR. HIBBERT, in his admirable 'Sketches of the Theory of Apparitions,' has given a view of the various opinions, ancient as well as modern, which have been entertained on the subject of supernatural appearances. The hypothesis of his extremely interesting and ingenious book is, that apparitions are nothing more than ideas, or the recollected images of the mind, which have been rendered more vivid than actual impressions. He also insists, that in many ghost stories, the ideas which are rendered by disease so unduly intense as to induce spectral illusions, may be traced to such fantastic objects of prior belief, as are incorporated in the various systems of superstition which have possessed for ages the minds of the common people. Without stopping to inquire how far the doctor's theory is applicable to dreams, it may not be uninteresting to enumerate a few of the best authenticated prophetic visions, ancient and modern; leaving our readers to place as much faith in their predictions as may appear warranted by the circumstances under which they have occurred. That dreams were employed by God for the conveyance of his instructions to mankind, from the earliest ages, is indisputable: and whatever may be our opinion of those which are related in profane history, the distinction laid down by Macrobius ought to be observed. Of the prophetic visions of the Sacred Writings it is not our object to treat in this place; it is sufficient that no one presumes to question their authenticity. The dreams which appear to have made the deepest impression upon the credulity of mankind, are those which seem to have been connected with some impending calamity; and to examples of this class from profane history, it is our intention to confine ourselves in the present paper. The most determined sceptic must admit, that in some of the instances we shall adduce, the coincidence between the dream and the event of which it is the forerunner, is at least sufficiently extraordinary. That the prophetic dreams narrated by the Greek and Latin historians, are many of them of a very apocryphal character, we shall not pretend to deny. Of the following examples our readers may believe as few or as many as they choose.

Cicero relates that two Arcadian friends travelling together, arrived at Megara; when one of them took up his abode at an inn, and the other at a friend's house. The latter dreamed he beheld his friend entreating assistance against his host, who was preparing to murder him. He awoke in terror. Finding that it was merely a dream, he re-composed himself to sleep; when he fancied his friend again appeared before him, requesting, that since he would afford him no succour whilst living, he would at least avenge his death; and informing him that his body had been thrown into a cart, and covered with dung. The figure furthermore directed him to repair in the morning to the gate of the city, in order to ascertain the fact. He obeyed the monition; his friend's body was discovered as represented, and the murderer brought to justice. This story has been the foundation of innumerable narratives of a similar character. Crossus (says Herodotus), dreamed that his accomplished son Atys was transfixed by a javelin headed with iron. He did

all that he could to avert such a catastrophe, by removing him from the command of the Lydian forces. But his precautions were of no avail: Atys was killed accidentally by the javelin of an attendant, whilst en-The same historian informs us, that gaged in hunting the boar. Astyages, king of the Medes, having dreamed that a vine, springing from his daughter, had overspread all Asia, the soothsayers led him to apprehend that her offspring would deprive him of his dominions. To prevent this, Astyages gave his child in marriage to Cambyses, an obscure Persian, and delivered her son Cyrus to a confidential servant to be slain. His orders were, however, neglected; the boy lived to overcome Astyages, and to translate the kingdom from the Medes and Persians. Justus, a Roman patrician, during the reign of Constantine, dreamed that the purple issued from his loins. The report of this vision excited the jealousy of the Emperor, who put him to death: but Justus's only daughter, a beautiful and modest young woman, having been seen at the bath by Severa Augusta, was appointed her attendant. Shortly afterwards she was seen by Valentinian, and so engaged his affections, that he obtained a law to marry her; and made her a joint partner of the empire with his Empress. Peticius, who received Pompey into his bark, when flying from the battle of Pharsalia, is said to have beheld in his sleep, on the preceding night, when in port at Larissa, the vanquished hero, unattended, and wretchedly attired, approaching him; and to have related his dream to his companions before its accomplishment. Various historians (Paterculus, Plutarch, Valerius Maximus, and Velleius), affirm of Artorius, or as some style him, Marcus Antonius Musa, the physician of Octavianus, afterwards Augustus, that Minerva appeared to him in a dream, on the night before the battle of Philippi, enjoining him to warn Octavianus not to omit being present, in spite of the severity of his indisposition. Octavianus was accordingly carried into the field on his litter; and thus escaped from the soldiers of Brutus, who gained possession of his camp, with the expectation of killing him. Cicero, during his flight from Rome, imagined he beheld in his sleep Caius Marius preceded by the fasces, bound with laurel, who condoled with him on his being compelled to leave his country, and consigned him to the care of a Lictor, who was instructed to place him on the monument of Marius, where, it was said, was the hope of a better fortune. on hearing the dream, is said to have foretold the speedy return of Cicero, who was soon afterwards recalled by an unanimous decree of the Senate. Judas Maccabæus, when about to engage with inferior forces the army of Demetrius, king of Syria, under the command of Nicanor, is reported to have beheld the high priest Onias, who was then dead, praying to God for the Jewish nation; and afterwards the prophet Jeremiah presenting him with a golden sword of conquest. Judas Maccabæus subsequently defeated the Syrians, with a slaughter of 35,000 men. Germanicus, the night before his victory over Armenius, is represented to have dreamed that his robe, having been sprinkled with the blood of a sacrifice which he had performed, he received another, of a more beautiful texture from his grandmother. Tiberius Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, are each declared to have foreboded in their dreams the indignation of the gods, as manifested in their several fates. Fulgosius tells us of a Roman widow, who dreamed that as she was walking in her 1 the

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garden, a root of the wild rose addressed her, and directed her to write to her son, then on some military expedition in Spain, to instruct him that persons labouring under hydrophobia might be cured by that root. The letter, it is added, reached its place of destination just after he had been bitten by a mad dog; and the receipt was found to be as efficacious as it was described. Herodotus relates, that Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, and brother of the tyrant Hippias, the night before the festival of Panathenæa, beheld in a vision an impressive figure, which warned him, in ambiguous terms, of the death about to be inflicted upon him by Aristogiton and Harmodius, the asserters of public liberty. According to Zenophon, a form appeared to Cyrus in his sleep, directing him to prepare himself for death. In the full persuasion that the dream was a divine warning, Cyrus is stated to have performed sacrifices to Jupiter, the Sun, and other gods, according to the Persian custom; and to have returned his thanks for the distinguished blessings he had experienced. Three days afterwards, having delivered an impressive speech to his children, and the chief magistrates of Persia, he expired. The dream of Julius Cæsar's wife, Calphurnia, the night preceding his assassination, that she saw him lying on her bosom, covered with wounds, has been rendered familiar to all classes of readers by our immortal Shakspeare. The Emperor Mauritius, according to Fulgosius, was warned by a dream, that he and his whole family would be killed by Phocas. He neglected to adopt the necessary precautions, and the result was precisely as had been anticipated. The fate of Caius Gracchus is said to have been announced to him by his brother, who informed him, in a dream, that he must not hope to escape the catastrophe which had overwhelmed himself, and driven him from the capitol. In like manner, Caracalla, who was assassinated, is related to have dreamed that his father threatened to kill him, as he had before slain his brother. Sylla, in his retirement, at Cumæ, was (if we are to credit Appian), forewarned in a dream of his approaching death. Glaphyra, the wife of Archelaus, who had been married to Alexander his brother, and afterwards to Juba king of Lydia, dreamed that Alexander, her first husband, visited her, and promised to carry her out of the world, somewhat after the fashion of 'Alonzo the Brave.' She had scarcely communicated her vision to her ladies, when she expired. Marcion fancied he saw in his sleep the bow of Attila, king of the Huns, broken. He heard soon afterwards that that scourge of the empire had died on the night on which his vision occurred to him. The mother of Dyonisius, the tyrant of Syracuse, dreamed that she brought forth a satyr; and the Sicilian interpreters explained the vision to import, that her son would be the most illustrious and prosperous among the Greeks. Domitian dreamed, a few days before his death, that a golden head rose upon the nape of his neck: which was applied to prefigure the Golden Age.

Having selected some of the most striking visions narrated in profane history, we shall now turn to the prophetic dreams of a later era. It is uncertain at what period preternatural communications ceased to be afforded by God. Those who consider them as having constituted a part of the evidence of Christianity, will suppose them to have ceased with

the other documents of a miraculous economy.

Fulgosius speaks of a dream of Masilienus, who, being sent by the

Emperor Honorius, against Gildo, for the recovery of Africa, imagined that he saw St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, then dead; who, striking the ground thrice with his pastoral staff, thrice exclaimed, "Here, and in this place:" and accordingly, on the same spot, on the next day. Masilienus easily defeated Gildo. Pope Innocent IV. is said to have dreamed that Robert Grosthead, Bishop of Lincoln, came to him, and with his staff struck him on the side, saying, "Surge, miser, et veni in judicium,"-" Rise, wretch, and come to judgment." The Pope is said to have died a few days afterwards. The agitation occasioned by the dream might possibly have accelerated his death. The night before Henry II. of France was slain, his Queen is said to have dreamed that she saw her husband's eye put out; which afterwards happened in a tournament, in which he engaged, in spite of the entreaties of his wife, by a splinter from a broken lance of a knight, named Montgomery: the wound occasioned the death of the King. James V., who wished to discountenance the Reformation which broke out in Scotland about 1541, denounced persecution against its advocates, and even against his own sons, if they should engage in the cause. Sir James Hamilton, who was suspected of a bias to the party, was falsely accused of preaching against the King's life, and in consequence executed. Soon afterwards, the King, at Linlithgow, saw, in his sleep, Thomas Scott, the justice's clerk, surrounded by devils, lamenting that he had been employed in a persecution which had now subjected him to torment. Spottiswood relates that Scott died on the next day; and that he expired, declaring that he was condemned by God's righteous judgment. James is said to have been disturbed with other dreams, the effect of a guilty conscience. Lady Jane Seymour is reported to have dreamed, when a maiden, that she found a nest with nine finches in it; and which is said to have been verified when she married the Earl of Winchilsea, whose name was Finch, by whom she had nine children. "Dr. Clement," says the author of the life of Sir Thomas More, "reporteth, from Sir Thomas's own mouth, a vision which his mother had the night after her marriage; in which she saw in her sleep, as it were engraven on her wedding ring, the number and favour of all the children she was to have; whereof the face of one was so dark and obscure that she could not well discern it: and indeed afterwards she suffered of one of her children an untimely delivery; but the face of one of her other, she beheld shining most gloriously; whereof, no doubt, Sir Thomas his fame and sanctity was foreshewed and presignified." Fulgosius tells us of a citizen of Milan, who, being asked for a debt as owing by his dead father, beheld in his sleep, when in trouble thereat, the image of his father, which informed him that the debt was paid in his life-time; and directed him where to find an acknowledgment, signed by the creditor: this receipt was produced, and St. Austin professed to have seen it. Condivi, says Mr. Roscoe (in his 'Life of Lorenzo de Medici'), relates an extraordinary story respecting Piero, the son of Lorenzo de Medici, communicated to him by Michelagnolo, who had, it seems, formed an intimacy with one Cardieri, an improvisatore, who frequented the house of Piero, and amused his evenings with singing to the lute. Soon after the death of Lorenzo, Cardieri informed Michelagnolo, that Lorenzo had appeared to him, habited only in a black and

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ragged mantle, thrown over his naked limbs; and had ordered him to acquaint Piero de Medici, that he would in a short time be banished from Florence. Cardieri, who seems judiciously to have feared the resentment of the living more than that of the dead, declined the office; but soon afterwards, Lorenzo entering his chamber at midnight; awoke him; and reproaching him with his inattention, gave him a violent blow on the cheek. Having communicated the account of this second visit to his friend, who advised him no longer to delay his errand, he set out for Careggi, where Piero then resided; but meeting him, with his attendants, about midway between that place and Florence, he there delivered his message, to the great amusement of Piero and his followers; one of whom, Bernardo Divizio, afterwards Cardinal da Bibbiena, sarcastically asked him, whether, if Lorenzo had been desirous of giving information to his son, it was likely he would have preferred such a messenger to a personal communication? The biographer adds, with great solemnity, "the vision of Cardieri, or diabolical delusion, or divine prediction, or strong imagination, whatever it might be, was verified." Alexander, the philosopher, who had the reputation of being free from superstition, reports of himself, that sleeping one night at a place which was distant a day's journey from the residence of his mother, he beheld the solemnization of her funeral. The dream being mentioned to many, and the time punctually observed, certain intelligence was brought to him on the succeeding day, that at the very hour his dream happened his mother expired. Petrarch states, that he dreamed one night that he saw the Bishop of Lomber, his intimate friend, walking alone in his garden; and that twenty-five days afterwards he received information that the bishop had died on the identical day that he fancied he had seen him. Henry the Third of France is related to have had a dream predictive of his unfortunate fate at St. Cloud, but which does not appear to have been attended with any peculiar circumstance: and Louis of Bourbon, Prince of Condè, who lived in the seventeenth century, is said to have dreamed, that after having gained three successive victories, and defeated his great enemies, he should be mortally wounded, and his dead body laid on theirs: this came to pass; for the Marshal de St. Andrè was killed at Dreux; the Duke of Guise, Francis Lorrain, at Orleans; the constable Montmorency at St. Denysthe triumvirate that had sworn the destruction of the Prince and his religion: finally, he himself was slain at Bassac. Pere Matthieu tells us, that the Queen of Henry the Fourth of France, waking in the night some little time before the assassination of her husband, in great agitation, the King inquired the cause. She said that she had been dreaming that somebody stabbed him with a knife, on the staircase. "Thank God!" says the King, "it is only a dream. Alfred, when compelled by the Danes to take refuge in Idlingsay, in the marshes of Somersetshire, fancied, it is stated, that he saw St. Cuthbert in his sleep, who encouraged him in his despondency, with the promise that he should soon recover his kingdom, to the confusion of his enemies: assuring him, in testimony of the promise, that some of his fishermen should procure a considerable draught of fish, though the river was frozen at the time; both of which events speedily came to pass. Hollinshed mentions, that William Rufus, not long before he was

killed in the New Forest, dreamed that the veins of his arm were broken, and that the blood issued out in great abundance. He also relates the vision of Richard III., the night before the battle of Bosworth Field: which was completely verified by the event of that sanguinary contest. The night before the arrest and execution of Lord Hastings, who was beheaded by the Protector, afterwards Richard the Third, "Lord Stanlye sent a trustic messenger unto him at midnight, in all the haste, requiring him to rise, and ride away with him; for he was disposed utterly no longer to bide, he had so fearful a dreame, in which him thought that a boare with his tushes so rased them by the heads, that the blood ran about both their shoulders." The boar was the cognizance of the Protector. If we receive the account of Shakspeare, derived from ancient chronicles, the Duke of Clarence, before his execution,

"Past a miserable night, Full of ugly sights of ghastly dreams,"

some of which the poet has described with infinite power. In Baker's 'Chronicle,' it is related, that Ann Waters, seduced by her lover, consented to the strangling of her husband, and then buried him in a dunghill in the cowhouse. One of the neighbours dreamed that Waters was strangled, and buried in a cowhouse. Whereupon a search was instituted, and the woman apprehended; she confessed, and was burned. Thomas Wotton, nephew of the celebrated Nicholas Wotton, Dean of Canterbury, dreamed in Kent, not long before his death, that the treasury of the University of Oxford had been robbed by some townsmen and poor scholars, five in number. He mentioned it in a postscript to a letter the same day, to his son Henry, then at Oxford. The letter arrived the morning after the robbery, and forwarded materially the detection of the depredators. Walton affirms, that both Nicholas and Thomas Wotton were informed in a dream of the exact days of their death. Strada ralates, that the night preceding the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, when Elizabeth was kept awake by the agitation of her mind, an attendant lady, who slept in her room, being awakened by a dream, cried out that she saw Mary Stewart beheaded, and soon after her own mistress struck with the same hatchet. Upon which Elizabeth, who had been distracted by the same images, being terrified, dispatched an express to Fotheringay, to order the execution to be deferred. Unhappily for Mary, however, the messenger did not arrive till four hours after the execution. Sir Francis Bacon tells us, in his 'Natural History,' that being at Paris, he told several gentlemen there, that he dreamed that his father's house in the country was plastered all over with black mortar; and two or three days after, his father died in London. Mr. J. Beal, in a letter to Mr. Boyle, dated Yeovill, October 12, 1670, informs him, that when he was a scholar at Eton, the town was infected with the plague, so that the scholars fled away. Upon this occasion, as his father was deceased, his mother at a great distance, and his other relations at Court, and he had no address to any other person, the house in which he abode being surrounded by the plague, even at the next doors, the nature and fame of the disease begat in him a great horror. "In this distress," continues he, "I had an impressive dream, consisting of very many particulars. I told it to ere

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all the family; and within three days we found every circumstance true; though very strange, and seeming casual. I foretold who were sent for me, what coloured horses, and very sore accidents, which fell on the way, with many other minute particulars. Sir Roger L'Estrange is reported to have dreamed that in a particular spot, on which he was accustomed to sport, in his father's park, he received intelligence of his father's death, who had long been ill. He resolved, in consequence, to avoid the spot; but having been led there accidentally, was informed of his father's demise. Lord Clarendon relates, that the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham was foretold in a dream to an officer in the King's wardrobe, six months before his Grace's death. There is a remarkable relation in Burnet's 'Account of the Life and Death of John Earl of Rochester.' "The chaplain," we are told, "of the lady Warre, the mother-in-law of the Earl, had a dream which informed him that on such a day he should die; but being by all the family put out of the belief of it, he had almost forgotten it; until the evening before the day which had been mentioned, there being at supper thirteen at table, according to a fond conceit that one of them must die, one of the young ladies pointed to him, that he was to be the person; he, remembering his dream, fell into some disorder: and the lady Warre reproving him for his superstition, he said that he was confident that he was to die before morning; but he being in perfect health, it was not much minded. It was on Saturday night, and he was to preach next day. He went up to his chamber, and sat up late, as appeared by the burning of his candle, and he had been preparing his notes for his sermon; but was found dead in the morning." Captain Richard Hutten's ship, on the 6th of January, 1701, struck on the Caskets, near Alderney, and stoved to pieces: the master and six of the men were drowned, and nine men saved. The mast falling upon the rocks, some being on the shrouds fell with it, and swung themselves on by part of the other rigging. Not having secured any bread, they subsisted fourteen days on the ship's dog, which they eat raw, and on limpets and weeds, that grew on the rocks. They had once sight of the Express Advice boat, but were not perceived by its crew. About the 18th or 19th, one Taskard's son, apprentice of a master of a ship at Lymington, dreamed that he was taking up several men about the Caskets, and told it to his father, who took no notice of it; but on the 20th set sail in his bark from Guernsey, bound for Southampton: and when he came in view of the Caskets, the boy remembering his dream, looked earnestly upon them, and told his father he saw men upon the Caskets. His father chid and contradicted him; but on the boy's persisting, discovered with a glass one of the crew upon the rock. He immediately steered thither, and brought them all safe to Southampton.

In addition to the above examples of prophetic dreams, we shall, in our next publication, endeavour to present our readers with a few striking

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instances of more recent date.

BALLAD.

besides out with stand other mind to partient MARY, when the sun is down, Steal unnoticed from the town, Through the dew of daisied green, Like a shadow dimly seen, Unto where the lilied rill Winds around the woody hill,— Giving to thy lover's arms Truth, and youth, and sacred charms.

When the night doth darken eve, Thou thy bower may'st safely leave :-Thou canst have no dread of night, Having thoughts as pure as light! Vice may then not be a-bed, But the wicked have a dread Of a chaste-eyed maiden's frown, That keeps ruder passions down.

it was on Saturday night, and he

When the bat hath tired his wing, And the cricket ceased to sing, And the sad sweet nightingale 'Gins to tell her tender tale; Steal thy path across the green, Like a shadow dimly seen, Or a late-returning dove Winging lonely to her love.

IV.

When the first-star of the night Beams its ruddy rays of light, (Like the lashes of thine eyes Startling sleep, that sweetly lies in the house has a second As the bee upon his bed, Nestling by a blue-bell's head); Steal thy way through green and grove, Silent as the moon doth move.

When the dew is on our feet, Then the woodland walk is sweet; When no eye but heaven's doth see, Then 'tis sweet with thee to be! We have passed long hours alone, Overseen and heard by none; And may wile a many more, Till our life, not love, be o'er.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

MISERIES OF A LEADING-ARTICLE MANUFACTURER.

I TAKE it for granted that there is no need now-a'days of explaining to the public in general, what is the exact nature of the contents of "the folio of four pages," a newspaper. If there be any body ignorant of the composition of that most fugitive, yet permanent of literary works—that moment of intelligence, which, continually on the wing, forms, nevertheless, an eternal hour, I am afraid that that body will

not read my lucubrations.

Therefore, I assume it to be an affair of sufficient notoriety, that the particular portion of every newspaper, which comes immediately under the title, on the inside pages—unless when the dire pressure of parliamentary matter pushes it into the fourth page—and which said portion is generally more conspicuously printed than the rest,—is consecrated to leaders. Here figures the editor, and uttering his oracular opinions on the affairs of the world, abroad and at home, leaves the more plebeian task of procuring facts, to his minor assistants; who, under various names, more or less complimentary, fill the subordinate departments. And these, his articles, are called the leading articles. Either because they are to lead the paper, or the public: though a standing newspaper joke, which is not the less true because it happens not to be very good, entitles them the leaden articles; whether from the extra lead between their lines, or in their idea, I leave to the judicious to determine.

Now the aforesaid editorial folk are, in general, not a little proud of their dignity, and look with an eye of conscious superiority on the other labourers of the press, who are bound to produce articles not marked by the "vision and the faculty divine" of thought, but simple reports. One such gentleman has been very considerably rated in a contemporary magazine, Mr. Editor, for daring to treat reporters with such ultra-disdain, as not to mix in their society—and his brethren in types, though not proceeding to such a pitch of hauteur, must be found guilty of something very closely approaching to it. Absurd mortals! How often will the old Esopian fable of the entangled stag be verified? In this case it is particularly applicable, for while the heads puzzle those who pride themselves upon them, the humbler departments scamper over the ground, like so many legs unembarrassed by thought, and caring only

to cover a certain space in the shortest time, no matter how.

I have had the misfortune, within these few weeks past, to accept the office of contributor of leading articles to a newspaper. It is only a weekly one; and the difficulty I find, not in writing, for I am a fluent fellow enough, but in finding wherewithal to write about, fills me with wonder and amazement as to the manner in which the diurnal leader-mongers get through their business. And yet you may say, Does not every week turn up matter—is there not news every day?—Look at the varied table-cloth of the Herald, filled with a constant succession of dainties, for the curious in thief-taking; look at the constant supply of facts with which the other papers, though not so voracious in the appetite, are yet filled: and from these sources, can't you contrive to weave out of your brain, materials for your lucubrations?

Alas, sir! I once thought in this way, but dire experience has forced me to be of a far different opinion. Formerly, I used to suppose there was news in a paper—I now see none. The day of facts seems to be quite gone by, and we live in a world where nothing is doing. Inquire if your most intimate friend, What news is there this morning? and I lay you three to one, that he says, Nothing—there is not a word in the papers; (though I, on the contrary, think that they contain nothing but what Hamlet describes to be the contents of his book, "words—words—words"). Or else, assuming an air of more consequential disdain, he will reply, I have not looked into a paper this week, for I know that they can contain nothing just now. Just now! that phrase is applica-

ble to any given day in the 365.

But to come to specials, from generals. There are, in the first place, three unending questions. Tom Moore has celebrated two of them in a song, "Eternal Catholics, and Corn." He forgot the third-the West Indies! Are these of any service to us men of leading articles? Alas! no. It is to be confessed that for want of something better, we are compelled every now and then to fling off column after column on these points, but to what avail, except as an au pis aller? As for the Catholic question—call them Catholics, or Roman Catholics, or Romanists, or Papists-exhaust all the batteries of vituperation, or empty all the incense boxes of applause on them or their proceedings, and you do not get forward one jot. Every thing that you can possibly say, has been said ten thousand times before; and the man of the most fertile imagination, if he have written much on this subject, would be found on examination to have repeated himself almost as often as a parrot, or Professor John Ramsay Maculloch, the political-economist of the Edinburgh Review. Thunder away on the danger to the church—the divided allegiance of the Papists—the Smithfield gambols of Queen Mary (the Marian persecution, as the laureate calls it)—the Inquisition—the Revolution—the battle of the Boyne—the glorious, pious, and immortal memory, &c., &c., on the one hand; or allege the march of mind in the nineteenth century—the liberal spirit of the age—the eight millions of suffering Irish—the necessity for tranquillizing Ireland—the pressure of tithes—the shortness of the potatoe crop, and so on, ad infinitum, on the other; and you only sing a ten-thousand-times-sung Even vary it with Prince Hohenlohe, Sir Harcourt Lees, Counsellor O'Connell, Mr. Shiel, Sir Bradley King, Mr. Lawless, Charles Brownlow, or any other of the names which Ireland, the "leonum nutrix,"—I cannot indeed say, "avida nutrix,"—is continually bringing forth; and even the additional piquancy of personality will not do. These names have become as familar as household words, and are as unattractive and plebeian as kitchen-stuff. To praise or to abuse them, is equally a waste of words. They are voted bores. Canning's advocacy cannot ruin, nor Dick Martin's render them ridiculous. Alblod garilles 10

But, corn!—Aye, there was a time when the corn-laws were fine things. I remember having written pages—pages! do I say—acres rather, on both sides; and pleasant writing it was. I never had an idea on the subject, nor have I up to this present moment. I do not think I am solitary in that instance; and I lay you any wager, that I could bring you, from the editorial columns of any given newspaper, whig or

tory, saint or radical, articles on the subject of the corn-laws, as beautifully inconsistent, as Cobbett's character of Burdett or Waithman. But no matter; all you had to do was to flourish away, on one side, about the starvation of the poor, a stab at the vitals of the labouring population—the grasping avarice of landlords—the manifest injury to the manufacturing classes—the detriment to commerce, by excluding so important an article of consumption, &c. It would be hard indeed, if a man could not spin out an article on these points. It was as easy as writing a sermon. Then, on the other side, the peculiar burthens on the farmer—the landed interest—the national aristocracy—the national debt—the equivalent protection, &c., were texts just as easy to discourse on. Or, if you wished to be philosophical, all you had to do was to take up one of the political economists, and in a quarter of an hour's reading it would be hard if you could not pick up as many fine words surplus capital—poorest land cultivated—produce—production, and many other scientific affairs, as would puzzle the brains of any average member of parliament. That was a delicious task—but now, that too is voted a bore—nobody will ever speak out on the subject in parliament; and to use Mr. Mullion's pun, people seem to have been so long talking upon corn, that they have at last become mealy-mouthed. And as for readers, the very sight of "80s. a quarter," seen down a column, aye, fifty lines off, warns them away from the article, as if it were set with man-traps and spring-guns.

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There was a day When that was gay—

when there were only two parties discussing its concerns—when nobody mingled in the broil but saints and sinners—I beg pardon, planters. Your very heart was torn out of you, by a lamentable detail of the miseries of the poor African, and the cart-whip fell dolorous upon your ear. Hodges and Huggins howled upon the breeze, and the woes of the middle-passage put Milton's description of Pandemonium to the The wicked slave trade—the abominable slave trade—the un-Christian slave trade—the un-English slave trade! Oh! what a theme was there, my countrymen! A methodist preacher might melt a congregation of chandlers with one set of these topics—and a most unmethodistical lawyer out-argue a club of academics with another. A truly bluff-and-blue John Bull, full of beef and independence, could bellow upon it; and a simpering spinster, sipping unsugared Bohea, could sigh away lack-a-daisically on the same topic, at the same moment. Happy times! And, on the other side, up rose the bilious West Indian, wheezing in wrath about cursed missionaries, and telling paw-paw stories,

How snuffling Simon kissed the negro maid;

or talking boldly on the rights of invaded property, defying all sorts of hypocrites, and hallooing humbug with the lungs of a bull. But now these grand common-places have departed; and what is still worse, ministers have taken up the subject, and began to preach moderation.—Moderation! hateful word!—It is the ruin of an article.

What then shall I say?—Greece? It won't do! The Greeks of the Alley have made us forget the Greeks of Missolonghi; and Ibrahim

Pacha, and Prince Mavricordato, give way to Messrs Bowring and Hume. India is provokingly tranquil, and the Burmese now fight no more. Still worse remains behind. Party is diverting away from its legitimate channels, and Whig and Tory are almost defunct. Whether Mr. Canning has stolen Mr. Brougham's thunder, or not, is nothing to me: the melancholy fact is undeniable, that the ministry and the opposition have come to a most lamentable approximation on great leading questions. You cannot write a fierce and personal article against the political proceedings of the leaders of either party, without running an immense risk of breaking the head of some patron of your own. Is not this a miserable state to be reduced to? I must only repeat what I said at the begin-

ning, that I do not know what to say!

I was scampering, one evening before Christmas, down the Strand, thinking upon the awkward position of those who ought to enlighten the world. I had not read the morning papers, nor seen any person who had spoken of news for the day, when my ears were saluted by a sound which had not thrilled in them for many a year. "Here's the Coo-reer," bawled an obstreperous newsman, "containing a full account of how we've declared war against Spain, and king Ferdy-nand." Is it possible? said I, and I immediately exchanged my cash for paper, in spite of the recommendation of Mr. Cobbett. Before I read it, I could not help saying to myself-What a glorious prospect! War with Spain-probably, therefore, war with France-possibly, with the whole world! Othello's occupation's come! No more torment to discover topics! Campaigns, and sieges, and marches, and counter-marches, and bulletins, and battles, taking of fleets, bombardment of towns, blowing up of batteries, will give us plenty to say. Away with all the trifling trumpery of corn laws, and turnpike acts, and Catholic emancipation, and bubble companies, and the every-day affairs of a nation spinning out its days in the chimney corner, like king Sardanapalus of Assyria. The first tow-row-row of the British grenadiers—the first up-hoisting of the glorious standard, to meet another foe-will put all that to flight; and we shall have nothing to do, but order our gazetteers and atlases from their dusty slumbers, and vapour away. Such was my reverie. But how sadly was I disappointed! War with Spain turns out to be the pacification of Portugal—it is but a tempest in a teapot, after all—and three weeks puts an end to it.

However, said I, putting up the Courier, it will be a leading article

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What then shall I say I .- Creece I . It won't do! The Greeks of the hard the Dealth of the congress of the co

rend common-places have departed; and what is still worse, an-

for a month, at all events, and that's something.

J. B.

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BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

Come, mountain harp! thou solace sweet
Of every care, of every woe;
Strive the soft echoes to repeat,
That down those long-loved valleys flow!

A tale I bring from Mona's isle,

Where still the sprites and fairies reign;

Let England's fair ones deign to smile,

No other prize we seek to gain!

The moon-beam falls on Ocean's wave,

That scarcely ripples on the shore;

Just foams around the deep-worn cave,

And sparkles 'neath the fisher's oar.

The mountains tipt with silver shine,
Or into deeper shadows fall;
And, but where stream and rock combine,
A solemn silence reigns o'er all.

What is that form—so fair, so bright— Emerging from the copse-wood shade? Some wanderer from the fields of light, For hither comes no timid maid.

'Tis Ella!—Ramsay's beauteous heir,
Who thus has ventured all alone,
To pour the gift, and breathe the prayer,
Before the fairies' votive stone!

Long has the hapless maiden pined,
Oppressed by more than mortal woe;
And now she comes—the spell to find
That can a healing balm bestow.

- "Spirits of ocean, earth, and air!"
 In deep, low faltering voice, she cries,
- "Lo, here I place, with duteous care,
 To each the appointed sacrifice.
- "Nymph of the wave !—I bring for thee
 These brightly-tinted wreathing shells,
 Which moan as if their parent sea
 Still in each pearly bosom swells!

- "Pure spirits of the liquid air!—
 I bring these honey-drops to you,
 Such as in summer evenings fair
 Ye shed in showers of balmy dew.
- "And thou Titania, Fairy Queen!

 Accept this glowing wreath of flowers,

 Brighter than ever yet were seen

 To deck fair Mona's loveliest bowers!
- "To thee I pour the milky bowl—
 These fruits receive from glen and grove!
 Oh, grant, to soothe thy votary's soul,
 Spells to regain a wandering love!
- "For never, since that glorious day,
 When he the prize of knighthood won,
 Saw I, in bower or banquet gay,
 The Lord of Kilda's noble son.
- "If he from pride or falsehood fly,
 This bosom's early peace restore!

 If bound by more than human tie,
 Oh, grant the boon I now implore.
- "If mortal toil, or mortal pain,
 Can set the imprisoned hero free—
 Behold, though drained each quivering vein,
 A willing sacrifice in me."
- She spoke—soft music breathed around,
 From Ocean's depths—from glen and grove;
 It sung—"In woman still is found
 Such pure, devoted, faithful love?
- "Thy Edgar mocked each mystic rite,
 He scorn'd the Sea-maid's powerful sway;

 For this, at the deep noon of night,
 The gnomes conveyed him far away!
- "He sleeps 'neath Ocean's heaving breast,
 Lulled by the murmur of the wave;
 In deep, unbroken dreamless rest,
 Hid in the Mermaids' crystal cave.
- "But faithful, pure, devoted love,
 Is to Titania ever dear;
 No costly sacrifice can move,
 Like woman's triumph over fear.

"Placed on the fairies' stone, behold
That richly glowing ruby ring!
A potent spell it shall unfold,
To life and love thy knight to bring!

"If, at the awful noon of night,
When storm and tempests round thee roar,
Thou dar'st to climb the loftiest height,
Where you dark rock o'erhangs the shore,—

"Then cast it 'midst the raging brine,
Repeating Maghould's potent prayer;
And chaunt that tender vow of thine,
Which rose above all selfish care!"

Lowly she knelt, trembling and pale,

Then rose and clasped the gifted ring;

As gliding down the moon-light vale,

Exulting strains the fairies sing.

'Twas night—the sea's fierce demon rose
On his wild wings, with furious sweep;
Whilst his stern mandate bade unclose
Each powerful terror of the deep.

Darkness is round—save where the flash
Of lightening casts a lurid beam;—
Save where the billows angry dash
'Gainst the rough rock, draws forth the gleam.

And on the cliffs' most awful height,
Appears a graceful woman's form;
A spirit from the realms of light
Sent to appease the raging storm!

Between the howlings of the blast,
A soft sweet voice is heard to pray;
The ring on Ocean's breast is cast,
And clearer swells the votive lay.

Darkness is o'er—the clouds divide—
The moon comes forth in silvery light,
And spreads, o'er the still heaving tide,
A dancing, dazzling sheet of white!

And hark!—from Ocean's depths upborne,

Is heard a sweetly solemn strain,

Sad, as when sacred sisters mourn

Some cherish'd lost one of their train;—

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Soft as the music of the sea

Breathed from the windings of the shell;

Low as the murmur of the bee,

Or zephyr's sigh in woodland dell.

The Mermaids in their chrystal cave

Their nobly-rescued prize deplore;

Who, springing through the parting wave,

Gains, with one active bound, the shore!

And Woman's courage—Woman's love—
Are by a life of bliss repaid;—
These can the strongest spells remove,
And gain each gentle fairy's aid.

MAXIMS TO LIVE BY.

BY A MEMBER OF THE MIDDLE ORDERS.

XX.

Avoid, if possible, laying yourself under an obligation to a purseproud man, whose wealth is his only distinction; and who, thanks to some lucky star, has risen from a menial station in society, to one of comparative opulence and importance. If your miserable fate dooms you to receive the slightest pecuniary favour from such a person, he is almost sure to treat you with insolence and contumely; and to profit by the opportunity to take liberties with you, which, under other circumstances, he would not dare to attempt. It is a singular anomaly, that the people who most delight in making you feel that you are less prosperous than themselves, are precisely those who have been elevated, by a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, suddenly, to a sphere of life for which nature could never really have intended them. The gentleman by birth and conduct, will treat an inferior in rank and worldly prosperity, with the respect that may be due to him; because his habits and education qualify him to appreciate those parts of his character and bearing, over which that "unspiritual god," Circumstance, can have no influence. The vulgar parvenu, on the contrary, is both unable and unwilling to understand, that respectability can exist independently of its usual concomitant-wealth. He is continually harping upon his good fortune, which he imputes, of course, to his own unprecedented merits. He thanks his God that he is so well to do in the world; tries to wriggle himself into the company of his superiors; and has recourse to a thousand offensive impertinences, to remind you he is better off than yourself. If you want his character, he refers you to his banker; and he thinks you, and treats you as, a very contemptible person, unless you can refer him to yours. As a man of substance recently

acquired, it is quite natural that he should discourse continually of the novelty of situation. One of the pleasures which is afforded him by his affluence is his power of mortifying his less lucky acquaintance; and he is for ever on the qui vive for opportunities to indulge in this very Borrow but twenty pounds of him, and he will conliberal feeling. sider himself licensed to insult you as often as he pleases, for ever afterwards; besides informing half the town of the benefits he has conferred upon you. The worst of the matter is, that his impertinent attempts to wound your self-love are of such a nature, that you cannot resent them at the moment as they really deserve to be resented, without subjecting yourself to the imputation of being captious and quarrelsome: as he cunningly enough contrives that his insolence shall consist more in his manner than in his matter. He will pretend to recapitulate the losses he has sustained by people of your profession. He means no offence—but so it has happened; and, for your sake, he is extremely sorry for it. The aristocratical pride of a man of rank is nothing, when compared to the purse-proud consequence of the successful trader. With him poverty is the sin against the Holy Ghost. I remember having been, on one occasion, the bearer of intelligence to a gentleman of this order, respecting the conduct of a mutual acquaintance, which was calculated to exasperate him in no ordinary degree against the delinquent. He foamed at the mouth with rage—the whole vial of his wrath was poured forth-not in oaths, or execrations, or accusations, or recriminations-he contented himself with prognosticating (striking the table triumphantly as he spoke), that the offender would soon become a bankrupt! That one word seemed to comprise all that could be conceived of enormity. His anger, however, led him, in this instance, to prophecy falsely: his quondam friend is still flourishing like a green bay tree, whilst he is himself an insolvent, under circumstances of more than ordinary suspicion and disgrace. Should he ever recover his position in society, he will doubtless become as insolent and contumelious as ever.

XXI.

We lose our friends at the flood-tide of our prosperity, not less frequently than at its ebb: the two extremes are equally fatal. In the former case, our friends grow distant and reserved, in order to shield themselves from the coldness they have reason to anticipate from us; and in the latter, they desert us, because we have ceased to have it in our power to be useful to them.

XXII.

Ten friends are dearly purchased, if acquired at the expense of a single enemy; for the latter will take ten times the pains to injure you, that the former will take to do you service. *Probatum est*.

XXIII.

Politeness has been defined to be artificial good-nature; but we may affirm, with much greater propriety, that good-nature is natural politeness.

XXIV.

Success affords us the means of securing additional success; as the possession of capital enables us to increase our pecuniary gains.

XXV.

It is after the hey-day of passion has subsided, that our most deservedly celebrated writers have produced their chefs d'œuvres; as it is after the eruption of a volcano, that the land in its vicinity is usually the most fertile.

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XXVI.

Before you purchase any superfluity upon credit, ask yourself this very simple question: Should I be disposed to pay the cost of this article, at the present moment, supposing I could obtain it on no other terms. If you decide in the negative, by all means forego its possession; for this test ought to have satisfied you, that you are about to buy that, of which, in reality, you have no need. To confirm you in a prudent decision, you ought to bear in mind, that the price of the luxuries, or at least superfluities of life, is always much higher in proportion, than that of commodities which may be considered as essential to our comfort.

XXVII.

Avoid, if possible, receiving an obligation which you have reason to believe you will never have it in your power to repay. Such benefits will, in general, induce ingratitude; for the humiliation you must inevitably experience, at not being able to acquit yourself of the favour, will occupy your thoughts, to the prejudice of a more refined and estimable feeling.

XXVIII.

You must not expect that conviction will follow, immediately, the detection of error; any more than that the waves of the sea will cease to heave, the instant the storm has subsided.

XXIX.

There are few defects in our nature so glaring as not to be veiled from observation by politeness and good-breeding.

XXX.

It is a fallacy to suppose that an author must appear frequently before the public, in order to retain the station to which his writings may have elevated him. The silence of the man of genius is far more respected by the public, than the feverish loquacity of the most industrious dealer in common-places. And the question, even with a person of real talent, must often resolve it to this: Shall the tribute I have to offer my readers be in gold or in sixpences? If he decides for the former, time must be allowed him to realize; if for the latter, he may present it ten times as often.

He has, in consequence, acquired. IXXX peration of

What is fame? The advantage of being known by people, of whom you yourself know nothing, and for whom you care as little.

XXXII.

A man may be possessed of a tolerable number of ideas, without being a wit; as an officer may have a large body of soldiers under his command without being a good general. In either case it is equally difficult to know how to discipline and employ one's forces.

XXXIII.

Women of lofty imagination are placed in a very awkward predicament, as regards the adaptation of their literary powers. If they confine themselves to subjects on which thousands of females have already written, their productions are sure of being denounced for their feebleness, and want of novelty; if, on the contrary, they select themes calculated to give occasion for strong emotion, and narrate them in the language of passion and of nature, they are accused no less vehemently of meddling with matters of an extra-feminine, and even indelicate description. A woman, for instance, is debarred by the fastidiousness of modern times, from the combination of some of the noblest elements of tragedy. Considering their opportunities, the marvel is less that women have not oftener surpassed the coarser sex in their productions, but that they have ever excelled them at all. gation which you have reason to Avoid, if possible receiving

believe von will never have a .. VIXXX ower to repay. Such benefits Forgive the premeditated insult of a plebeian, who pleads his ignorance in extenuation of his brutality; but do not so far forget it, as to allow the offender to come into personal contact with you again. Keep him, for ever afterwards, at an inexorable distance.

XXXV.

A well-read fool is the most pestilent of blockheads; his learning is a fail which he knows not how to handle, and with which he breaks his neighbour's shins as well as his own. Keep a fellow of this description at arm's length, as you value the integrity of your bones.

XXXVI.

I think it is Pope, who has somewhere remarked, that to purchase books indiscriminately, because they may happen to have the name of an eminent publisher attached to them, is just as absurd, as it would be to buy clothes which do not fit you, because they happen to have been made by a fashionable tailor.

fore the public, in order

XXXVII.

on to which his writings may To lie under obligations to our friends for benefits really conferred, is not always pleasant; but to have our thanks extorted, by anticipation, by promises of civility which are doomed never to be performed, is one of the most disagreeable penalties that can be inflicted upon man. Y., is a benefactor who has been the depository of more grateful acknowledgments for promises that have never been realized, than any member of the family of the Would-be-Bountifuls we ever heard of. He has, in consequence, acquired the reputation of an universal patron. Are you a book or a print collector? He possesses a volume or an engraving for which you have explored London in vain. You inquire, with becoming diffidence, where he was fortunate enough to procure it. He

anticipates your wishes in a moment. It was sent him from foreign parts: but he has a duplicate in his possession, of which he will be proud to beg your acceptance. You are quite overwhelmed by his generosity: and, fearful of intruding too much upon his kindness, offer to save him the trouble of conveying his bounty to your house, by carrying it home under your arm. He is distressed that you should think of such a thing; and will send it, without fail, to-morrow morning. Here again you bow, and give utterance to a fresh volley of thanks (they ought to be curses); and having pressed some little nick-nack upon him, in acknowledgment of his liberality, wish him a good evening. His servant waits upon you the next day, with a paltry excuse; and if you have not already discovered his master's real character, bears off your promised gratuity in triumph. To his dependants, Mr. Y. assumes an air of the greatest affability and protection. His common phrases are, "Mr. A., you may look upon your business as settled. My lord B. is at present out of town: but immediately on his return, I shall wait upon his lordship; and he will not-nay, I may say he cannot-deny my request." "Oh, sir! you are really too good!" ejaculates the miserable obligé, making one of his lowest salams. "Don't mention it: I am particularly happy in having it in my power to serve a man of your worth and talents-John, shew Mr. A. down stairs!" Now, a rogue who obtains goods under false pretences, runs a tolerable risk of being sent to Australasia; whilst the still more culpable Mr. Y. is for ever defrauding people of their gratitude, with the most perfect impunity. He is incapable of performing one kind or generous action, and yet contrives to elicit more blessings and acknowledgments than were ever vouchsafed to the Man of Ross himself. Unfortunately, there are too many like him in the The only way, to avoid being bamboozled out of your thanks, by promises of prospective kindness, is to return your acknowledgments provisionally!

MR. ROGERS'S LAST BON-MOT.

Mr. Rogers has, we are told, an immense aversion to ladies' beards; and we confess we sympathise with him most heartily in his dislike to these very unfeminine appendages: considering, too, the well-known efficacy of Hubert's depilatory powder, there is the less excuse for their owners. A well-known lady, of the first fashion, who, to judge from its unseemly length, would appear to have cherished her beard with as much affection as a young exquisite encourages his mustachios, alighted from her carriage a few days ago, at the door of a popular librarian, and inquired for the opera of 'Don Juan.' The complaisant bookseller was excruciated at the idea of not having a copy in the house. "But you've the 'Barber of Seville,' have you not?" interrogated Mr. Rogers, quietly laying down 'The Morning Chronicle. "Oh, yes!" replied the persevering bibliopole, "I have the Barber of Seville—very much at your ladyship's service!!" Lady —— drove off in a huff; but report asserts, that she has since profited by the hint.

anticipates your wishes in a moment; It was sent him from foreign parts; but he has a duplicate in his. DNINGVE of which be will be proud to

and, fearful of intrading . TTI WOHD YARM DIY & induess, offer to save him

beg your acceptance. You are quite overwhelmed by his generosity.

the trouble of conveying his bounty to your house, by carrying it home

THE gale breathes soft, day's toil is done; Tis the splendid time of the setting Sun! In the west all gorgeous tints are met— word how they ought to be curses); and havin Rose-hued, and gold-tinged violet; And the mass of purple clouds, that hide Waits upon you the Abruptly the splendours on either side; horsevoseib wheels As if heaven's portals were now thrown back, and of which the To show the bright sun's flaming track. but will define Jastonia Away to the western world he has passed, moon shool your nov And our radiant sky is fading fast; leading fast; Softly each full tint is dying away, and the second line and bas The crimson is pallid, the purple is grey. In the east the autumn moon is red, And a few pale stars are overhead; The twilight falls o'er mountain and dell, And filled with dew is the red heath-bell: From the lake has flown the slow-winged hern-The heathcock has nestled him down in the fern: And around me nought doth seem awake, Save the shivering birch, and the rippling lake-Save the bat that flits by—eve's sentinel; And the owl looking forth from her ivied cell. The fires of the cottage are blazing far, dents provisionali Each peasant has followed the homeward star; He sits in the light of his blessed hearth, And the cottage rings with his children's mirth: The distant town has a drowsy hum, As the season of rest were well-nigh come; The gambol has ceased its merry din, And the wearied traveller seeks his inn; The man of care and the child are blest -Z9 2891 od Alike, that the day doth close in rest. of odw monds Yet, hushed as is this still hour and lone, 19d bedeined The night hath a language of her own; aid sognoon A still, small voice, which amid the roar a to 100b odt And the throng of day, is heard no more, while soldbetsum popular librarian, and in As the true monitor of man's breast, i but distinct the comin 7000 a 2017 In the whirf of his passions' wild unrest; relleashood tussisly In his care and his shame, his toil and sin, description of the shame, his toil and sin, description of the shame, his toil and sin, description of the shame of Speaks, tho' the voice no attention win; of all beingortes the Barber of Yet in passion's ebb, and the pause of ill, mid only yd He hears that low voice unsilenced still our view-ellive? in a huff; but report i

drove off

The whispering leaf, and the twittering bird;
Thro' the opening copse the river's brawl,
And the gale-borne dash of the waters' fall.—
'Tis eve no more—but amid the sky
The moon, night's banner, is flaming on high;
The broad pale moon which casts afar
From her radiant march, each dimmed star.
—Away—from this pure and this stilly night,
From the bright'ning dews, and the moon's full light;
From the paled stars, from the waters' play,
And the gale's low breath, I must away.

MEN AND THINGS.

transituding with, and induced her to associate with her-

here into public, obequive a said just content with these maniended to those others, she base recital of which is calcuered for very surrent of one; hood making his broken-

"De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis."

My DEAR LOADSTONE,

Although you have no small print in your Magazine in which you can set fire to houses, and murder respectable old women for the benefit of your country customers, you do not object to an occasional execution in your pages in Long Primer, provided the culprit (like John Thurtell), be of sufficient importance to entitle him to so distinguished an honour. In the absence of anything like a regular gibbet, for the punishment of malefactors, may I be allowed to offer you the use of a portable drop of my own; constructed upon such a principle, that I can pledge myself to hang at least a dozen delinquents at a time, with the utmost comfort and convenience. As your premises are too limited to enable you to offer the parties separate accommodation, you will do well to avail yourself of my proposal. Very atrocious criminals shall occasionally be turned over to your editorship, for dissection: few people can apply the scalpel with more dexterity. But to beginfor, to borrow the language of one of the coxcombs of the Rev. Mr. Croly's comedy, I mean to be "miscellaneous." and because of event barons

Mr. Wellesley Long.—Cobbett calls the newspaper press, "The beastly press—the lying press—the venal press!" and if the scurrility, falsehood, and base sycophancy of such a creature could bring disrepute upon his brother scribes, they would indeed be deserving of the imputation he has cast upon them. A degree of venality has, however, been manifested by certain popular journalists, which merits all the "old Bone-grubber's" reprobation, coarse and revolting as are the terms in which it is conveyed. We allude to the conduct of those gentlemen of the press who have had the shameless audacity to take up the cudgels in behalf of Mr. Wellesley Long. According to John Bull, to feel and express one's honest indignation at the conduct of this accomplished and amiable person, is to be guilty of Humbug, Methodism, Zachmackery,

and all that sort of thing. If we are to place any faith in the testimony lately produced in the court of Chancery, Mr. Wellesley married an amiable woman, with a fortune of nearly 40,000l. a year; and having squandered away the greater part of it, was guilty of such brutal excesses towards her, that she was frequently obliged to claim the protection of her own servants against his barbarity: his cruelty is said to have produced such an effect upon her mind, that the very sight of his handwriting uniformly occasioned her the most violent spasms. We learn, furthermore, that at the time she was labouring under an aneurism of the heart, when any sudden emotion could scarcely fail of proving fatal, Mr. W. forced himself violently into her presence, and brought on a crisis, which soon afterwards terminated her existence. It is upon record too, that, having intrigued with an infamous woman, he brought her home to his wretched wife, and induced her to associate with hernay, took them into public together: and, not content with these manifold injuries, added to them others, the bare recital of which is calculated to freeze the very current of one's blood: making his brokenhearted lady "repeatedly the victim of infamous women." So much for Mr. Wellesley Long's character as a husband! As a father, he does not appear to much greater advantage. It is in evidence, that he declared that it was his intention to make his sons "the greatest blackguards in existence;" and having enjoined them to "play hell and Tommy," deliberately addresses one of them in the following abominable terms: "If the fellow who told you that you must not hunt your harriers at this season, because you now and then find a hare big with young, was a sportsman, d-n his infernal soul to h-ll!" Such, if these statements be correct, I repeat, is the husband and father, in whose championship more than one newspaper scribe has lately volunteered his disinterested services.

ent nov "" Faugh! the offence is rank, and smells to heaven!" me and to

It seems that the dying prayer of the unfortunate Mrs. Long was, that her children should never be given up to the protection of such a father. An attempt is accordingly making, at this moment, to rescue them from perdition, by withdrawing them from his care. Some of the London newspapers are in an agony for the lacerated feelings of poor Mr. Wellesley; and declare, that the attempt to remove his children from his care, originates in Tabbyism and Tabernacleism: nay, one journal, (the John Bull'), is indignant in the extreme, that a British mob should have presumed to hoot its protegé, on his return home from the court of Chancery; and avers, it could only have been composed of chimney-sweepers and pickpockets. For aught I know to the contrary, it might: but atrocious indeed must those offences be, which call forth shouts of indignation from even the dregs of mankind—at which the pick-pocket—

blo " sit Ils at "Aye, even blacky cries shame!"

The attempts which have been made to dragoon the Lord Chancellor into a decision favourable to Mr. Wellesley, by the newspaper press, will, I doubt not, excite no other feeling than that of supreme contempt in the mind of the illustrious individual to whom they are addressed. What has justice to do with the fact, that Mr. Wellesley Long is nephew to the Duke of Wellington?

THE PERIODICALS.—Of all the months in the year, for prefaces and prospectuses, commend me to January. There is scarcely a magazine or newspaper in the United Kingdom that is not, at this genial season, overwhelmed with its feelings of gratitude, for the "distinguished patronage it has enjoyed." They have all, invariably, a "grateful task to perform—to return thanks for past favours, and respectfully solicit new ones; to talk largely of their "increase of circulation," and the "peculiar advantages" they enjoy over other publications of the kind. To make the puff as palatable as possible, the preface is usually followed by a very superlative specimen. Wherefore, I repeat, commend me to the month of January! Never, however, since the commencement of the new era of Magazine literature, founded by Kit North, has there been (at this period of the year at least), so awful a concatenation of dullness, as is to be found in the periodicals of the last month loved 'Maga'-' The Maga'-is as flat as a bottle of decanted claret; 'The New Monthly,' wishy-washy as a glass of gooseberry wine, or Colonnade champaigne; 'The Old Monthly,' brisk to be sure, but not, therefore, the less vapid—like small-beer in a state of effervescence; and 'The New London,' sour and disagreeable, as a jug of stale cider in the dog-days. The cold seems to have benumbed the intellects, alike of editor and contributor. We feel their deficiency the more acutely, as the January numbers of 'Blackwood,' and 'The New Monthly,' for 1826, (especially the former), were really capital. And, for prefaces !-we had such an apology for Kit's delinquences, in the shape of a preface, in that glorious livraison, that I wished he had been guilty of ten times as many enormities as he really owned to; in order that he might have been compelled to extend his explanation proportionably. Of the numbers of both these periodicals for the last month, I may say, in the language of Antony-

" Oh, what a fall is there, my countrymen!"

Talking of prefaces, by the way, reminds me of the lachrymose address prefixed to the last Old Monthly. I hate humbug of every kind, and shall therefore, with your leave, analyse one or two sentences of this elaborate composition. Having congratulated himself, as usual, upon the steady and rapid increase of his circulation, the editor goes on to boast of the means which his master's capital and connexions " have afforded him of commanding the best writers of the day." What he means by capital, I am at a loss to conceive. Those who know anything of the management of periodicals, must be aware, that if their proceeds are equal to their expenditure, little or no capital is required to carry them on, as it is the custom of the bookselling trade to pay for Magazines on the nail. Unless, therefore, the Monthly Magazine has been for sometime past a losing concern (and this supposition is wholly inconsistent with the self-gratulations of the preface-monger), the swagger about capital is ill-timed and ridiculous. Neither is the twaddle respecting freedom from "private detraction," "low malignity," and " personal slander," in much better taste. Not to go far for a specimen of the immaculate propriety of such a manifesto, on the part of the O. M., the following anecdote is given, in its original department, for August last; one Art. One Person Person Art. Como ; tast tast of the Morange Chrometer Person Art. Como Art. Como St. Como St. Como Art. Como St. Co

1823, figuring away at Naples. I don't vouch for its truth; but, right or wrong, you have it—as the blackguards say—" as cheap" as I had. When B***** went down to stay some time in Gloucestershire, immediately after his father's death, he heard by chance that there was a young farmer living about two miles from the castle who bore a remarkable personal resemblance to himself. As he had been abroad for many years, and was only then just of age, he knew very little of the tenantry; but the story struck him, and he took an opportunity of calling at the man's house; when the likeness did seem certainly to be a most extraordinary one. "It is very odd!" said Charles L—— who accompanied B******, "I never saw such a likeness in my life! and the fellow's age, too, must be as nearly as possible the same as your own!"—" Why, it is strange," returned B******, "but there are ways of accounting for such things.—Your family are old tenants of our's, I believe, Jenkins? Was your mother in the habit much of coming to the castle?"—" Noa, Sir," replied Mr. Jenkins; "not my mother, I believe, never:—but my feyther, I hear say, were down at castle very often!"

Here, under cover of a joke worthy of the Seven Dials, we have a gross insinuation of adultery against the mother of a distinguished nobleman, for whose name the squeamish editor substitutes just as many asterisks as it contains letters. What a yell would have been raised against old North, had he indulged in a similar strain of personality? How delightfully too does the above anecdote harmonize with the following dignified and alliterative protest of the preface-monger:

'WE Deprecate and Detest the thought of pandering to an appetite which naturally Rules to Royalty among the Bad, and which has an Existence, perhaps, in the very Best Examples of human nature; the searching into private life for anecdotes and misfortunes, to feed the ear of malice and unthinking curiosity with a species of attack, against which the most cautious man in society has no shield, and by which the most honourable and virtuous may be distressed, and made the butt of vulgar insult!!

Is not this a climax, my dear Loadstone, worthy of the philosopher who said, 'Attend to my precept, but avoid my example!'

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.—Some of the hack-scribes of the Westminster and Edinburgh, are doing their little just now, to talk down the Quarterly Review. Men who would have staked their existence upon the assertion, that the late Mr. Gifford was nothing more than a mere collator of commas, and corrector of the press, have discovered (since his death) that he was "eminently qualified" for the "editorship of a Review addressed to the English Aristocracy"—that he was "an acute critic," had "fine tact," and was a "ready and dexterous scholar."* Who, that has half an eye, does not perceive that their eulogies originate rather in their hatred to the living, than in their desire to do justice to the merits of the deceased, editor. They praise Mr. Gifford only, as a foil to their abuse of his successor. For my own part, I liked Mr. Gifford well enough (I say nothing of his immediate successor, because, although unfit to conduct such a Review, he is an able, and what is better, an amiable man), but this does not disqualify me for appreciating the merits of Mr. Lockhart. No. 69 was horridly dull, it must be confessed; not so with his last number, however, which is full of admirable criticism. What, for instance, can be more interesting or useful than the capital exposé of the humbug of certain equitable Insurance offices, which leads off the number?

^{*} Vide Morning Chronicle, Passim. Art. Gifford. ent seurgus.

formation conveyed in this single paper is, of itself, worth the entire cost of the Review. There is an excellent article, I am told, on the Government of India, I speak hesitatingly, not having read a syllable of it. I hate papers on questions of what are called "permanent interest." The Devil take such themes as the following into his holy keeping:—The Corn Laws—Catholic Emancipation—Negro Slavery—the Government of India—the Poor Laws—and, I was going to add, Greece; but no, Art. XI. is a dish for a king! According to Colman,

Even eels were proud to lose their skin, When flayed by Molly Dumpling's hand;

and really the Greek Committee ought to felicitate themselves on being floored by so masterly a bunch of fives. Art. Ill., on the Servian Minstrelsy, strikes me as being more curious than entertaining. The same may be said of Art. IV.; both are, nevertheless, admirable of their kind. One of the most amusing and caustic papers in the number, is (No. VI.) the admirable exposure of the "Reminiscence"manufacturers, old Reynolds and Company. I understand that Black Tom, who used to sweep the crossing opposite to Fleet-market, has left behind him an autobiography of considerable interest. Many distinguished characters will, it is understood, figure in his pages. Art. VII., dull, but amiable; Dominie Carrington is however a prime fellow, and I cordially sympathise with the Reviewer in his praises and good Art. VIII., Dr. Sayers' Works, is, say the Whig wiseacres, extremely stupid.—" My gracious!" observed a donky of this order, to me the other day, "How could Mr. Lockhart ever give insertion to Southey's lumbering critique on Dr. Sayers' works?" I confess, I could well have dispensed with every syllable that refers to Dr. Sayers, of whom I know nothing, and for whom I care as little; but the better half of the paper consists of delightful criticism on a great variety of poetical writers, and fully redeems the dullness of its counter part. Southey says truly, that there are " not a few reputations in full feather at this day, which, if they were stripped of their borrowed plumes, would appear like the jackdaw in the fable!" The three last essays, viz.; Electric-Magnetism—the Corn Laws—and Taxation, may be good for aught I know to the contrary, for I have not read a page of them, and what is more, have no intention of doing so.

Almacks.—What, in the name of common sense, could induce the editor of the Monthly Review (whose exposure of Sharon Turner's humbug History of the reign of Henry VIII. is so complete), to puff off that trashy affair Almacks, as one of the "most delightful novels in the language?" A more stupid vamp I never had the misfortune to read. Its dramatis personæ consist, for the most part, of a set of caricature sketches, plagiarised from such fashionable sources as the Satirist, or Bon-Ton Magazine; with here and there the addition of a well-known newspaper anecdote of some distinguished person, to aid the reader in identifying the pretended portrait. The tact which its publishers have displayed in "preparing the public mind" for the appearance of this would-be fashionable oracle, is worthy of the schoool in which they have been educated. First, the name of its author is a profound secret!—Then, it is written by Lady A.—next by Lady B.—and lastly, Lady Westmoreland! Its garretteer author, so far from

ing been accustomed to fashionable life, has not even described either the ball-room or the ceremonials of Almacks, with ordinary correctness. I marvel how the Literary Gazette could pander so far to the vulgar appetite for such garbage, as to consent to publish what it calls "a Key to Almacks!"

THE BYRON PORTRAITS—ROYAL ACADEMY.—Cashier the critic who wrote the paper on the Byron Portraits in your last magazine, -not for his praise of Mr. West, who is, I hear, a modest and able artist, but for his attempt to cast a slur on the splendid portraits of the noble Childe, by Phillips and Westall. What, in the name of common sense, does he mean by the "theatrical and bullying air," the "demoniacal expression" of these portraits? When Mr. Phillips painted Byron, his lordship was the pink of literary coxcombs, in his manners and attire. He eschewed all manner of butchers' meat, that he might look sallow and poetical; and even went so far as to shave his forehead, for the purpose of giving to it an air of extraordinary intellectuality. Instead of exaggerating these absurdities, however, Mr. Phillips materially subdued them; without in the smallest degree detracting from the value of his picture as a resemblance. What Lord Byron may have been in 1822, I cannot pretend to say; but that Mr. Phillips's portrait was an admirable likeness of him, at the time it was taken, hundreds of persons beside myself can testify. As for the demoniacal expression of the prints after Westall, it was one which, if not natural to his lordship, he at least very often affected. This snarling look has been somewhat exaggerated by the engraver, at least so I am told, for I have not seen the original painting. There is a beautiful portrait of the author of 'Childe Harold,' which has never been engraved, in the possession of Mr. Westall at the present time. By the way, whilst I am on the subject of Art, allow me to ask what Mr. Wilkins has done, to merit the distinguished honour of being enrolled a Royal Academician, in preference to his rival candidate, Mr. G. S. Newton? Haydon's virulent abuse of the Royal Academy on all occasions, is a sufficient reason for his exclusion; but, not to mention either Newton or Haydon, can any doubt be entertained of the comparative merits of Mr. William Wilkins and such men as George Hayter, Martin, Danby, Constable, George Clint, and many others who might be enumerated? I pause for a reply; and meanwhile, beg to remain,

My dear Loadstone,
Your's, bluntly, but honestly,
ANTI-HUMBUG.

P. S.—Have you seen the last number of 'The Edinburgh?' Not a readable article in it, save the forty-eight pages of sickening eulogy on Mr. Thomas Moore; which is amusing, from its very absurdity. "Mr. Moore (says the reviewer), has hitherto passed, we suspect, for a mere poet;" and he immediately discovers that he is an universal genius!

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is less that displayed to "person the multic mind" for the appeals once of the world, at the school and which they have been educated. First, the name of its author is a profound server! we see we to be study A — next by Easly B and lastly I adv Westmorchard. Its carretteer author, so far from

SOUTHEY'S HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR*.

THERE is, perhaps, no writer of the present day, who so completely supports the dignity of the literary character, whether we view him in relations of public or private life, as Mr. Southey; yet strange to say, we know of no individual of literary eminence among his contemporaries who has been so grossly and wantonly assailed by a portion (a very despicable portion it is true), of the periodical press. This singular anomaly is very easily to be accounted for. Mr. Southey is a Tory—and what renders him still more obnoxious, a clever Tory; in fact, by far the ablest political writer of the day. To powerful talent in the advocacy of the party to which he has attached himself, he superadds a manliness in the expression of his opinions, worthy of the principles and feelings by which he appears to be influenced. Rancorous as are the attacks of which he is often the object, he is never induced either to forego or modify the avowal of his sentiments, for the purpose of averting their recurrence. He passes by the vapouring of his enemies as the idle wind—with that silent scorn with which an honest man may always best meet the machinations of the mean and the malignant. flexibility of purpose, so disagreeable to the oracles of the faction to which he is opposed, has greatly increased our respect for his character; and it strikes us, as fortunate for his friends, that a champion thus strong both in probity and talent, should have been placed by circumstances in the front of a battle of so much importance to the British public.

The new volume of 'The History of the Peninsular War,' just published, abundantly illustrates the correctness of our remark, that he is not a person to be dragooned into silence by the virulence of his assail-In recording the paltry and unpatriotic conduct of the Whigs during the Peninsular war, he has not scrupled to express his indignation at the motives in which such conduct could alone have originated. Before his antagonists attack him again for the acrimony of his remarks, they will do well to disprove the facts upon which those remarks are founded. It can never be forgotten, that the men who were desirous that England should rush into a Quixotical war with half the world, for the purpose of supporting the constitutional government of Spain, upon a late occasion, were the identical patriots who declaimed so loudly against the folly of taking part with Spain and Portugal in 1808;—and who urgently recommended ministers, at that trying juncture, to break their faith with their allies, and leave them to the tender mercies of Buonaparte. It was idle, they insisted, to attempt to contend with his omnipotence:

That faith in English courage (as Mr. Southey justly remarks), by which the fields of Cressy and Poictiers, and Agincourt, were won, and which, in our own days, we have seen proved, not only upon our own element, our empire of the seas, at the mouths of the Nile, and at Cape Trafalgar, but before the walls of Acre, and in Egypt, and at Maida, and in Portugal,—that faith which should ever be the first

^{* &#}x27;The History of the Peninsular War;' by Robert Southey, Esq. Vol. II., pp. 808.

article of an Englishman's creed, for while it is believed, so long is it true;—that faith these men had abjured, and substituted in its place a political heresy, baneful as it was false, that upon land nothing could withstand the French Emperor. The world was made for Buonaparte, and he had only to march over it, and take possession. When they were reminded of this tyrant's guilt, they thought it a sufficient reply to tell us of his greatness; and would have had us fall down and worship the 'Golden Image,' at the very time when the Spaniards were walking amid the burning fiery furnace.

The circumstances of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat were, of course, matter of triumph to this candid and liberal faction. They took care, however, to find no fault with Sir John; protesting, that it was to the ministers alone that the blame was to be referred. "The opposition," says Mr. Southey, "eagerly consecrated, as it were canonized, the memory of Sir John Moore, that they might impute the whole misconduct of the campaign, with all its loss and disgrace to government." In the despatches of this ill-fated general, they found what they wanted, an excuse for calumniating the Spanish nation. He had declared, in extenuation of his own dastardly conduct, that "the Spaniards had neither the power nor the inclination to make any efforts for themselves;" and he says, in confirmation of this opinion, that "the people of Gallicia, though armed, made no attempt to favour the retreat of the English, by arresting the passage of the French through the mountains. "The consequence (says he) has been, that our sick have been left behind! and when our horses or mules failed, which, on such marches and through such a country, was the case to a great extent—baggage, ammunition, stores, and even money were necessarily destroyed or abandoned." seems never to have occurred to our lynx-eyed patriots in England, that it was neither " generous nor prudent to reproach an undisciplined peasantry for not attempting to defend defiles, through which the finest army that had ever left England, with a man who was supposed to be their best general at its head, was retreating faster than ever army had retreated before. If these passes were not defensible, why should the Gallicians be blamed for not defending them? If they were, why did the British army run through, leaving their baggage, stores and ammunition, their money, their horses, their dying and their dead, to track the way?" Mr. Southey effectually removes the stigma attempted to be cast upon the army by Sir John Moore, almost with his dying breath. It was true that his soldiers changed their character, after they began to retreat: the officers were continually murmuring against the conduct of their commander, and that the men were crying out loudly against the disgrace of running away. Their conduct at Corunna sufficiently attests that they needed only to be brought in contact with the enemy, to prove themselves British soldiers, in the most exalted sense of the term. It seems, from Sir John Moore's despatches, that they narrowly escaped the inexpiable disgrace of obtaining leave from the French to embark, instead of winning it gloriously by their own prowess. It is not difficult to understand that Mr. Southey considers Sir John Moore to have been guilty of the most disgraceful cowardice; and in this opinion nine out of ten of the persons who read the authentic accounts of his inglorious flight, and his own reluctant admissions must, we feel assured, coincide. But Mr. Southey does not limit his censures to the opposition; he deals out his praise and his blame with equal impartiality. Witness his manly remarks on Mr. Canning's extraordinary confession of his total ignorance of the interior of Spain, and consequently how to act with regard to it.

With what contemptuous satisfaction must Buonaparte and the French politicians have heard such a confession from the British Secretary of State for foreign affairs! With whatever feelings the government might make this avowal, it was heard with astonishment by the thoughtful part of the people, and not without indignation. To them it was a mournful thing thus to be told that their rulers laid in no stock of knowledge, but lived, as it were, from hand to mouth, upon what they happened to meet with! Is there a country or a province in Europe, it was asked; is there a European possession in any part of the world, of which the French government does not possess maps, plans, and the most ample accounts of whatever may guide its politics and facilitate its invasion? Even respecting Spanish America, such a confession would have been disgraceful, because it would have betrayed an inexcusable negligence in seeking for information; but, as regarding Spain itself, it became almost incredible. Did there not exist faithful and copious accounts of that kingdom, both by foreign and native writers? Had we not still living, diplomatists, who had resided for years at the Spanish court; consuls and merchants, who had been domesticated, and almost naturalized in Spain; and travellers who, either for their pleasure, or on their commercial pursuits, had traversed every province and every part of the Peninsula? Was not information always to be found, if it were wisely and perseveringly sought?

But it is wholly out of our power to enter into any analysis of this admirable volume, in the very narrow limits to which we are compelled to confine ourselves. We can only furnish our readers with one or two brief extracts from its pages. It would be a libel on their patriotism, as well as their taste, to suppose that they will not take an early opportunity of perusing the book itself. No one who has read it can have forgotten Mr. Southey's animated description of the defence of Zaragoza, in his first volume. Glorious as was that desperate struggle, its second defence, in January 1809, was no less so. It was in vain that the Marshall Lasnes resorted to the accustomed expedient of the French generals, and addressed a letter to Palafox, informing him, that the force on which he relied for relief, had been destroyed,—that the English had fled to Corunna, and embarked there, leaving 7000 prisoners; that Romana had fled with them, and that Infantado had been defeated at Ucles, with the loss of 18,000 men. Palafox resolutely declined to surrender the city. The besiegers accordingly commenced their assault with the utmost fury. During the whole of this siege, the most heroic bravery was displayed by the inhabitants. In one part of the town, a friar was seen leading on the Spaniards to the attack, with a sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other; in another, women mingled with the combatants, bearing refreshments to their sons, their husbands, and their fathers, and sometimes rushing upon the enemy, when these dear relatives fell, to revenge their deaths or die with them. The French, with the numerous advantages they possessed, would, in all probability, have been foiled in their attempt, had not a dreadful pestilence broken out among the Zaragozans.

The average of daily deaths, from this cause, was at this time not less than three hundred and fifty: men stretched upon straw, in helpless misery, lay breathing their last; and with their dying breath spreading the mortal taint of their own disease; who, if they had fallen in action, would have died with the exultation of martyrs. Their sole comfort was the sense of having performed their duty religiously to the uttermost—all other alleviations were wanting: neither medicines nor necessary food were to be procured, nor needful attendance, for the ministers of charity themselves became victims of the disease. All that the most compassionate had now to bestow was a

little water, in which rice had been boiled, and a winding-sheet. The nuns, driven from their convents, knew not where to take refuge, nor where to find shelter for their dying sisters. The Church of the Pillar was crowded with poor creatures, who, despairing of life, hoped now for nothing more than to die in the presence of the tutelary saint. The clergy were employed night and day in administering the Sacraments to the dying, till they themselves sunk under the common calamity. The slightest wound produced gangrene and death in bodies so prepared for dissolution by distress of mind, agitation, want of proper aliment, and of sleep. For there was now no respite, neither by day nor night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza: by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke and dust, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannon and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of horrible illumination. The cemeteries could no longer afford room for the dead; huge pits were dug, to receive them in the streets, and in the courts of the public buildings, till hands were wanting for the labour; they were laid before the churches, heaped upon one another, and covered with sheets: and that no spectacle of horror might be wanting, it happened not unfrequently that these piles of mortality were struck by a shell, and the shattered bodies scattered in all directions.

Notwithstanding these horrors, however, Palafox wrote to Sir John Doyle, many days afterwards, in the following terms:--" Within the last forty-eight hours, 6000 shells have been thrown into the city; twothirds of it are in ruins; but we will perish under the ruins of the remaining part, rather than surrender;" and when, having at length been seized with the pestilence himself, this gallant man was again asked how long the town would yet hold out, he replied, heroically, husta la ultima tapia—to the last mud wall. This declaration was fulfilled to the letter; for it was not until the whole place became a heap of ruins, that these noble people consented to surrender; and even then with a degree of dignity and heroism, of which modern history furnishes us with no parallel instance. When the French entered the city, 6000 bodies were lying in the streets and trenches, or piled up in heaps before the church. Augustina, the far-famed maid of Zaragoza, was among the prisoners. She had distinguished herself in this siege, as much as in the former. Her husband having been severely wounded, she pointed a cannon at the enemy, while he lay bleeding at her side. Another heroine, whose name was Manuella Sanchez, was shot through the heart. Donna Benita, a lady of distinction, who headed one of the female corps which had been formed to carry provisions, bear away the wounded, and fight in the streets, escaped the hourly dangers to which she had exposed herself, only to die of grief, on hearing that her daughter had been killed. During the siege, six hundred women and children perished; not by bombardment and the mines, but in action, by the sword, or bayonet, or bullet.

Of a similar character to this, was the siege of Gerona, in October 1809; the governor of which, General Alvarez, was a worthy rival of Palafox.

About the end of November, Samaniego, who was first surgeon to the garrison, delivered in to Alvarez a report upon the state of health. As he gave it into his hands, he said something, implying the melancholy nature of its contents. Alvarez replied: "This paper then, perhaps, will inform posterity of our sufferings, if there should be none left to recount them!" He then bade Samaniego read it. It was a dreadful report. There did not remain a single building in Gerona which had not been injured by the bombardment: not a house was habitable; the people slept in cellars and vaults, and holes amid the ruins; and it had not unfrequently happened that the wounded were killed in the hospitals. The streets were broken up; so that the rain-water and the sewers stagnated there; and the pestilential vapours which

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arose were rendered more noxious by the dead bodies, which lay rotting amid the ruins. The siege had now endured seven months: scarcely a woman had become pregnant during that time; the very dogs, before hunger consumed them, had ceased to follow after kind, they did not even fawn upon their masters; the almost incessant thunder of artillery seemed to make them sensible of the state of the city; and the unnatural atmosphere affected them as well as human kind. It even affected vegetation. In the gardens within the walls the fruits withered, and scarcely any vegetable could be raised. Within the last three weeks above 500 of the garrison had died in the hospitals: a dysentery was raging and spreading; the sick were lying upon the ground, without beds, almost without food; and there was scarcely fuel to dress the little wheat that remained, and the few horses which were yet unconsumed. Samaniego then adverted with bitterness to the accounts which had been circulated, that abundant supplies had been thrown into the city; and he concluded by saying: "If by these sacrifices, deserving for ever to be the admiration of history, and if by consummating them with the lives of us, who, by the will of Providence, have survived our comrades, the liberty of our country can be secured, happy shall we be in the bosom of eternity, and in the memory of good men, and happy will our children be among their fellow-countrymen!

The following description of a deserted city, would make, it strikes us, an admirable picture:—

When the enemy entered Penafiel, the scene was such as to make them sensible how deep was the feeling of abhorrence which they had excited and deserved. The whole city was deserted; all food, and every thing that could have been serviceable to the invaders, had been either carried away or destroyed. Every house had been left open; the churches alone were closed, that the Portugueze might not seem to have left them open to pollution. The very silence of the streets was awful, broken only when the clocks struck; and now and then by the howling of some of those dogs who, though living, as in other Portugueze towns, without an owner, felt a sense of desertion, when they missed the accustomed presence of men. The royal arms upon the public buildings had been covered with black crape, to indicate that, in the absence of the Braganza family, Portugal was as a widow. Of the whole population, one old man was the only living soul who remained in the town. Being in extreme old age, he was either unable to endure the fatigue of flight, or, desirous of ending his days in a manner which he would have regarded as a religious martyrdom: he placed himself, therefore, on a stone seat, in the market-place; there the French found him in the act of prayer; while the unsuppressed expression of his strong features and thery eye, told them, in a language not to be misunderstood, that part of his prayer was for God's vengeance upon the invaders of his country. This was in the true spirit of his nation; and that spirit was now in full action. It had reached all ranks and classes. The man of letters had left his beloved studies, the monk his cloister; even women forsook that retirement which is everywhere congenial to the sex, and belongs there to the habits of the people. But it was not surprising that in a warfare where women were not spared, they should take part. Nuns had been seen working at that battery which defeated the French, in their attempt at crossing the Minho; and here a beautiful lady, whose abode was near Penafiel, had raised some hundred followers: and, in the sure war of destruction which they were carrying on, encouraged them, sword in hand, by her exhortations and her example.

Those persons who have founded their opinions of the Spanish and Portuguese character, upon the reports of the British periodical press, will rise from the perusal of this work with a much more favourable impression of it, than they can ever before have entertained. With some exceptions, which are carefully particularised by Mr. Southey, they appear to have manifested the noblest heroism. But we have already exceeded the space we had allotted to this notice. It only remains for us to state, that we not only consider the present volume, as equal in the interest of its details, to its predecessor, but the most valuable and important work that has been published for many years. Mr. Murray has good reason to congratulate himself on being the medium of cir-

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culating a history abounding as this does with relations every way so

honourable to British worth and British valour.

Mr. Southey is entitled to the cordial acknowledgments of every Englishman who is worthy of the name, for this laudable attempt to record the glory of the British arms in the Peninsula. We shall look with considerable impatience for the appearance of the third volume; the more especially, as from the importance of the events to be narrated in it, it is likely to be the most interesting of the trio.

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BY JOHN CLARE.

THE heart that's smit with white and red, That rosy cheeks do entertain, And on a bosom's lily bed Longs to rest, and be well again;— The wounded that do pains endure From star-like eyes and snowy skin: Are stung by toys that nought may cure, If there 's no heart within.

con secure department there all no saving what contingences not

In vain they love, in vain may glow
At beauty that is all display—
Love without roots will never grow,
But, like cropt flowers, decay.
The scentless bloom that in show exceeds, But pleases for an hour; Then is laid aside, like children's weeds-And such is Beauty's power!

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The heart 's the soil where love doth grow, Its virtue doth all charms excel; Their union is true bliss below—

Love must be where they dwell!

The finest jewels, so rich and rare, Are always cased in a meaner shrine—

Nor would the casket be locked with care, But for the gem within.

LITERARY IMPUDENCE.

ONE of those unprincipled adventurers who bring so much discredit on the literary character, and who, having been degraded from various other professions, has at length embraced that of authorship, was guilty, no great while ago, of a piece of assurance, which for coolness of audacity has not often been surpassed, even in this age of impudence. After Bochsa's affair with the newspapers, it would of course be imprudent to call him by his patronymic, lest he should turn round upon us, and indict us for a libel. We shall therefore content ourselves with designating him as Mr. ——. Well then, Mr. —— lounges into the shop of a respectable publisher, in the west end of the town, some few weeks ago, and having discussed the state of the weather and the depression under which the bookselling trade has been so long labouring, a brief but pithy colloquy ensues between the parties:

Author.—Mr. —, I believe I am in your debt: will you have the goodness to inform me of the amount, in order that I may give you an acknowledgment for it, which I believe I omitted to do at the time I re-

ceived it.

Bookseller, (rubbing his hands, and looking as delighted as if the news of an unexpected legacy had just been communicated to him.)—Why yes, sir, you certainly are in my debt some fifty pounds, borrowed money; which, as times are growing hard, I should be glad to be repaid at your early convenience. But as for a receipt, my dear sir, it is wholly unnecessary, I rely confidently upon your honour; beside, your name was, if I mistake not, upon the check.

Author.—It will be more satisfactory to me, Mr. ——, to give you a formal acknowledgment; there is no saying what contingences may

befal us both.

Bookseller.—As you like, sir. I appreciate highly the extreme delicacy of your conduct. There are pens, and a receipt stamp.

Author writes.—There, Mr. ——. And now (for I love candour), I will tell you why I wished to ascertain the exact amount of my obligation to you, and to effect thus much towards its settlement. I am about to take the benefit of the Insolvent Debtors' Act—that "sponge that wipes out all, and costs us nothing!" and should be sorry to evince any partiality towards my creditors. You will be served with the usual notice in a few days.

Having thus said, our hero arose from his seat; struck his cane, with a knowing air, against the side of his boot; and very politely wished his bibliopole a good morning. He has since kept his word; is now completely white-washed, and once more "walketh about town, seeking whom he may devour." Part I. of a humourous little work has just been published, entitled, 'Anecdotes of Impudence.' This literary duffer is not of sufficient importance for a frontispiece, but his portrait would make a very appropriate tail-piece for the next number!

was in fact an actress of all work. The best war the young lady bestowed her affections upon Mi sackeds. Her means disapproved of the connexion, and sent her the retresent in refer that she might

get the better of her predeliction. Love delights in obstacles, provided

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Memoirs of Mrs. Siddors. By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. pp. 776. Colburn.

It has been admitted, that the tailor not unfrequently makes the gentleman; and it is no less true, that the bookseller as often makes the author. A good name is half the battle, and Mr. Colburn has a genius for title-pages. Hence the great success of many of his literary speculations, which, under the management of a bibliopole of less consummate tact, would have fallen still-born from the press. His happy facility in manufacturing titles, has never struck us so forcibly, as during the present season. There is no need for him to inquire, "where a good store of names can be found." He has a thousand of all sorts and sizes at his fingers' ends. Let any one who doubts this fact, refer to the very promising list of his forthcoming works, which he has lately published. Among the most attractive titles there enumerated, is, "The Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, interspersed with Anecdotes of Authors and Actors." Who could read this tempting annonce, and not anticipate something very lively and interesting? Alas, for the instability of all human anticipations! Mr. Boaden's life of our great tragic actress, is, without exception, the dullest book, professing an attractive theme, that has ever fallen under our observation. We confess, that we have no right to complain of being deceived by a name, with Mr. Boaden's big biography of John Kemble fresh in our recollection. In the lowest deep of somniforous gossipping, he has, however, contrived to find a lower deep. Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons! There are scarcely half a dozen consecutive pages in the whole seven hundred and seventy-six, that contain a syllable in the way of memoirs of this distinguished The book is occupied for the most part, by compilations from the newspapers and play-bills of the time; -by stale criticisms, and staler jokes; -accounts of the reception of successful and unsuccessful plays, having almost as much reference to Mrs. Siddons, as to any other actress who might occasionally have taken part in them. Mr. Boaden is a garrulous, play-going old gentleman, who, having witnessed the performances of Mrs. Siddons for a long series of years, has taken it into his head, that the recapitulation of all the observations upon her acting, which occurred to him in the course of his theatrical probation, must needs make a very saleable book; especially if he added thereto, a pretty considerable sprinkling of stale theatrical anecdotes, from the various publications of the day.

From the very small portion of these volumes which really refers to Mrs. Siddons, we glean, that she was born at Brecknock, in South Wales, in 1755, two years before her brother John; and named Sarah, after her mother. Her father, Roger Kemble, was the manager of an itinerant company of players, and a Catholic. Mrs. Siddons was, in very early youth, the prima donna of her father's company. At thirteen, she was in fact an actress of all work. In her fifteenth year, the young lady bestowed her affections upon Mr. Siddons. Her parents disapproved of the connexion, and sent her into retirement, in order that she might

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get the better of her predeliction. Love delights in obstacles, provided they be not insurmountable. The course adopted by Roger Kemble, only tended to strengthen the intimacy of the young people. Determined to be, if possible, the mistress of her own fate, she applied to Garrick for employment. He admitted her merits, but regretted that his engagements with the established heroines, Yates and Younge, prevented him from doing anything for her. Garrick's indifference confirmed Miss Kemble on two points. She determined not only to become an actress, but to marry Mr. Siddons. The old people revoked their disapproval of the connexion just in time to save the lovers a journey to Scotland. On the 29th December 1775, Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance on the London boards, in the character of Portia. On the 23d of May 1776, she played Mrs. Strickland to Garrick's Ranger; after which she retired into the country, where she performed at various theatres for nearly six years. We shall not pretend to follow Mr. Boaden through his wearying details. He enumerates every passage in Mrs. Siddons' performance which has ever called forth the slightest applause: whilst of her private history, or indeed any thing of which the newspapers have not repeatedly informed us, he tells us literally nothing. The following enumeration of the prices given by the Empress of Russia, for the Houghton collection of pictures, is one of the very few quotable passages in Mr. Boaden's book :- I sample the restriction and words a target and another

'A principle of association leads me here to notice a severe loss appertaining to a sister art, painting. The government of the country having had its attention engrossed by a long and unnatural struggle, about this time the magnificent collection of art at Houghton was transferred to the Empress of Russia, for the sum of 40,825l. It is gratifying to know that so superior is the present condition of this country, that after a war to which that of America was but a prologue, the tragic drama closed upon us with resources so vast, that we should have voted the sum in parliament with acclamation, that was to keep such a treasure among us. I shall risk, as a divertisement, a small selection of the greater works, with the prices given for them by the Empress:—

and inchrence in these hours and well being now in it to be at a test will	
The immaculate conception of the Holy Virgin, by Guido . 3500	
(Pope Innocent XIII., after this beautiful picture had been	
chinned at Civete Vesselis sould be distributed to	
shipped at Civata Vecchia, could hardly be persuaded to	
ment permit the vessel to depart). In some uniteresting smith bank and and array	
A Holy Family, by Vandyke	
The Magdalen washing the Saviour's feet, by Rubens 1600	
A Sea-port and Calm Sea, by Claude	
Four markets—Fowl, Fish, Fruit, Herbs,—Snyders 1000	
Two Flower Pieces, by Van Huysum	
Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar, by Pietro Cortona	
Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar, by Pietro Cortona	
A Holy Family, life size,—Nicolo. Poussin	
Moses striking the Rock, by the same	
A Cook Ship, by Teniers 800	
Christ baptised by St. John, by Albano	
Assumption of the Virgin, by Morillo 700	
The Adoration of the Shepherds, by ditto	
Dainsneba, by Vanderwerf	
The Prodigal Son, by Salvator Rosa 700	
The Continence of Scipio, by Nicolo. Poussin	
Six Sketches of Triumphal Arches, by Rubens 600	
The Wife of Rubens, by Vandyke	
Charles the Einstein Sylvandyke	
Charles the First and Henrietta, whole lengths, by Vandyke 400	
at it is perfectly distressing to come the end detail and the came	
what prices would be given now to recover the pictures	

SPECIMENS OF SACRED AND SERIOUS POETRY, from Chaucer to the present day; with Biographical Notices and Critical Remarks.

18mo., pp. 560. Oliver and Boyd.

THERE are already a great number of volumes of poetical selections, but not one, we believe, worthy of a moment's consideration which is entirely occupied with pieces of a serious character. We employ the term serious, in preference to that of religious, because the greater part of the poems in this collection are full of moral sentiment, although not of a class to entitle them to be designated as religious. All the grave and moral apostrophes that have fallen in the editor's way, have been introduced into the work, to fill the void that must otherwise inevitably have occurred; so great a dearth is there of purely religious poetry. Thus we have, in this bouquet of sacred flowers, Andrew Marvell's Fawn; Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness; Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes; Collins's Ode to Evening; Cowper's Lines to Mary; Beattie's Hermit; Byron's Lines to the Memory of a Lady; Southey's Holly-Tree; Charles Lamb's Old Familiar Faces; Crabbe's Real Miseries; Mrs. Hemans's Hebrew Mother; Moor's Unknown Grave; Barret's Woman; &c. &c. &c. Now, all these are beautiful enough in their way; but, although of a moral, they are by no means of a religious character; they are just as well adapted for any miscellaneous collection of verses as this. This is a matter of very little importance, and does not by any means detract from the value of the work. The Biographical Notices are tersely and tastefully written; and little that has not been recommended by its intrinsic worth has found its way into the work; a description of merit which can be allowed to very few publications of the kind. We think the editor would have acted wisely, if he had referred the poems he has appropriated to the sources from which he has derived them. We recognise more than one poem from the pages of the Literary Magnet; and one in particular, by Mr. J. Malcolm, which has made the tour of all the newspapers, as the production of Mr. Montgomery. The work would have been no less valuable, had the editor appended to each poem derived from our periodical literature, the name of the publication from which it has been transplanted. On the whole, however, the volume is deserving of high praise, as one of the most instructive and delightful little works which have appeared for a long time. The public are much indebted to Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, for the very cheap and elegant volumes of this class, which they are continually laying before the public. For really cheap and appropriate gift books, at this genial season of the year, we know of no books better adapted than Galt's edition of Mackenzie's works, M'Dermid's edition of Cowper, and the pages before us.

YORKSHIRE SCENERY. With Engravings by George Cooke, and other eminent Artists: from Drawings by Messrs. Hoffland, Cowen, Thompson, &c. By E. Rhodes; author of Peak Scenery. 4to. and 8vo. Longman and Co.

This is a volume descriptive of various interesting scenes in Yorkshire, from the pen of the well-known author of 'The Peak Scenery.' The

work is, we believe, to be comprised of four parts; each part to contain from six to seven copper-plate delineations of the most interesting places referred to in the letter-press. We pay a high tribute of praise to the literary department of the volume when we affirm, that it is not inferior in interest to the admirable descriptive sketches of Derbyshire Scenery, of which Mr. Rhodes is the author. There is a vein of kindly and amiable feeling, too, running throughout it, which renders the book peculiarly acceptable to those who sympathise with the worthy author in his views of Nature, and her stores. The scenes illustrated by plates are—Rotherham; Roche Abbey; View from the Grounds of Roche Abbey; Gateway at Roche Abbey; Coninsbro' Castle, from the Road to Doncaster; the Chapel of Athelstane; Coninsbro' Castle, from the Ferry. Several of these engravings are extremely beautiful, especially the Sketch from the Grounds of Roche Abbey, and the two Views of Coninsbro' Castle.

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THE TIME'S TELESCOPE FOR 1827.

A NEW volume (the fourteenth, we believe), of a very useful and interesting publication. The plan of the work is too well known to render it necessary for us to detail it in this place. Suffice it to observe, that the present number is by no means inferior to those which have preceded it. Among its more attractive novelties (in addition to the usual quantity of routine matter), may be mentioned, a valuable series of Papers on Scotian Botany, by Mr. Young, of Paisley; a description of some of the most rare and remarkable British Insects, by Mr. Curtis, author of 'British Entomology;' Ornithological Notices, by the Rev. Mr. Jenyns; and sketches of the various Appearances of Nature, in five of the most interesting months of the year, by William Howitt, of Nottingham; a variety of pleasing little poems, from the pens of Delta, of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' J. H. Wiffen, William and Mary Howitt, Richard Ryan, &c., are interspersed throughout the volume. Delta's 'Lines on Evening,' and Mr. Howitt's charming verses to 'a dear little Girl,' are entirely after our own heart. We had almost forgotten to mention, that the frontispiece to the volume of 'Time's Telescope' now before us, is a well-engraved view of Highbury College.

SELECT SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH PROSE; from the reign of Elizabeth to the Present Time. With an Introduction. By George Walker, A.M. pp. 615. Longman and Co.

This admirably selected volume is deserving of very general adoption. It comprises specimens, selected with considerable taste and discrimination, from the prose writings of Sidney, Spenser, Hooker, Raleigh, Bacon, Bishop Hall, Sir T. Brown, Fuller, Clarendon, Milton, Pearson, Jeremy Taylor, Cowley, Barrow, Tillotson, Dryden, South, Addison, Swift, Berkeley, Pope, Warburton, Johnson, and Burke. It is, of course, difficult, nay next to impossible, for a youth to form any idea of the peculiarities of the various fathers of English prose, unless he be furnished with something beyond the brief specimens usually afforded in collections of this class. Mr. Walker has, accordingly, confined himself to a few authors, in order that he might be enabled to include extracts from their writings, of sufficient length to enable the student to form a

due estimate of their several styles. These specimens are prefaced by a prose essay, which is itself a perfect model of elegant composition. Mr. Walker is the head master of the Leeds Grammar School.

SELECT SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH POETRY. From the reign of Elizabeth to the present time. By George Walker, A.M. pp. 620. Longman and Co.

MR. WALKER has here given us a book which is to poetry (in plan, at least), what the volume just noticed is to prose. We do not, however, like it quite so well, nor do we consider it calculated to become quite as useful as its companion. The extracts from Spenser, and others of our earlier poets, are too long and dreary to be likely to engage the attention of the student. He has, moreover, rendered some of his specimens less palatable, by preserving the obsolete spelling of the poet. This objection applies, of course, only to the early portion of the volume. Would not Mr. Walker have increased very materially the value of his work, if he had prefaced his specimens of each author with a short notice, describing his main characteristics? The great literary merit of the introductory Essay, makes us wish that Mr. W. had indulged us with more of such admirable criticism. The latter part of the volume is devoted to extracts from Lord Byron, and a Pleiades of living poets. In these quotations, however, the editor has by no means manifested his accustomed taste: they are, for the most part, inferior to many passages he might have met with in their works, had he delved deep enough.

THE STANLEY TALES. Parts VI., VII., and VIII.

We are glad to see that the editor of these interesting little volumes has adopted our suggestion, as to the mention of the sources from which his selected tales are derived. It will not render his work one jot the less valuable, whilst the acknowledgment is really due to the periodicals in which some of his materials were first published. 'The Knight and the Knave,' is a very spirited little sketch; 'The Fated Hour,' is from a a volume entitled, 'Tales of the Dead,' in which it appears under the designation of 'The Sisters;' it is quite a Germanesque, but free from that revolting diablerie which characterizes so large a proportion of the fictions of Germany. On the whole, this little work appears to improve considerably. We trust that its sale increases proportionably with its deserts.

THE POETICAL SOUVENIR. By Kennett and George Read Dixon. pp. 340. Cock.

The Poetical Souvenir is a very elegantly printed volume; quite a bijou, as Mr. Ackerman has it, in its way. Independently of a copper-plate vignette, it contains several wood-engravings of Cupids, darts, hearts, &c. Its paper too is of a very excellent texture, and the external appearance of the book not less deserving of commendation. The only drawback upon our admiration is, that of the vast quantity of fugitive pieces of which it is composed, there is not one which is not in literary merit at least fifty degrees below mediocrity. We know not which to admire the most, the modesty of the Messrs. Dixon, in thus

illustrating their most worthless verses, or the discretion of their publisher, in announcing the Poetical Souvenir as an appropriate Christmas gift! It has not a feature in common with the worst of the splendid little annuals with which it would fain claim alliance, save the name by which it has been announced; and even this will not impose upon any one who is at the pains of reading a single page, before he makes his purchase.

Nouveau Cours de Litterature. Par C. P. Buquet. pp. 482. Edinburgh. Oliver & Boyd.

This is another of Messrs. Oliver & Boyd's very excellent school publications, and one which has been long wanted, to supply the place of the stupid selections from French authors, compiled by Perrin, Wanostrocht and Levizac. We have here a collection of specimens, chosen with great care, of many of the most celebrated French writers, prose as well as poetical, which, without reference to its utility, as an elementary work, is extremely valuable and instructive in itself. It is, in fact, to French, what the Scrap-book is to English literature—the best and most tasteful selection from any foreign language extant.

THE HEART; WITH OTHER POEMS. By Percy Rolle. 12mo. pp. 126. Westley.

This is a pleasing little volume, possessing no very strong claims upon public attention, but still so unambitious in its pretensions, that it is scarcely possible for a critic (if his heart be in the right place) to express any unkind feeling as to its merits, even were its contents less pleasing than they really are. The author appears to be a very young man, of considerable taste and of amiable feelings. The blemishes in his poems (and they are not few), are such as we usually meet with in the verses of young and inexperienced writers; but that the volume contains many redeeming beauties, it would be both unkind and uncandid to deny. Mr. Rolle has been seduced by his admiration for several popular living poets, to imitate them now and then a little too closely; but it is a species of imitation to be found in most modern volumes. Some of the poems (the pretty Lines to the author's Infant Child, in particular), have met our eye, in an interesting little periodical, entitled, "The Spirit and Manners of the Age."

THOUGHTS ON DOMESTIC EDUCATION. By A Mother. pp. 366.
London. C. Knight.

An extremely valuable publication, on a very important subject, containing a great variety of instructions, which profess to be, and we doubt not are, the result of twenty years' experience in a family of six children; three sons and three daughters. The authoress appears to be a woman of sound taste and unexceptionable principles. The books recommended throughout the volume, are for the most part extremely well chosen and appropriate. To young governesses, as well as to parents, the work will be found eminently useful.

Head Pieces and Tail Pieces. By A Travelling Artist. 12mo.
London. pp. 256. Charles Tilt.
This is a very interesting little volume. The Tale Pieces, which are

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nine in number, are for the most part pleasingly narrated, and the incidents of a more striking description than we usually meet with in productions of equally limited extent. The Guerilla Brothers, the Return, the Scarf, and the New Year's Gift, are worthy of high praise. The language is sometimes a little too colloquial; but this defect has become so fashionable of late, that we can hardly blame a young writer for allowing himself to be seduced into a style, recommended to his notice by so many popular prototypes. There is a good deal of natural feeling and philosophical observation, in this unpretending little work. On the whole, our verdict is decidedly in its favour.

CHIT-CHAT; LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

the stupid selections from French authors, compiled by Perime Wane-

strocht and Levizac. We have here a collection of specimens, chosen with great care, of many of the most calebrand Prench writers, prose as well as

poetical, which, without retreenes to as at dire, us an elementary work,

A work which promises to be of striking interest, is preparing for publication, by Sir John Malcolm. It consists of a collection of Stories, after the manner of the Arabian Nights, collected by Sir John, during his residence in Persia. They really are what they professs to be, extemporaneous fictions, noted down from the words of the narrator as faithfully as possible. A gentleman who has spent a great part of his life in Persia, and who has accompanied Sir John Malcolm in all his journies, states, that in their suite was the most celebrated Persian Improvisatore, called par excellence—the king's story-teller, who attended upon them by the orders of the Schat. This person rode between the two friends during their long nocturnal stages, and beguiled the tediousness of the journey with his inexhaustible fictions; taking up the thread of the narrative, after any interruption, and even after the intervention of an entire day, as easily and gracefully as did the Sultana Schezerode herself. Great indeed must have been the luxury of travelling thus over the rose-scented plains of Persia. Mr. Murray (who will, we believe, be the publisher of these volumes), announces also, a 'Series of Sketches of Persian Life and Manners, from the Journal of a Traveller in the East.'0 9000

We perceive, by an intimation in the last number of 'The London Journal of Science,' that a new series of that publication will be commenced in April next.

The members of the 'Artists' Conversazione,' have lately presented Mr. Morant (whose taste in the collection of works of art is so well known and appreciated), with a silver cup, as a testimony of their respect, for his liberal patronage of modern art, as well as for his obliging loan to the society, of many of the rarities of his noble collection of prints and drawings.

Fortunately for the lovers of our Old English Dramatists, Mr. Gifford's edition of Ford was completed previously to his death. It will be published by Mr. Murray in a few days. Of his edition of Shirley's Dramatic Works, five volumes and a half (out of six, we believe), are printed. We have heard that had life been spared to him, Mr. G. intended to have completed the series by a new edition of Shakspeare.

Mr. Moon, of Threadneedle-street, has just published a strikingly beautiful basso relievo, in plaister of Paris, of Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims. This meritorious production is the work of a young artist of considerable promise,

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of the name of Henning. Some liberties have been taken with the original, but these are not numerous, and are of a nature to increase rather than diminish the value of the copy. For instance, Mr. Henning has improved materially upon Mr. Stothard's horses. The cast is inclosed in a neat frame, with a glass; and sells for the moderate price of a guinea.

That respectable literary veteran, Dr. Drake, announces, 'Mornings in Spring:' or, Retrospections; Biographical, Critical, and Historical. In two volumes, post 8vo.

John Wilson Croker, Esq., has a 'Progressive Geography for Children' in the press.

'A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge,' which promises to be of incalculable utility, is in a course of publication, by Mr. Murray, in 25 volumes 8vo., with plates. This work will comprise every word that is to be found in any of the various Encyclopædias which have been published, either at home or abroad, down to the present time; and under each word will be given the explanations which the ordinary course of conversation, in common life, render desirable. This can hardly fail of proving a most lucrative speculation to its enterprising projector.

A machine has lately been invented in Paris, for digging canals. It will dig ten feet, and a power equal to that of eight horses is required to work it. It will extract, and carry out of the canal, 96 cubic feet per minute. It digs eight feet in breadth at one stroke.

Mr. Alaric Watts, the author of Poetical Sketches, and the editor of the Literary Souvenir, is preparing for publication a volume of poems, to be entitled, 'Lyrics of the Heart, and other Poems.' A fourth edition of 'Poetical Sketches' will appear about the same time.

Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, is engaged in writing the life of Nollekins, the sculptor; we trust, that ere long, a biographer will also be found, to do justice to the genius and character of the venerable Flaxman.

A patent has lately been obtained for an ingenious contrivance to prevent coaches from overturning. The invention consists of a hanging arm, on each side of the coach, which in the event of the coach being raised on one side, is instantly thrown down, and forms a prop for the body of the carriage to rest upon.

Mr. Burdekin, of York, is about to publish 'Memoirs of Mr. Spence,' late bookseller of that city; with some information respecting the introduction of Methodism into the neighbourhood.

A Periodical, on the plan of the Percy Anecdotes, is now in course of publication, in parts, entitled 'The Stuart Anecdotes of Mechanics and Philosophy.' Parts I., II., and III., contain historical and descriptive accounts of the Steam Engine, with 30 engravings on steel.

Mr. Britton is about to publish a work, which will, we think we may safely prognosticate, prove of considerable interest to the world of art. It is to be entitled, 'The Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, exemplified by a series of Illustrations; with descriptive accounts of the House and Galleries of John Soane, Esq.' This work is intended to consist of 25 engravings, mostly executed in outline, representing a ground plan, and a series of views, elevations, and sections, illustrating the arrangement of the various apartments, and the style and manner in which they are filled and fitted up.

Mrs. Thompson announces for publication, 'The Memoirs of the Court of Queen Anne. Mr. Roscoe is, we believe, engaged upon the same subject.

Abiliations during the last season

The Almanack of Spectacles gives the following account of the state of the Paris theatres: - They support fifteen thousand families; the number of actors. dancers, &c., is 2994; 100 directors, 100 managers, 100 leaders of bands. and 1500 musicians!

On the 3d of October last, Denmark lost one of the most celebrated and most spirited of her poets, in the person of Jens Emmanuel Baggerson. Independently of various compositions in his own language, he enriched the literature of Germany with several works, viz.: Poetical Varieties, Hamburgh. 1803, 2 vols.; The Parthenaide, Hamburgh and Mayence, 1806; second edition, Amsterdam, 1807; Heath Flowers, Amsterdam, 1808. The Parthenaide has been translated into French, by M. Fauriel. Baggeston twice filled the professor's chair in the Universities of Copenhagen.

We perceive by an advertisement from the publishers of 'Dodsley's Annual Register, that that work is now published in conjunction with 'The New Annual Register.'

Mr. Strutt is preparing for publication, a work entitled 'Deliciæ Sylvarum;' or, Select Views of wild and romantic Forest Scenery, drawn from Nature, and etched by himself.

'The Life of Lord Byron,' by Mr. Thomas Moore, about to be published by Mr. Murray, will include the letters and miscellaneous prose works of the noble bard.

Mr. William Gifford, the late editor of the Quarterly Review, died on Sunday the 30th ultimo, at his house in James'-street, Buckingham-gate. For the principal events of his life, we refer our readers to the preface to his translation of Juvenal, one of the most interesting pieces of auto-biography ever published. All parties unite in admitting, that he was a man of stern and inflexible integrity, although cursed with a peevish and snarling temper. He was born in Devonshire, in 1756. He has left the bulk of his property to the family of his early patron, Mr. Cookesley.

Mr. G. Cooke, the engraver of many of the most splendid prints in the Coast Scenery, has just published two numbers of a very cheap and beautiful little work, under the title of 'Views of London and its Vicinity.' They are on a small scale, but very spirited, and faithful pictures of the places they profess to represent. The subjects at present engraved, are Stratford, Bow; London Bridge; Hornsey; Prison Ship; Clock-House, St. Albans; Windsor; Ship-breaking, opposite Wapping; Sessions House, Clerkenwell.

A post octavo volume, to be entitled 'The Gold-headed Cane,' is about to be published, by Mr. Murray. A short time before the opening of the New College of Physicians, Mrs. Baillie presented to that learned body a Goldheaded Cane, which had been successively carried by Drs. Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairne, and her own lamented husband. The forthcoming volume contains the imaginary history of this Cane, after the plan of the Adventures of a Guinea.

Mr. Charles Heath announces a new annual volume for the ensuing year, to be entitled 'The Keepsake.' A Mr. Balmanno, and some ten or a dozen other persons, are, we understand, about to venture on similar speculations.

An American of the name of Mory, has invented a new agent in lieu of steam, namely, the detonation produced by the combustion of hydrogen mixed with atmospheric air; but the hydrogen which he employs is derived from the essential oil of turpentine, or alcohol, because from either it may be obtained abundantly, with a small apparatus, and without any great consumption of fuel. This motive-power appears to be applicable principally to boats or carriages.

The British Gallery has realized upwards of three thousand pounds by its

exhibitions during the last season.

'The Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati,' a native of Italy, are announced for early publication; in 2 vols. post 8vo.

Mr. Charles Heath has in preparation a very splendid series of engravings, after one hundred and twenty original drawings, by Turner, of picturesque scenery in England and Wales. The work is to be published in numbers, containing four subjects each. The first will consist of Rivaux Abbey; Lancaster; Bolton Abbey; and Dartmouth Cove; by Goodall, Robert Wallis, and W. R. Smith; three of the first landscape engravers of the day. The drawings are of unrivalled beauty, and the engravings, judging from the specimens which have fallen under our observation, will be of a very splendid and meritorious description. This work cannot fail of ensuring for itself a considerable sale. The only drawback on our admiration of Mr. Turner's views is, that although beautiful pictures, they usually bear very little resemblance to the places they are intended to represent.

A new French Dictionary has been published in Paris, in one octavo volume, on the plan of Johnson's English Dictionary, enriched with examples taken from the best writers of the last two centuries.

Mr. Planché, with whose dramatic productions our readers are we doubt not well acquainted, has just published a very elegant volume, entitled, 'Lays and Legends of the Rhine.' The idea strikes us as being peculiarly happy. The first number of the work consists of eight ballads, founded on traditions connected with the Rhine, several of which are illustrated by very pleasing lithographic prints of the scenery of that noble river. The music, which is for the most part very beautiful, has been supplied by Bishop. The ballads contain some very pleasing poetry. No. II., which will complete Mr. Planche's design, will appear in a few weeks.

A Mr. James Thomson has lately published a clever little satirical brochure called, 'The Greek Bubble.' It is full of smartness and causticity; and if we except one or two allusions to writers who have done nothing to provoke the barbed arrows of the satirist, it is entitled to a high degree of commendation. Messrs. Hume, Bowring, and Co., occupy, of course, rather prominent situations in the poem. Its versification is pointed and energetic. We think that we remember to have seen some very pleasing convivial songs, from the pen of Mr. Thomson.

The Honourable Captain Keppel is about to publish his 'Travels in Ancient Babylon, Assyria, Media, and Scythia.'

The celebrated and magnificent Cabinet of Natural History, collected by the late Sieur J. J. Raye, is to be sold by public auction, at Amsterdam, in June next.

The Perth Literary and Antiquarian Society notifies, that it is about to publish a volume of its Transactions, including some very curious original manuscripts. The Leeds Literary and Philosophical Society is, we believe, about to do the same.

A new Spanish romance, entitled, 'Nada,' (nothing), containing numerous sketches of society in Spain, has just been published.

Mr. Lupton Relfe has produced a very pretty and ingenious Literary Toy, which we can safely recommend to the notice of our readers; it is entitled, Historical Cards, for playing the game of Pope Joan.' The honours, or court cards, consist of the sovereigns of the various houses to which the English crown has devolved; the Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, &c., down to the house of Hanover.

Another clever and instructive Toy, entitled, 'The Musical Souvenir,' invented by Miss Hullmandel, has also recently made its appearance. Its object is to render the acquirement of musical knowledge an amusement, rather than a task. The notes are printed on small pieces of card, and may be combined

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like letters and syllables. There are, moreover, two representations of the keyboard of a piano-forte, the one is an exact imitation of that on the instrument, the other has the names of the notes, the sharps, flats, &c., printed upon it.

We observe, from the Edinburgh Journals, that there is a plan in agitation for establishing an Academy to promote the Fine Arts in Scotland, similar to the Royal Academy in London. We gather from their statements, that many of the northern artists do not consider the existing Institution to be sufficient for the encouragement of the three branches of painting, sculpture, and architecture; and therefore propose to incorporate themslves for that purpose, for an annual exhibition, and for associating engravers. The plan has been laid before Sir Thomas Lawrance and Mr. Peel, apparently with the approbation of both.

Among the aids to instruction which have recently been published, we observe a new system of Astronomical Mnemonics, which developes a plan for facilitating the study of astronomy, by means of an artificial memory; associating planets, constellations, &c., with rhymes and palpable images.

A little volume, about the size of the Percy Anecdotes, has just made its appearance, entitled, 'Anecdotes of Impudence,' with a portrait of Mr. Joseph Hume, as the Pam of the book. Some of the anecdotes are amusing specimens of the extent to which certain persons have carried their assurance. Should Mr. Tilt publish another part, we recommend him to select for his frontispiece a portrait of Monsieur Bochsa.

Mr. H. B. Chalon has just published, No. II., of his very clever and original designs, illustrative of the passions of the horse. This print is dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty. The present number is the passion of love, and is altogether a most admirable performance.

A Catalogue has lately been published, by Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz, of the books which have appeared in Germany during the first six months of the past year. From this list, it would appear that Theology is the most prolific branch; and after that, Fictitious Literature. The whole number—and among them are some very voluminous works—amounts to 1,695. We subjoin a list, according to the relative amount of each class:—Theology, 219; Novels and Romances, 173; Philology, 169; History and Biography, 151; works on Education, 175; Medicine—Surgery, 144; Mathematics, 107; Agriculture, 100; Geography, Voyages and Travels, 95; Natural History, 89; Jurisprudence, 77; Plays, 65; Arts and Manufactures, 57; Political Economy, 46; Metaphysics, 37; Mythology and Antiquity, 21.

A new institution has been established at Paris, for instruction in singing, which is henceforward to be called The Royal Institution for Religious Music.

Mr. Kendal, the author of that agreeable little volume, "Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master," is, we are told, about to publish a pendant to it, to be called, 'Keeper at Home.'

Mr. Harry Stoe Vandyck, who assisted Mr. Bowring in his English version of the Batavian Anthology, has recently published a slight but pleasing little volume of prose sketches, called, 'The Gondola.' These little stories profess to have been related on board a vessel bearing that name. Some very respectable verses are occasionally interspersed among the narratives. One or two of the stories, however, have little connexion with the circumstances under which they profess to have been related.

A new discovery (says the Paris correspondent of the Literary Gazette), has been made in printing, by which classical works used in every country need only be set up once. Thus, if an edition of the classics be printed at Paris, editions may be published in England, Germany, Holland, &c., without being at the expense of a new composition. Besides the advantages of cheapness,

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the text, once established, can never vary, and the type is always new. We have seen three volumes in 8vo., printed upon the new principle: they are beautifully got up, and sold to the public at less than 3s. the volume.

Mr. P. F. Robinson is preparing for publication, early in the spring, No. I, of a new Vitruvius Britannicus; containing Woburn Abbey. Mr. Robinson is also proceeding with the publication, in twelve monthly parts, of a series of Designs for Ornamental Villas.

In a few days will be published, 'The Living and the Dead.' By a Country Curate. Containing:—My First Parish—Sermonizing—The Rev. Mr. Benson—Love Matches—The Wages of Sin—The Leading Idea—A Glimpse of Joanna Baillie—The Sorrows of a Rich Old Man—Archdeacon Daubeny, &c.

The fifth volume of Mr. Rose's translation of 'Ariosto,' is announced for speedy publication. We have heard that this gentleman is the author of the paltry critique in the Quarterly Review, on Mr. J. H. Wiffen's translation of Tasso. If this report be correct, he has acted in a very contemptible manner. It strikes us as being rather unfair, that the translator of Ariosto should be allowed to review the translator of Tasso, in a work professing so much impartiality as the Quarterly Review.

Messrs. Longman and Co. have recently published a new cookery-book, entitled 'Domestic Economy and Cookery, for Rich and Poor;' by a Lady: obviously in the hope that it may sometimes be confounded with Mr. Murray's Domestic Cookery. By a Lady! This is scarcely fair between tradesman and tradesman. We never thought very highly of Mrs. Rundell's volume; but the new vamp, with the plagiary title, is, without exception, the most contemptible affair of the kind we have ever met with. The lady cannot write her vernacular language either grammatically or intelligibly.

The 'Confessions of an Old Maid,' are, it is said, nearly ready for publication. The author is, perhaps, not aware that this subject has already been pretty well exhausted.

The Garrick Papers, about to be published by Mr. Colburn, will comprise upwards of two thousand letters from persons of the greatest eminence in the political, literary, and dramatic world. Among other names, may be mentioned—Lord Chatham, Lord Camden, Duke of Devonshire, Countess Spencer, Lord Lyttleton, Lord Pembroke, and the leading nobility of Garrick's time; Warburton, Burke, Johnson, Hume, Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goldsmith, Robertson, Junius, Beattie, Churchill, Mason, Cumberland, Boswell, Colman, T. and J. Warton, Dr. Burney, Baretti, Thomas and R. B. Sheridan, Hugh Kelly, Murphy, Dr. Hoadley, Isaac Bickerstaff, Tickell, Home, C. Yorke, Madame Riccoboni, Mrs. Montagu, Whitehead, Dr. Franklin, Hawkesworth, Mallett, Mrs. Cowley, John Wilkes, Wilson, Gainsborough, &c.; and, among others, the following dramatic characters: Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Yates, S. Foote, Spranger Barry, Powell, Henderson, Mossop, Parsons, T. King, Smith, Macklin, Moody, Le Kain, Madame Clairon, Charles Dibdin, T. Wilkes, Reddish, Holland, Brereton, Mrs. Pope, Bensley, Aicken, Dr. Arne, &c. &c.

Mr. Colburn announces a work, to be entitled, 'Van Halen's Flight from the Dungeons of the Inquisition to the Foot of the Caucasus; with an Account of his Adventures in Russia,' &c. In two vols. 8vo., with portraits and other plates.

Two admirable volumes of 'Dramatic Criticisms,' from the well-known German novelist Teick, have just issued from the press, and would, we apprehend, amply recompense an able translator for the trouble of rendering them into English. Teick is one of the greatest dramatic amateurs in Europe. He has

made regular dramatic tours throughout his own country; has passed much time in Italy and its principal theatres; is familiar with the French stage; and visited London in 1817, for the purpose of witnessing the last performance of John Kemble. We cannot admit that Mr. Tieck's volumes rival the dramatic critiques of Schlegel, but they certainly contain a great deal of very acute and lively remark.

A case of some importance to booksellers and authors, was tried in the court of King's Bench, on the 11th of last month. The trustees of the British Museum sought to obtain damages from Messrs. Payne and Foss, for the nondelivery of copies of a splendid botanical work, of which they were the publishers, entitled 'Flora Græca,' agreeably with the provisions of the Copyright Act. It was contended by Mr. Scarlett, for the defendants, that the work did not come within either of the statutes under which the action was brought. It had not been entered at Stationers' Hall, and was consequently only protected from piracy by the enormous expenses attendant upon its publication. The facts of the case are these: - Dr. Sibthorpe, the author, was the Regius Professor of Botany at Oxford: he died in 1796, during a journey through the west of England, in search of botanical knowledge. By his will, he bequeathed an estate for defraying the expenses of publishing the Flora Græca, in ten folio volumes, with 100 plates each; appointed, by the same document, three executors, to see his intentions carried into effect. Mr. Platt, one of Dr. Sibthorpe's friends, was chosen to superintend the publication of the work, which commenced in 1806, some years before the enactment, requiring eleven copies to be delivered at Stationers' Hall, was framed. It was resolved to publish the work in numbers. From that period to the present time, nine numbers only have been published. The expenses incurred up to 1825, amounted to 9,258l., whilst the sale of the work has produced only 3,482l.: the estate has been called upon to make good the remaining 5,778l. Only thirty numbers have as yet been circulated. The publication of the work commenced, as we have already remarked, before the act for the protection of copyright was passed; and Mr. Platt waited upon the Committee engaged in preparing that statute: when it was declared by them, that the work did not come within the provision of the act, or a clause of exemption would have been inserted. The British Museum had become possessed of the former parts of this work by the munificence of Sir Joseph Banks, who had bequeathed his library to that institution. When the Rev. Mr. Mavor desired Messrs, Payne and Foss to send the remaining numbers to the Museum, it was concluded that they wished to continue his subscription. Mr. Justice Bayley decided, that as the work in question was, in point of fact, in course of publication before the act already referred to was passed, public institutions had no right to claim the delivery of gratuitous copies of its continuation. A verdict was consequently given for the defendants. The trustees of the British Museum, with the Rev. Mr. Mavor for their agent, have thus spent about four times the cost of the books in law, and have to pay their value beside.

We have looked into the four first numbers of the 'Metropolitan Quarterly Magazine, and do not hesitate to pronounce it a very lively and amusing periodical: somewhat flippant, to be sure, occasionally, but not more so than is quite excusable in a corps of young amateur writers. In the number just published, there is a very able article on Female Education; elegant Essays on Pastoral Poetry, and the Prose of Poets; and a variety of humourous sketches, precisely of the kind we look for in a periodical, to which we recur rather for our amusement than our edification. The poetry too is, for the most part, of a superior order. More than one of the novellettes contained in this number are also very good. On the whole, this is a publication which we desire to see flourish—"like a green bay tree!"

In a late number of the Examiner, the editor asks, if any of his readers can inform him in what manner the large and increasing funds of the Royal

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Academy are disposed of: whether for the benefit of the fine arts generally, or for the private advantage of the members themselves? How does the economist suppose the various schools of design, provided by this institution, are supported, if not by the funds after which he inquires? Does he imagine, too, that the officers, whose duty it is to superintend these establishments, can afford to bestow their time gratuitously? From what source are the various expenses attendant upon the Royal Academy to be derived, if not from the legitimate funds created specifically for its use.

The 'Literary Chronicle,' after having congratulated itself (in its last number), upon its distinguished claims to public patronage, remarks, "If we proceed as we have begun, we shall be able to boast of the Literary Chronicle being, what it at least deserves to be, the most widely circulated paper that ever appeared in the British dominions!" Those universally popular fabricators of Brussels carpets, Messrs. Graham and company, seem to have had the above paragraph in their eye in all their late advertisements. After deprecating the barefaced impudence of other venders of Brussels carpeting, they add, "Graham and company have no connection with any of them; but continue to produce from their manufactory the most sumptuous carpets in the universe, the style and splendour of which, their mean copyists are in perfect ignorance of."

All veritable Bibliomaniacs, whether they have attained to the dignity of Roxburghers or not, are in a state of considerable anxiety at the present moment. A number of fine libraries will soon come to the hammer. Among these are the collections of Lord Gifford; Dr. Drury, of Harrow; the Rev. Mr. Williams, of Henden (one of the very choicest libraries of varieties in England); the late Mr. Dent; Dr. Parr; Dr. Noehden; George Chalmers; Mr. Combe; a fine collection of dramatic works belonging to Mr. John Field and Mr. Thorpe; and a large portion of the stock of Messrs. Rivington.

The German newspapers announce the publication of a translation of Sir Walter Scott's 'Life of Napoleon,' in the latter end of February. The translator is Dr. G. N. Barmann, of Hamburgh. The work is, we have heard, to be published in French, German, and English, on the same day.

A contributor of several able papers to the Literary Magnet, is about to publish, under the assumed name of Percie Shafton, 'Vagaries, in quest of the Wild and the Whimsical;' containing, Character Hunting; an Adventure on the Appenines; the Mystery (a Stage-coach Adventure); the Young Lady's Tale; My first Appearance on the Stage; the Wandering Jew; a Village Funeral; Stratford and Washington Irving; Kenilworth Ruins; Ruralizing; the Enchanted Lake, "Good Night;" and thirty other papers in Prose and Verse.

An admirable medal of the Baron Denon, has lately been struck at Paris. The resemblance is said to be remarkably faithful.

A Series of Tales, illustrative of Welsh Society and Scenery, are preparing for publication. These sketches will contain many descriptions of the manners and holiday pastimes of the natives of the upland districts of the Principality.

Dr. Hooker and Dr. Greville, are preparing a new Botanical work, of which the first fasciulus, in folio, with twenty plates, will be published almost immediately.

The Literary Gazette affirms, that Mr. Gifford has bequeathed his valuable library to his friends Mr. Heber and Dr. Ireland.

A volume of verse is about to be published, to be entitled, 'Moods and Tenses.' We shall not decline them, if sent for our acceptance.

Mr. Thomas Hood is preparing for publication, a series of Stories, after the manner of Boccacio. We are pleased to have to announce, that a large impression of 'Whims and Oddities' was exhausted very soon after its publication, and that a second has just been published.

Mr. Grote, junior, of the firm of Grote, Prescott, and Co., is about to draw a draft upon posterity in the shape of a voluminous work, to be endorsed, 'History of Greece.' His book is said to be one of sterling merit; containing a mine of information on the literature, arts, and sciences of Greece. If such be the case, the speculation will be a safe one, and we shall then have not only a banker poet, but a banker historian. Par nobile fratrum.

A gentleman, of the name of Medhurst, has just published a pamphlet. which he calls, 'A New System of Inland Conveyance, for Goods and Passengers, capable of being applied and extended throughout the Country; and of Conveying all kinds of Goods, Cattle, and Passengers, with the velocity of Sixty Miles in an Hour.' Mr. Medhurst's plan is thus detailed :-- A hollow tube, or archway, must be constructed the whole distance, of iron, brick, timber, or any material that will confine the air, and of such dimensions as to admit a four-wheeled carriage to run through it, capable of carrying passengers; and of strength and capacity for large and heavy goods. The tube, or aerial canal, must be made air-tight, and of the same form and dimensions throughout; having a pair of cast-iron, or stone wheel-tracks, securely laid all along the bottom, for the wheels of the carriage to run upon; and the carriage must be nearly of the size and form of the canal, so as to prevent any considerable quantity of air from passing by it. If the air is forced into the mouth of the canal, behind the carriage, by an engine of sufficient power, it will be driven forward by the pressure of the air against it: and, if the air is continually driven in, the pressure against the carriage, and consequently its motion, will be continually maintained.

A Series of Views of Pompeii, drawn on stone, after designs by William Light, is nearly ready for publication.

A Description of the ancient Parish of Clerkenwell, dedicated, by permission, to the Marquis of Northampton, is on the eve of publication; illustrated by about sixty copper-plate engravings, executed by J. and H. Storer; representing its monastic buildings, with the mansions of nobility and gentry, who formerly occupied this once fashionable and courtly suburb of the mertropolis.

The mystery as to the real Author of Waverley has at length been dissipated. The 'Life of Napoleon' is now advertised as by Sir Walter Scott.

An Institute of Science, Literature, and the Arts, has lately been established in Mexico.

The King of the Netherlands has invited the literati of that country, to enter into a competition for its general history. The author of the best plan is to be appointed Royal Historiographer; and to complete his work from national documents. Other able candidates are to be rewarded. His Majesty is a great encourager of learning.

Dr. Arnott's work on Medical Physics will be published early in February.

A lady of the name of Haldimand has lately set an example of taste and liberality to the fashionable world, which we hope to see very extensively followed. Some months ago she commissioned Mr. Robson to obtain for her water-colour drawings from the most deservedly celebrated artists of the day, uniform in size—for an album. For these drawings, various prices, from five to twenty guineas, have been paid; and such a collection as they form united has, we may confidently affirm, never before been accumulated for a similar purpose. Among the gems of this delightful series are—My Uncle Toby, inspecting the Widow Watman's eye; from Tristram Shandy. By Mr. Leslie.—The Lecture. By Richter. A beautiful young woman has retired to

her chamber, to read a love-letter, and is discovered by her old mother, who lectures her severely for the impropriety.—An illustration of Shakspeare, from the delightful pencil of Mr. A. Chalon; which, for grace and elegance, is not surpassed by any design in the volume.—Berengaria interceding with Richard Cœur de Lion, for the life of Sir Kenneth.—The Truant. By Holmes. A cluster of urchins, such as Shenstone has described in his 'School Mistress,' with their superintending dame, are seen through the open door of a village school. The worthy mistress, impatient at the long absence of one of her charges, dispatches a female aid-de-camp in search of him, who is seen dragging along the struggling idler in triumph.—The Murder of Thomas-à-Becket. By Cattermole.—The Ghost Laid. By Mr. Stephanoff, jun. There are also a variety of very beautiful landscapes in the collection; among which we noticed an admirable View, by Mr. Robson. On the whole, these specimens of our living artists are, for the most part, as creditable to their talents, as to the taste of the lady whose liberality has led to their production.

We regret to hear that the Throckmorton estate, at Olney, has lately passed into new hands, and that its proprietors are completely altering the favourite haunts of the poet Cowper; so that it will soon be impossible to recognise them. Is there no spell about the place, to stay the improvements of these worse than Vandals?

Mr. Bowring is preparing for publication a volume, on the subject of the Literature and Poetry of Poland.

Mr. J. H. Prior has in the press, 'Hints to Public Speakers.'

The author of 'The Knight of the Plumeless Helm,' inserted in the Literary Magnet for July last, is preparing for publication a series of Tales, to be entitled 'Stories of Chivalry and Romance.' From the specimen of this volume already before the public, we have reason to augur very favourably of its contents.

Messrs. Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, announce the first number of a new periodical, to be entitled, 'The American Quarterly Review.'

Dr. Kitchener is about to publish a new work, not on the subject of Cookery, Spectacles, Music, or Medicine, but to be cognominated 'The Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Locomotion; being precepts for promoting the Pleasures, hints for preserving the Health, and estimates of the Expenses of Persons Travelling on Foot, on Horseback, in Stages, in Post Chaises, and in private Carriages.' Independently of this very comprehensive work, the worthy Doctor announces a book, the information of which is said to have been contributed by various hackney-coachmen, entitled, 'The Horse and Carriage Keeper, and Hackney-Coach Hirer's Guide; containing rules for purchasing and keeping, or jobbing Horses and Carriages, in the easiest and most economical manner, with accurate estimates of every expense occasioned thereby. Also, an easy plan for ascertaining every Hackney-Coach Fare.'

A translation of 'Arwed Gyllensterna, a Tale of the Eighteenth Century,' from the German of Van der Velde, is announced for early publication. This work, which is very popular in Germany, has already been translated into French.

Early in February will be published, the first volume of 'Select Italian Classics,' containing, La Divina Commedia Di Dante Alighieri: with notes explanatory of the difficult passages, and accents to facilitate the reading of the author. Edited by Signor Cicchetti, Professor of the Italian Language to the Society of Arts and Sciences, and also late Professor to the Royal Society of Music. This series will be published in a neat cabinet size, and embellished with beautiful engravings, from designs by the first artists.

her charaker, to read a love-letter, und is discovered by her old mother, who lectures her severely for the superquisity—An allustration of Shakspeare

MY MAGAZINE.

Some people are proud of their first-born child—the "chopping boy," who promises to perpetuate his father's ugliness and patronymic; others of a pretty wife; and not a few of a well-lined purse. But although the love of offspring is strong, the affection of man for woman stronger still, and the love of money not unfrequently more powerful than either there is no penchant so tender, so deep, or so exclusive, as the love of a bookseller (and a young bookseller more especially), for the periodical which bears the magic impress of his "local habitation and his name." It forms, in fact, the one engrossing passion of his soul—a passion which, like Aaron's rod, not only swallows up all his minor predilictions, but too frequently a large proportion of the substance upon which he has been accustomed to subsist them. No sooner is a bookseller fairly established in business, than he begins to look about him for a periodical. If he be a youth of enterprize, he will set one on foot himself; and will straightway inundate the public with prospectuses and announcements of his intentions. In this case, he is almost sure to spring a new vein in magazine geology, and one, too, so obviously calculated to profit the adventurer, that he marvels how it is possible it could hitherto have remained undiscovered. If, on the other hand, he prefers a fabric, however tottering, of a few years standing, as a foundation, he purchases the "back stock" of some superannuated magazine, and has its copyright thrown into the bargain. He is no sooner settled down as the Managing Director of a property of this description, than his pleasures (which, for the first few months of his career, at least, invariably preponderate over his anxieties), commence; and he rises fifty degrees in his own estimation, and some ten or a dozen in that of the coterie of unfledged bards, and embryo essayists, who are to be introduced to the public through the medium of his pages.

Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;

A book 's a book, although there's nothing in't.

So says Lord Byron, and so thinks our bookseller, when he beholds, for the first time, the magic words, "PRINTED FOR," &c. on the covers of his magazine. Not less agreeable is it to his vanity to have an editor in his retinue, whose movements he can direct at will; and who, if he affects to resist the influence of his employer, evinces an alacrity of sympathy with him in all his prejudices, which, to those who are unacquainted with the relations of publisher and editor, is not a little surprising. The devoted and enthusiastic admiration of Sancho Panza for the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, was not more remarkable than the respect of the bookseller for his editor, whose name (as a profound secret, of course), he cannot, for the life of him, help communicating to every idler who strolls into his shop. Nor is the confidence with which he regards him by any means unnatural. There is the same intimate connexion between them, that exists betwixt a cabinet minister and the commander of an army: the bookseller directs the general movements of his coadjutor, leaving him to arrange his forces, and give the enemy battle, under such circumstances as may appear to

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him best calculated to ensure victory to his pen. He invests him, of course, with a very large share of discretionary power; and the literary general, in his turn, is not less anxious to deserve the confidence that is reposed in him. Don Quixote himself never engaged in half so many deeds of chivalrous emprize as he promises to perform for the —— Magazine. He sallies forth to the melée, in the double capacity of champion and trumpeter; and if he fail in the former of these characters, he generally succeeds, à la merveille, in the latter. There is, in short, a most excellent understanding between the parties; and whilst one draws drafts upon the head, the other flies his kites at the pocket; and where both sorts of paper are "duly honoured," the

"partnership" is in no danger of being "dissolved."

We happen to be acquainted with a very worthy young man, who has lately become a magazine proprietor, whose intellects (never over-strong), have been positively turned topsy-turvy by his metempsychosis. In vain do you implore his attention to the every-day business of life! He cannot afford you an audience, how much soever you may require it. He has not the excuse of the bridegroom in the parable but he has wedded a periodical, and is absorbed in a thousand visionary schemes for extending its influence and circulation. If you encounter him in the street, his looks are "commercing with the skies," and his inward man rapt in a thousand soul-soothing visions of magazinebeatitude. As for heaven, he has no more idea of it than a Turk! The paradise of his imagination is an extensive circulation; and his good angels, the distinguished female writers who do the poetical for his work. Some men taste of joy but once in their lives, but he drinks his fill of it on the first day of each successive month. At one time he walks about town in a state of feeling as nearly ecstatic as possible; now he shakes with laughter, at the bare recollection of the good things in his forthcoming number; and anon, his features assume a graver and more saturnine style of expression, as he reflects upon the unhappy situation of certain literary pretenders, whom his editor is on the eve of immolating to the manes of offended justice and good taste. Like Guy Faux, he has, however, his compunctuous visitings, and would fain save one unfortunate victim from the explosion; but this cannot be done without considerable inconvenience: with Sir Thomas Erpingham, in Colman's story-

It quite disturbs his feelings, still he cries, That he must cut their throats—and then he cuts them!

He consoles himself with the conviction, that he and his coadjutor will descend to posterity as the reformers of the literature of their age, and he goes on his way rejoicing. As the day of publication approaches, he manifests a more than ordinary degree of self-importance; and no wonder, for he has every reason to believe that the new number will create a powerful "sensation." His anxieties are for the most part, at an end; the original department of his work is closed; and the subs busily occupied in bankrupting, marrying, and burying his Majesty's liege subjects, in small-print. Much may be gathered from his countenance, even although you should catch but a glimpse of it: it is that of a man primed with an important secret, and ready to explode at half a minute's notice. But appearances are often deceptive, and in his case more especially: humbug and

mystification form part and parcel of his vocation. It is the object of most people to make themselves understood; but it is his interest to be for ever misinterpreted. If you inquire, whether the name of the author of the 'Dissertation on Nightcaps,' in his last number, is a secret, he will answer, "Why, no, not exactly-and yet I believe it is: able writer—one you know very well—of your politics—reputed editor of a certain weekly newspaper—but I mention no names!" Who he means you to infer you discover in a moment; and if you happen to be a blockhead, and to be ignorant of magazine tactics, you advertise among all your friends, that Theodore Hook is a regular contributor to the - Magazine; for which he is, as in duty bound, exceedingly obliged to you. If you are a newspaper scribe, so much the better for him—for then he is sure to see the report duly chronicled in your next day's journal. Sometimes he sails upon quite a different tack; and, in answer to a casual inquiry, similar to the one above mentioned, replies, "A new man, quite a new man, I assure you; but a prodigious genius. Tom Moore declares, I am told, that he would rather be the author of that pun about shooting London-bridge, in our last number, than of the Waverley novels: I assure you it raised the magazine two hundred in sale." We express our inability to appreciate the merits of this inimitable production, when the following conversation ensues :-

"Well, I don't pretend to as much taste as you in literature, I only tell you what Sir Walter says: but our 'Address!' what did you think of that, my good friend? (rubbing his hands, in token of his ecstacy)—Devilish hard upon 'em was'nt it?—what I call killing two birds with one stone. Tom Campbell took to his bed when he read it; and I am told it gave old Kit a fit of the gout, from which he is not likely to recover."

"Don't agree with you at all, Mr. ——. Thought your preface, or whatever you please to call it, extremely flippant and vapid—Have no objection to your slaying your rivals, if killing the king's English be not included in the bond: but who have you got for your contributors?"

"There you must excuse me: we make it a rule never—do you think the author of Waverley and Tom Moore, would write for any publication whose conductors did not observe the most scrupulous secrecy with regard to their names?"

"No apology, I pray; I have very little curiosity on the subject, and shall have still less, unless you improve as rapidly in interest as you affect to do in circulation. But you have changed your politics, I perceive!"

"Why, yes. Our editor tells me that there are no Tories now-adays: Toryism is quite unfashionable, in short almost obsolete. The only Tories now left are, Lord Eldon, and Kit North and his readers. Father is still what he calls true blue, and does not quite like our prime hits at the Lord Chancellor; but we tell him it's only in the way of business, and he believes us. Our editor (who, by the way, has written all the best things in 'Blackwood,' and the 'New Monthly'), declares that it is as unfashionable for a periodical to represent the political opinions of its conductors, as for a woman to evince any sympathy of feeling with her husband."

This short colloquy is, we can assure our readers, perfectly genuine.

A few more scratches of our pen will, we doubt not, enable them to

of

identify the portrait we have been sketching.

It is one of the peculiarities of our estimable friend, that there is nothing good upon the face of the earth, which has appeared since the commencement of his career, that he does not confidently refer to some article or other in his magazine. Scarcely a day passes that he does not discover an outrageous plagiarism from its pages. It is in vain that he reproves the culprit; the offence is perpetrated again and again, with the most unblushing audacity, until at length weary of bringing offenders to light, he sits down quietly, with the conviction that the —— Magazine is the parent of all that is valuable in modern popular literature. This sort of delusion is natural enough, and quite consistent with his belief, that his contributors are, in point of fact, a constellation of all the male and female genius of the day; and his editor (by whose dicta he will at all times swear, for he believes them to be oracular), the master

spirit of the age! As for his magazine, like the fountain of Pactolus, it turns every thing of which it is the depository, into gold. So that the "distinguished writers" who, as long as they confined their contributions to rival publications, were sneered at in his pages, as persons of mediocre talent, who made themselves too cheap, and whose favours were not worth seeking, are no sooner induced, by his feverish importunities, to extend their assistance to him also, than they become persons of first-rate genius and acquirements: nay, the chance is about ten to one but that he receives with unbounded gratitude the very productions which have been rejected by half a dozen contemporary works. If his fair contributors are pretty, and our magazine proprietor has a fashionable picture periodical, like the 'La Belle Assemblée' of our lack-a-daisical friend, Harry Baylis, he will worm himself into their good graces by publishing their beauty to the world in exquisite chalk engravings by Thompson. This, however, is an honour which he reserves only for "Blues" of the first water; second and third-raters may consider themselves liberally dealt by, if they see their languishing faces peering from above the broad shoulders of the mannikins on which he hangs his "fashionable dresses for the month." The plan of his campaign resembles very closely the operations of the Holderness shrimp-catcher: He shakes his contributions through the sieve of his editor's cobwebintellect: the largest and most digestible are sent off to the tables of his "particular" customers; whilst the smaller fry are dispatched to young ladies' boarding-schools, for the dear creatures to devour with their bread-and-butter and sky-blue. To be less metaphorical, he retains his essays on subjects of "permanent interest" for the - Magazine, whilst he transports his kissing and cutting of throats to the sweetly sentimental pages of the periodical which he avowedly addresses to the softest of the sex.

His dinners (for dinners he must give occasionally) are---

Like angel's visits, few, and far between—
he thinks it quite enough to have to pay for wit by the sheet, without having to furnish wherewithal to inspire it. When he does give one, however, he invites some ten or a dozen rising geniuses to his house. He and his oracle preside, one at the head and the other at the foot of the table; where they prime and discharge, every now and then, an elaborately

constructed pun, in order to impress their guests with an exalted idea of their conversational talents. At these "feasts of reason," our magazine proprietor usually acts upon the converse of a well-known maxim, and pays far more attention to his third-rate contributors than to those of larger calibre. His reason, for he never acts without a motive, is a very good one. People who will not wag a pen under ten or twelve guineas per sheet, have, he considers, no very powerful claims upon his hospitality: he invites one or two of them as decoy-ducks to the rest, but they are by no means the most favoured objects of his courtesy. With his five-guinea men, at least such of them as are tolerable hands at an article, he makes a point of taking wine once during dinner; but the contributors after his own heart---those on whom his most lavish attentions are bestowed, are his volunteer corps--country gentlemen of genius, who consider the back numbers of his magazine an ample recompence for their services. These are guests to whom he can afford to be civil: but to stipendiaries---heaven and earth!---if you drop but a hint of the eligibility of their contributions, the thermometer of their expectations is almost sure to rise to the tune of from five to six guineas

per sheet additional.

Independently of the means afforded our magazine proprietor of thus patronising merit, he has a sort of carte blanche to the tea-parties of a number of highly respectable old Blues, who allow him the entré of their rooms, upon much the same principle that Lady L-sends tickets for the 'Morning Post,' whenever she gives a rout; namely---in the hope of being puffed in some future number of his journal. trust you will excuse my asking you to meet Mr. -," said a lady of our acquaintance to us, a few evenings ago: "I am aware that he is as many degrees below the par of fashionable, as of intellectual society; but he is possessed, I am informed, of prodigious influence in the periodical world: beside he promises me to do something for my new work. Report says, that he now owns nearly all the magazines. He tells me, too, that he wishes me to contribute, and says he pays liberally: now, there can be no reason why one should not earn a little pin-money with one's pen." It is, perhaps, needless to add, that having been introduced by the worthy spinster to several persons at her party whose talents are more available than her own, her contributions are civilly declined, and her book abused. The best of the joke is, that the offender in this, as in innumerable other instances, succeeds in persuading his kind-hearted dupe, that the impertinent review was inserted during his absence from town; that he painfully regrets the circumstance; but that the most respectful attention shall be paid to the next work she publishes, calculating, of course, upon the chances of her death or paralysis, before she can manage to perpetrate another "new novel" or poem. With regard to her contribution, his editor tells him, that it is a noble production of her genius, but that it would be a thousand pities not to extend it to three volumes post octavo; in which form, he will stake his life that it will become extremely popular. She accordcordingly withdraws the article, with many acknowledgments for his candour---she may say, generosity; and he renews his attacks upon her coffee and lemonade, with the most perfect impunity. Thus he manœuvres from month to month, until his phœnix of magazines is "gathered to the tomb of all the Capulets."

MEMOIR OF THE LATE WILLIAM GIFFORD.

THE death of this worthy man, and acute and conscientious critic. cannot but be regarded as an irreparable loss to the country whose literature he has for so many years dignified and adorned. As a firm and uncompromising advocate, we fancy we may say, leader of a powerful party in literature and politics, his merits are scarcely likely to be appreciated by his contemporaries. The despicable creatures, who have at various times writhed under the powerful lash of his criticism and his satire, will not lose the favourable opportunity which is now afforded them, of assailing his memory. The hoof of the mischievous ass may now be planted in the forehead of the dead lion with impunity. But there are men of all parties in politics, who, acting from high and honourable motives themselves, will not deny the same merit to another, however widely that person's political or religious sentiments may differ from their own; more especially if to the untiring perseverance, and unimpeachable consistency of his character, be superadded, a large proportion of those qualifications which are so indispensable in the arbiter elegantiarum (and may we not add, censor morum), of a refined and enlightened nation. We do not apprehend that we shall be accused of indulging in any extravagant hyperbole, when we affirm, that the publication of which Mr. Gifford has been for so many years the avowed conductor, has not only amended the public taste in matters purely literary, but has given to public feeling, on many great and vitally interesting questions, connected with the general welfare of the country, a tone which has never so much as been attempted by any contemporary work. That the man to whom the direction of this powerful and important engine has been assigned, should, in the honest discharge of his duty, have created enemies of the most implacable description, is by no means singular; and that the people who have drawn upon them the bitterness of his censure, should endeavour to account for his severity to them, by charging him with a petulant and uncharitable dislike to his species in general, not more remarkable. His hatred (and we agree with Mr. Hazlett, that a good critic ought to be a good hater), was simply

The strong antipathy of good to bad.

And if, in the indulgence of this qualification, he sometimes exceeded a little the bounds prescribed by good feeling and good taste, we ought not to judge too harshly of an excess of zeal, which had its origin in his desire to acquit himself of what he seems to have considered a great and important public duty. But the whole tenor of Mr. Gifford's life, and public conduct, affords a better comment upon his motives, than can be looked for in any contemporary criticism; and to that we shall now direct the attention of our readers.

Fortunately for his admirers, and the admirers of a species of biography which is, of all others, the most valuable when written with fearlessness and candour, Mr. Gifford has himself recorded the events of his early life, with an integrity of detail of which it would be difficult to

mention any similar example. This unique piece of auto-biography forms the introduction to his Translation of Juvenal, and seems intended by its author, in some sort, as an apology for the protracted publication of that work. Callous indeed must have been the hearts to which such an explanation was offered in vain. From this interesting record we shall abridge the leading events of his life, chequering our abstract as we proceed with a few passages from his own beautiful and unadorned narrative.

Of his family Mr. Gifford appears to have known but little. His great-grandfather is understood to have possessed considerable property at Halsworth, in Devonshire; but whether this property was acquired or inherited, does not appear. He must certainly have been a person of some consideration, for a respectable surgeon of Ashburton used to delight in repeating to Mr. Gifford, when he first grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with the old gentleman's hounds. However this may have been, his son (the grandfather of our hero) was an extravagant and dissipated character, whose undutiful conduct induced his father to bequeath a considerable part of his property from him. father (says Mr. G.) I fear revenged, in some measure, the cause of my great-grandfather. He was, as I have heard my mother say, 'a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing.' He was sent to the Grammar School at Exeter; from which he made his escape, and entered on board a man-of-war. He was soon reclaimed from this situation by my grandfather; and left this school a second time, to wander in some vagabond society. He was now probably given up; for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily staid long enough to learn the business. I suppose his father was now dead, for he became possessed of two small estates, married my mother (the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton,) and thought himself rich enough to set up for himself, which he did with some credit, at Southmolton. Why he chose to fix there, I never inquired; but I learned from my mother, that, after a residence of four or five years, he was again thoughtless enough to engage in a dangerous frolic, which drove him once more to sea; this was an attempt to excite a riot in a Methodist chapel."

Being a good seaman, he was soon appointed second in command of the Lyon, a large armed transport in the service of government; whilst his wife (then with child of the subject of this memoir) returned to her native place, Ashburton, where William Gifford was born, in April 1756. His mother's resources were, as may be supposed, sufficiently scanty. She, however, contrived to send him to school, to a worthy old dame of the name of Parret, from whom he learned in due time to read. His acquisitions at this period, were entirely limited to an acquaintance with the old ballads of Catskin, the Golden Rule, the Bloody Gardener, and

several other histories equally instructive and amusing.

In 1760 his father returned from sea, and with the trifling sum he had saved from his wages and prize money, (for he was not a person of economical habits), and a small consideration which he received for agreeing to renounce all future pretensions to an estate at Totness, a second time commenced business as a painter and glazier. Young Gifford, now about eight years of age, was put to the free-school of the town, super-

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intended by a Mr. Hugh Smerdon. Under this person's care he continued three years, making, to use his own words, "a most wretched progress;" when his father fell sick and died, leaving his unhappy wife in extreme penury, with the task of supporting two sons upon the wreck of her husband's business. That she might be enabled to effect this step, she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant and uususpecting, wasted her property and embezzled her money. In twelve months afterwards she followed her husband to the grave, leaving her two children no resource but the parish. To the worth of this excellent woman, Mr. Gifford bears earnest and affectionate testimony. He was not quite thirteen, and his brother hardly two years of age, when Every thing that was left was seized for a pretended debt, by one of those merciless wretches whose cruelty is a libel upon human nature; but who was afterwards stimulated by the reproaches of his neighbours to put the eldest Gifford to school; the younger having been consigned, immediately on his mother's decease, to an alms'-house. This extorted bounty was, however, of short continuance. In three months his godfather (for such the man appears to have been) took William Gifford from school and put him to the plough, which he followed for a single day; but which he left, not less from aversion than physical After various atinability to undergo so laborious an employment. tempts on the part of his patron to rid himself of his charge, young Gifford was induced to enter a small coasting vessel at Brixham, in Torbay. Here he was not only a "ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to his lot. Stung by the reproaches of his townsmen (for the wretched state of the poor orphan, whom he had robbed of the wreck of his mother's property, appears to have excited the deepest commiseration), Gifford's godfather was induced to recal him, and once more put him to school. He now made such rapid progress, that in a few months he was at the head of the school, and was considered qualified to assist his master in the task of instruction, on any extraordinary emergency. As he commonly gave him a trifle upon such occasions, the youth began to entertain hopes of being able to support himself by teaching. He thought it, too, far from improbable, that as Mr. Hugh Smerdon (his first master) had become old and infirm, he might some day be appointed to succeed him. His godfather, however, overthrew all his chateaux en Espagne, by unexpectedly removing him from school at the age of fifteen; observing that, as he had learned quite enough at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty. He added, that he had been negociating with his brother, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take him without fee, as an apprentice. Shocked and disgusted at being thus compelled to embrace a pursuit so utterly uncongenial to his feelings, the wretched youth went in sullenness and silence to his new master, to whom he was soon after bound, until he should attain the age of twenty-one years. The following painfully interesting portion of Mr. Gifford's history, it would be an act of injustice not to give in his own words:-

The family consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice, somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master

himself was the strangest creature. He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter Controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph: he was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was, to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym, or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the simple term; and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete. With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was; and, indeed, nothing could well be smaller. At this period I had read nothing but a black-letter romance, called Parismus and Parismenus, and a few loose magazines, which my mother had brought from South Molton. With the Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her, had impressed it strongly on my mind: these, then, with the Imitation of Thomas à Kempis, which I used to read to my mother on her death-bed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions. As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk, by degrees, into the common drudge; this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not, however, quite resign the hope of one day succeeding to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study, at every interval of leisure. These intervals were not very frequent; and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired. I possessed at this time but one book in the world; it was a treatise on Algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure: but it was a treasure locked up, for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction; this was precisely what I wanted; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. 1 sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively : and before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own, and that carried me pretty far into the science. This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford), were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent. Hitherto I had not so much as dreamed of poetry; indeed I scarcely knew it by name; and, whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never "lisp'd in numbers." I recollect the occasion of my first attempt: it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an ale-house: it was to have been a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair, one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verse. I liked it, but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose. I tried, and by the unanimous suffrage of my shopmates, was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject: and so I went on, till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly, nothing on earth was ever so deplorable; such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them even out of it. I never committed a line to paper, for two reasons: first, because I had no paper; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going further; but in truth, I was afraid, for my master had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme. rhyme. The repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial: little collections were now and then made,

and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself, by degrees, with paper, &c.; and what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine; it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits. But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns; and still more by the reports which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers; and when I refused, my garret was searched, my little hoard of books discovered and removed; and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner. This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly. It was followed by another severer still—a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation. I look back on that part of my life which immediately followed this event with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom, and savage unsociability. By degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent; unfriended and unpitied-indignant at the present, careless of the future-an object at once of apprehension and dislike. From this state of abjectness, I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my Wolfius in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and, by a smile, or a short question, put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me—it revived at the first encouraging word; and the gratitude I felt for it, was the first pleasing sensation which I had ventured to entertain for many 'dreary months."

To this amiable young woman Mr. Gifford refers in his 'Mæviad,' in the following touching lines. Speaking of the "thriftless industry

of his early life," he says-

Year on year
Inglorious rolled, while diffidence and fear
Represt my voice—unheard till Anna came;
What! throb'st thou yet, my bosom, at the name?
And chased the' oppressive doubts that round me clung,
And fired my breast, and loosened all my tongue.
How oft, O Dart! what time the faithful pair
Walked forth, the fragrant hour of eve to share,
On thy romantic banks have my wild strains,
(Not yet forgot amidst my native plains),
Whilst thou hast sweetly gurgled down the vale,
Filled up the pause of life's delightful tale.
While ever as she read, the conscious maid,
By faltering voice and downcast looks betrayed,
Would blushing on her lover's neck recline,
And with her finger point the tenderest line.

The following is one of two poems included in the notes to the 'Mæviad,' and is said to have been addressed to the same individual. From these beautiful lines, it would appear, that this first and only object of Mr. Gifford's affection, survived him scarcely long enough to soften that asperity of feeling, that bitterness of spirit, which was created by the unqualified wretchedness of his early life. Who, that has a heart susceptible of the better feelings of our nature, but must find, in the misery of his youth, and in the cruel blight of the only friendly feeling which, up to that period at least, had ever gladdened his forlorn existence, ample excuse for the perverse irascibility, the fretful impatience, which seems to have embittered the current of his later years?

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF AN EARLY FRIEND.

I wish I was where Anna lies, For I am sick of lingering here; And every hour Affliction cries, "Go and partake her humble bier!"

I wish I could! for when she died, I lost my all; and life has proved, Since that sad hour a dreary void-A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turned to clay, Shall duly to her grave repair, And pluck the ragged moss away,

And who with pious hand shall bring The flowers she cherished, snow-drops And violets that unheeded spring,

To scatter o'er her hallowed mould?

And who, while Memory loves to dwell Upon her name, for ever dear, Shall feel his heart with passion swell, And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I DID IT! and, would fate allow, Should visit still, should still deplore-But health and strength have left me And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid, this simple strain-The last I offer at thy shrine; And weeds that have 'no business there?' Thy grave must then undecked remain, And all thy memory fade with mine.

> And can thy soft persuasive look, Thy voice that might with music vie-Thy air, that every gazer took, Thy matchless eloquence of eye-

Thy spirits, frolicsome as good-Thy courage, by no ills dismayed— Thy patience, by no wrongs subdued— Thy joy, good-humour!—Can they 'fade?'

It is impossible to peruse this exquisite little poem (we regret we have not room for its companion), without a full persuasion that Mr. Gifford's heart was open to the noblest and most genial feelings of our nature. we find them embedded in a production, which for objectless abuse and coarseness, and vulgarity of satire, has seldom, if ever, been equalled. But to return from this digression. 'The effect of his interview with the amiable woman whom he has so pathetically commemorated, was of a most grateful description. She unchained the ice that had encrusted every better feeling of his heart: he was no longer the morose being he was wont to be; and from having been disliked, and almost hated, for the repulsiveness of his temper, he grew to be loved and caressed, for the persuasiveness of his manners, and the kindness of his disposition, as manifested in his actions. His master, however, was not satisfied with him, for the business of the shop went on no better than at first. Gifford comforted himself, in his turn, with the reflection, that his apprenticeship was growing to a conclusion, when he determined to open a private school. At this time some doggrel verses that he had written, attracted the notice of a Mr. Cookesley, a surgeon, who was so greatly interested in their author, that he set about collecting a subscription, for the purpose of purchasing his remaining time (he was then twenty), of his master; as well as to enable him to improve himself in writing and English grammar. The majority of the contributors put down five shillings, and none subscribed more than half-a-guinea. During the first few months, young Gifford made such extraordinary progress, that his inestimable benefactor had little difficulty in persuading his patrons to renew their donations, and continue him at school another year. two years and two months from the day of his emancipation, he was pronounced by his master fit for the University.

The plan of establishing him in a writing school of his own had long

been abandoned, and Mr. Cookesley now looked round for a patron who had interest enough to procure for him some little office at Oxford. In this quest he at length succeeded. Thomas Taylor, Esq., of Denbury, at his earnest instance, obtained for Mr. Gifford the appointment of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College; and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable him to support himself, at least until he should have taken his degree. During the latter part of the period of his residence, he had written and translated several pieces of poetry; and, among others, one of the Satires of Juvenal, so much to the satisfaction of his preceptor, that he was induced, subsequently, to attempt other versions from the same poet; and finally, to translate all his satires, with a view to publishing them by subscription. Here, again, Mr. Cookesley manifested his accustomed zeal in his behalf. A subscription was opened on the 1st of January, 1781, at Exeter College, by himself, and at Ashburton by Mr. C., who kindly undertook to revise his production, but who died before he had quite finished the correction of the first Satire. The death of his patron—the only individual, with the exception of his Anna, who had ever taken the slightest interest in his fate afflicted him deeply. He attempted to resume his translation, but for some time in vain. To relieve his mind, he had recourse to other pursuits: he endeavoured to become more intimately acquainted with the classics, and to acquire some of the modern languages. He, moreover, undertook the care of a few pupils. When, after a lapse of time, he again turned to his translation, the knowledge he had latterly added to his store, so fully convinced him of its incompleteness, and of his inability to do justice to it for some years to come, that he decided upon returning the subscriptions he had received, and recommencing the work at some future period. In the leisure of a country residence, he imagined that this might be effected in two years. A circumstance occurred about this time which delayed the experiment, and altered entirely his views.

He had contracted an intimacy with a gentleman at Oxford, with whom he corresponded, directing his letters, under cover, to Lord Grosvenor. On one occasion, he had inadvertently omitted the address of the inclosure; and Lord Grosvenor, supposing it to be intended for himself, naturally enough opened and perused it. There was something in it which peculiarly attracted his lordship's notice, and he begged of his friend that the writer might be introduced to him. On his first visit, Lord Grosvenor asked Mr. Gifford who were his friends, and what were his prospects. He replied, that he had neither friends nor prospects of any kind. Lord Grosvenor made no observation at the time; but when Mr. Gifford called upon his lordship, to take leave of him, he promised to charge himself with his immediate support, and with his future establishment; inviting him, until the last should be effected, to take up his abode with him. "These," says Mr. Gifford, "were not words of course, they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go and reside with him; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this (1806); a period of twenty years." In his lordship's house, Mr. Gifford proceeded with his

translation of Juvenal, until he was called upon to accompany his son the present Lord Grosvenor), to the Continent, where he spent several

years in making two long and interesting tours.

In 1794, six years antecedent to the appearance of his long-promised translation, Mr. Gifford published the 'Baviad,' in imitation of the first satire of Perseus. In 1785, a few English of both sexes-among others, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Merry, Mr. Parsons, and Mrs. Piozzi-whom chance had jumbled together at Florence-took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high-flown panegyrics upon themselves, and complimentary canzonettas on two or three Italians. Unwilling that their inimitable productions should be confined to the little circle that produced them, they transmitted them to England: and as their friends were enjoined not to shew them, they were first handed about the town with great assiduity, and then sent to the press. A short time before the period we speak of (continues Mr. Gifford), a knot of fantastic coxcombs had set up a daily paper, called 'The World.' The conductors of this journal, who were at once ignorant and conceited, were equally lavish of their praise and abuse-praise of whatever was published in their own columns, and abuse of whatever appeared elsewhere-took upon themselves to direct the taste of the town, by prefixing short panegyrics to every trifle that came before them. To the castigation of the people of the Arno miscellany, and the editors and contributors of 'The World,' (the Yendas, the Laura Marias, Anna Matildas, and Anthony Pasquins of the day), was Mr. Gifford's satire almost entirely devoted. But the artillery he brought to bear upon these butterflies of literature, was of larger calibre than the case required, or indeed warranted. The insects were far too mean to merit the attention of a satirist, whose shafts were directed with an energy and a bitterness worthy of more important game. There was, beside, in many of his attacks, a degree of coarseness and personal rancour, which the subject by no means called for; and which was as obnoxious to good taste as to good feeling. Were a modern writer to publish such a satire at the present day, every thing like admiration for the talent it might display, would be overwhelmed by the disgust occasioned by the vulgarity and personality of its language. It is strange, indeed, that the recollection of the vicissitudes of his early life and humble origin, did not keep him somewhat within the bounds of modest and temperate criticism. The following lines will illustrate our meaning; yet they are by no means the most objectionable in the book:

See snivelling Jerningham at fifty weep
O'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep;
See Cowley frisk it in one ding-dong chime,
And weekly cuckold her poor spouse—in rhyme;
See Thrale's grey widow with a satchell roam,
And bring in pomp laborious nothings home;
See Robinson, forget her state, and move
On crutches tow'rds the grave to "Light of Love."

Would such satire be tolerated now? We confidently answer, "No." To say nothing of the vulgarity of the manner, which, in this instance, is worthy of the matter, we have attacks upon two females, couched in a spirit of the most revolting personality. Yet there are blockheads of the present day, who, whilst they praise the satire from which such

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ribbald abuse is extracted, as an example of severity without coarseness. would condemn, in terms of the fiercest reprobation, any thing half as objectionable in the columns of a modern newspaper. In the 'Baviad,' Mr. Gifford calls one man a fool, and another, "an obscure reptile, who fattens on the filthy dregs of slander and obscenity:" Mr. Holcroft he designates as "a poor stupid wretch;" and the editor of 'The World,' as "a mad, malignant idiot." The science of calling names is easily acquired, but Mr. Gifford was capable of more effective satire. The second part of his poem, which was published in 1795, under the title of 'The Mæviad,' is in every respect more worthy of his fame than its predecessor. The criticism of which he had been the object in the interim, had led him to abandon the low personalities which had disgraced his first attempt. It is singular, indeed, considering that he was nearly forty when he published the 'Baviad,' that the intercourse he must have enjoyed with good society, had not given him a distaste for the vulgarity of style, which he seems to have imbibed from his early habits and associates. With the absence, however, of many of the defects which disfigured the 'Baviad,' the 'Mæviad' is not a little tedious, from the extreme insignificance of the subject.

The following address to Dr. Ireland, dean of Westminster, from the conclusion of this poem, affords additional evidence of the natural kindness (however uninviting the exterior), of Mr. Gifford's disposition:

Sure, if our fates hang on some hidden power, And take their colour from the natal hour, Then, Ireland, the same planet on us rose-Such the strong sympathies our lives disclose! Thou know'st how soon we felt this influence bland, And sought the brook and coppice hand in hand; And shaped rude bows, and uncouth whistles blew, And paper kites (a last great effort) flew: And when the day was done, retired to rest--Sleep on our eyes, and sunshine on our breast! In riper years again together thrown, Our studies, as our sports before, were one: Together we explored the stoic page Of the Ligurian's stern though beardless sage! Or traced the Aquinian through the Latine road, And trembled at the lashes he bestowed. logether, too, when Greece unlocked her stores, We roved, in thought, o'er Troy's devoted shores; Or followed, while he sought his native soil, That old man, eloquent from toil to toil; Lingering with good Alcinius o'er the tale, Till the east reddened, and the stars grew pale. So past our life; till fate, severely kind, Tore us apart, and land and sea disjoined For many a year: now met to part no more, The ascendant power, confessed so strong of yore, Stronger by absence, every thought controls, And knits in perfect unity our souls.

In the year 1800, Mr. Gifford was drawn into a personal squabble with the notorious Dr. Walcott, better known by his nom de guerre of Peter Pindar; in consequence of an attack upon him from the pen of that most infamous pander to every disgraceful feeling of human nature. We hear much of the personality of the press of our own day; but what are the most revolting of calumnies indulged in now (whether we consider

their matter or their manner), when compared with the foulness of vituperation, the low, obscene abuse, which was continually vomited forth by this hoary miscreant. Without the shadow of a provocation, in the first instance, Dr. Walcott (who, thanks to the gaping folly of the idiots of his day, did not labour in his slanderous vocation without his reward), assailed Mr. Gifford, in a note to one of his lampoons, in terms of infamy, which are, we believe, wholly unparalleled in the history of English literature—including even that portion of it which has been defiled and tainted by wretches, as impervious to all sense of shame as he appears to have been. After alluding, in a spirit of the most detestable malignity, to his origin, he declares, in broad terms, that Mr. Gifford was taken into Lord Grosvenor's house as a pimp; that he sent a cast-off mistress of his patron's to the widow of his old friend, Mr. Cookesley, who, for a livelihood, kept a creditable boarding-school; that he introduced her as a modest young lady, desirous of completing her education; and that, having speedily returned to her old habits, she, of course, blasted the reputation of the school, and ruined its amiable conductor. Not satisfied with having made these atrocious assertions, this malignant libeller proceeds to state, that Mr. Gifford seduced a young and beautiful girl, a native of Ashburton (whose name he gives), whom he deceived by a sham marriage ceremony; and having ruined her, sent her home, where she died of a broken heart; and that, to accommodate Lord Grosvenor, he kept a creature as a decoy-duck, and was in the practice of sending her to necessitous young women, of beauty and innocence, under the pretext of learning to read and write. In this foul and obscene strain of calumny, does the wretched author proceed through two or three closely-printed pages. There was not, of course, the shadow of a foundation for a syllable of this loathsome attack. far from it, indeed, that its flagitious author discovered, a short time before his death, that he had mistaken Mr. W. Gifford (who was, for a short time, editor of the 'Anti-Jacobin' newspaper), for Mr. John Gifford, the editor of the 'Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine.' Of course the slander was as inapplicable to one as to the other; it having been coined in the spur of the moment, for the purpose of gratifying the malignity of its detestable inventor. Notwithstanding the notoriety of its falsehood, however, we see the filth carefully raked together in the last edition of Walcott's pasquinades, without a word of explanatory comment. In reply to this attack, Mr. Gifford was led to publish a poetical address to his calumniator; which, for dreadful, and even revolting severity, has seldom, if ever, been surpassed. It concludes with the following strong, but appropriate, lines:

> Lo, here the wrinkled profligate! who stands On Nature's verge, and from his leprous hands Shakes tainted verse; who bids us, with the price Of rancorous falsehoods, pander to his vice; Give him to live the future as the past, And in pollution wallow to the last.

Persons who are the most apt to indulge in calumnies themselves, are usually the most sensitive under attacks of which their own virulence is the origin; and this was precisely the case with Dr. Walcott. He took an early opportunity of committing a gross assault upon Mr. Gif-

ford, in the shop of a bookseller, in Piccadilly, of the name of Wright. His brutal intentions were, however, in some degree frustrated: Mr. Gifford wrenched his cudgel from his hand; and the adventure ended with his ejection from the shop, with the annoyance of a broken head,

added to the disgrace of so scandalous an outrage.

In 1802, Mr. Gifford published his long-promised translation of Juvenal. The merits of this work were very generally admitted; but it was not to be expected that a man who had employed the scalpel so frequently in his own person, should be entirely exempted from its application, in his turn. His new version of the Roman satirist was accordingly attacked with considerable erudition, taste, and critical acuteness, by the 'Critical Review;' although it was obvious, from the tone of the article, that the writer was actuated by a spirit of bitter hostility to the author. To this criticism he considered it worth his

while to reply at some length.

About this juncture, Mr. Gifford commenced his admirable series of editions of our old English dramatists. As, however, it is our intention to devote a paper in an early number to their consideration, we shall content ourselves, upon the present occasion, with merely mentioning the dates of their publication. In 1805, he published his edition of Massinger, in four volumes, 8vo.; a second impression of which was called for in less than three years. In 1816, he published his edition of Ben Jonson, in nine volumes, 8vo.; and this also has been reprinted, with considerable additions and improvements. An edition of Ford, now about to be published, and an edition of Shirley, of which five volumes and a half are already printed, will complete the series, which, if we mistake not, was originally intended to include Shakspeare. Not only are these editions incomparably the best of any that have ever yet been published of the same authors, but they are the only collections of their works in the smallest degree worthy of being placed upon the shelves of a library. It is impossible to conceive anything more contemptible than the editorial lucubrations of Mr. Gifford's predecessors.

In 1821, Mr. G. published his translation of Perseus; a work which seems to have attracted little observation, although greatly superior in polish to his version of Juvenal. He seems to have been formed pecu-

liarly, by nature and circumstance, for a satirist.

Mr. Gifford had been in a declining state of health for some time previous to his final illness; so much so, indeed, as to be compelled to forego the editorship of the 'Quarterly Review,' during the two years preceding his decease, He died on the 30th of January, at his house, in St. James's-street, Buckingham-gate; leaving behind him a very considerable property. For the editorship of the 'Quarterly Review' he is said to have received a thousand pounds a year; and this sum, with the addition of more than a "sinecure" salary from government, and a pension of four hundred a-year from Lord Grosvenor, formed an income of between two and three thousand year. In his latter days he seems to have been penurious; for his mean residence, and meaner establishment, seems to have accorded but little with the possession of such an income.

to a minist opportunity of estimating a great transit upon Mr. Citi-

THE WRECK.

HAVING arranged my affairs in Port Louis, bade adieu to the few acquaintances I had on that island, and settled myself comfortably in my spacious cabin of seven feet by five, in the good ship Albatross, my thoughts naturally reverted to home and my kindred-home! from which I had for eight years been an exile; kindred with whom (from the wandering, desultory life I led), I had held little, or in fact, no com-Shall I, said I to myself, find in the land of my nativity those congenial spirits, from whom, in the hey-day of youthful blood parting seemed so bitter, even amid the greedy cravings after novelty, so natural to the ardent and youthful mind? I thought of the changes time or death might have wrought, and could not repress my tears. The voice of the captain of the vessel aroused me from my reverie: "We shall have a greasy night, I doubt"—said he, anxiously looking towards the receding land: I turned to gaze upon it; masses of dense and marble-like clouds enveloped it; the evening was lowering, and although there was scarcely enough of wind to fill the sails, there was that uneasy motion of the waves, termed by seamen 'a short sea;' and occasionally fitful squalls of wind swept past us, hurrying the vessel for an instant with the swiftness of a meteor, and then, leaving her to plough her sluggish course, rolling and pitching as the short abrupt seas struck her now forward and then aft. Every thing, as the captain observed, seemed ominous of at least a squally night; nor was he deceived .- I had continued on deck, listlessly watching the crew, as they bustled about the ship and rigging, making all snug, in anticipation of the gale, till at length the perfect stillness about me, broken only by the booming of the sea against the chip's sides, and the creaking of the masts and rigging, warning me of the lateness of the hour, I descended to my birth. It was then blowing a fresh breeze from the N. E.

I suspect I had slept about three hours, when I awoke, and found the ship lying down nearly on her beam ends, and by the rapid rush of waters past her sides, I knew that a heavy squall must have caught her. There was a great stir above, and the boatswain was turning up all hands. I rushed immediately on deck—the night was pitchy dark, and the wind had freshened to a hard gale: all the following day it increased; by night it blew a furious tempest, and the sea increasing with it, rose literally mountains high. We had hitherto laid our course, but the wind now hauled round to the eastward; to ease her, we sent down top-gallant-masts, mizen top-masts, and jib-boom, and kept as close to the wind as the violence of the weather would allow us: but the sea canted her head off, so that she made more lee than head-way, and the rigging was terribly strained with the work :- about day-break, a tremendous storm tore the foresail in ribbons; we had now but a closereefed main top-sail and fore try-sail set (every hand flatly refusing to go aloft to bend another sail to the fore-yard), so that we had little hope of keeping off the Mozambique shore, near to which we imagined we must have driven; unless, indeed, the wind shifted, and of this there

was little likelihood. The gale too, if possible, seemed to increase; the sky was one vast black cloud; and the rain fell so thick, that we could scarce distinguish an object from the wheel to the main-mast. One pump had been incessantly at work for the last six-and-thirty hours, but the water gained so fast upon her, that we were obliged to rig the

weather one, and even then we could scarcely keep it under.

About noon, however, the rain ceased, the atmosphere cleared, and the wind lulled; and then our spirits and energies revived. The captain now determined, if possible, to wear ship. After a hard struggle, we succeeded; and found, to our great joy, that she made better weather on this tack, as the sea now headed her, and she had time to rise to one sea before another struck her. By four P. M. we had gained considerably on her. She had still some water between decks, but nothing to be alarmed at; and though we had battened down the hatches, there was such a weight of water on deck, from the continual seas she shipped, it was impossible to keep them perfectly tight. Our anxiety was now in a great measure dispelled, and we sat down to the first comfortable meal we had enjoyed since leaving harbour; indeed we

had not as yet been able to cook at all.

There was on board the Albatross, the young widow of an English merchant of Port Louis, returning with her infant to Europe. This lady strangely interested me. Settled melancholy was stamped on her pale and care-worn features: she would sit for hours gazing on the innocent face of her child, till the tears trembled in her eyes; and then she would start, and affect to smile, and to wonder at her own abstraction; but it was evidently the effort of a heart desolate and stricken. Her story was an affecting one. She had loved, and her passion was returned—but her lover was poor! They married—and her sordid, implacable parent, drove her from his roof, with bitterness and cursing. An offer was made to her husband to join a young but flourishing concern in the Mauritius; and he departed, leaving his Maria to follow him, should his hopes succeed. They did! Joyfully did she obey his summons: and her heart throbbed with delight, as she anticipated the moment when she should place in his father's arms, the son born to him in his exile. Alas! it was ordained that he should but see herand die! She found him stretched on the bed of death! The rest of the story is soon told. The unhappy widow, with her infant, sailed for England—every hope and happiness buried in her husband's untimely grave!

The weather continued moderate for the whole of the two following days; and, with a fair and leading breeze, we rapidly sped on our way towards the Cape of Good Hope. It was now the fifth evening since our departure: the day had been sultry, and the captain and myself stood upon the poop, conversing in high spirits: Mrs. C. sat between us, and she appeared less dejected than usual. Suddenly it became very dark; and low distant thunder was audible from the S.W. Dark clouds gathered in that quarter; and they waxed more and more dense, till they almost covered the horizon, and seemed but just suspended above us; and the wind, which had hitherto been N.E., was now perfectly lulled. The captain started up, in evident alarm, and hastily summoned the crew. In a moment the decks swarmed with men; and bustle and

activity succeeded the perfect stillness, which had prevailed but an instant before. The sailors shouted, as they clung aloft to the yards; and those on deck responded. Blocks and slackened cordage clattered; and the sails flapped, and dashed heavily, as they hung in the brails. Something serious was evidently anticipated. The captain had his eyes steadily fixed on the quarter whence the ominous appearances gathered, and every gaze seemed to strengthen his apprehension. He beckoned to the mate, and muttered something to him in a low tone. The man turned pale as ashes, and exclaimed, "Good God! should it be so!" "Hush!" said the captain; "say nothing, but bear a hand, and make all snug, before it reaches us." I asked him if he apprehended very bad weather? His abrupt and morose answer increased my uneasiness, and I descended to the quarter-deck. The boatswain was here, seeing to the battening down of the hatchways, and to him I repeated my question. This fellow, a Swede, I believe the most phlegmatic in the world, just raised his huge body from his stooping position, and turning a plug of tobacco in his cheek, growled out, "I believe it vas a ta'am'd hurricane a brewing," went coolly on with his work. I had seen the terrible effects of these convulsions of nature on shore, and was aware they were not less fatal on the ocean: my heart sickened, and I gave up all on board as lost. I leant over the starboard-quarter, my eyes fixed on the terrible S.W. Presently, a cloud, of a most extraordinary nature, arose above the horizon: its colour was a dull gloomy red, and it seemed palpable to the touch; it appeared almost to reach the surface of the ocean, and to approach towards us. I looked at the captain: he had seen it; and the expression of his face was hopeless. "Captain Brown!" I exclaimed earnestly, "do you anticipate danger?" He made no reply, but mournfully shook his head, and continued his hurried walk athwart the break of the poop. The terrible phenomenon approached nearer and nearer; and we could now hear the shrill howlings of the wind, and the breaking and boiling of the sea. A few men yet lingered in the rigging. Brown shouted to them, to make haste down: and the sound of his voice too plainly evinced the state of his mind—it was broken and mournful. The crew were fully aware of their dangerous situation; and they had clustered together on the main deck, in silent and stupid bewilderment! At last it reached us; and the maddened elements, lightning and rain, tempest and sea, seemed to have poured forth all their fury, for our annihilation! The ship whirled round and round-every timber and plank trembled-and the masts and yards creaked and bent like twigs. One huge sea struck her fore and aft for a space, engulfing her beneath it. Then she rose, straining and quivering, to the summit of a mountainous wave; and again, with the swiftness of an arrow, plunged into the fearful hollow beneath. Thus, for a space, did she drive, totally ungovernable, at the mercy of the tempest. Meanwhile I had clung to the mizen-mast: my heart beat convulsively, and perfect consciousness forsook me. At length I felt the ship shooting, as it were, to the sky, and again hurled back. There was a fearful pause, followed by the mighty rushing of waters, by the crash of timber-and a wild shriek of agony and despair, arose even above the howlings of the tempest. The fore-mast and bowsprit both were gone, and had carried with them three unhappy wretches in their fall.

Poor Mrs. C. rushed up out of the cabin, with her child in her arms; and wildly clinging to the captain, entreated him to save her. With difficulty we succeeded in soothing her; and at length placed her on the sofa, in the cuddy, almost insensible to every thing about her.

At last day beamed; and the hopeless state of our ship was but too visible. The hurricane indeed had broken, but the wind, though it continued to one point, blew with the most fearful violence: we had no sail set, and she rolled, gunnel under, in the trough of the sea. At length, several waves successively struck her, and dashed over every part; the hatches were driven in, and the decks below were deluged in torrents; till at last the water burst upwards again, carrying every thing before it, from the waist to the forecastle. The ship now seemed rapidly settling down; the decks were knee-deep in water-horror was in every face, despair in every bosom! Vainly did we stretch our eyes, to catch, if possible, an approaching sail; but nothing could we see but water-water ! The crew, as the only place of safety (for the decks, from the waist forward, were torn up), had collected on the quarter-deck, holding on by the staunchions and bulwarks, to save themselves from the furious seas, that almost momentarily broke over them. At length one of the men suggested, as a means of delaying at least the catastrophe that seemed inevitable, that the main and mizen-masts should be cut away: but then who would be hardy enough to put the suggestion into execution? Alas! every arm was unnerved, every heart paralsyed! "A few minutes more!" uttered the captain; and the words seemed to fall from him almost unconsciously. "O God!" he exclaimed vehemently—and is there no one among you who will make an effort to save her? He seized a hatchet, and sprung over the side, into the starboard main chains, exclaiming, "Let him that would preserve himself, follow me!" Urged either by shame, or the hope of saving themselves, two or three obeyed the summons: the rigging was cut away—the masts without any support, creaked and nodded—the ship, struck by a great sea, lurched fearfully-again righted suddenlyand the masts were gone.

It was noon; and since day-break, or a little after, had we been in a manner water-logged; clinging, or lashed, to the wreck: the furious sea every moment washing over us. Near to me sat Mrs. C., one arm clasped around her pale child, the other passed through a ring-bolt : her long hair matted together, hung wildly about her neck, and over her features; and her white dress, heavy with water, clung to her spare, emaciated figure. The ship now became weaker and weaker, and the sea began to make greater inroads. From the main-mast forward, she was already under water; and further aft, but a few inches remained above the surface. We could hear the washing of the cargo in the holdand now she began to break up forward! One boat yet remained little injured-a cutter, on the larboard quarter. She was lowered, and instantly twenty men crowded into her. The captain, and a few more, refused to leave the ship. "The boat is too crowded—he would trust in his Maker: but this unhappy lady, save her if possible," he said. The child was taken from the arms of its unconscious mother, and placed in the boat; and a generous fellow had lifted her in his arms, and was about to step into the boat, when a huge billow, from the fore

part of the ship, came rushing furiously towards her, bore her away on its summit from alongside—a receding one dashed her impetuously back—against the ship's counter she struck! Then arose a shriek and a cry—there was a struggling in the raging sea—and all perished! The hapless Mrs. C. had just enough of perception to be sensible of her child's fate; and she sprung, with a thrilling cry—"My son! my child!"—from the seaman's arms, into that wild sea; and, as if in mockery, it dashed and tossed her from billow to billow, for a space, and then closed over her for ever!

And there we clung to the wreck, myself and the wretched remnant of the crew, in the calm hopelessness of utter despair; watching the slow, gradual approach of the waters that were to be our grave! A man close beside me, exhausted, let go his grasp; and he floated, life not yet extinct, from side to side, and vainly stretched out his hands, to regain his hold—his features were distorted with the agony of his mind. I could not look upon him—I closed my eyes, and, as I thought, in death!

Of what followed I have but a confused recollection. I remember something weighty falling across me. I opened my eyes—it was a mutilated corse! and the bloody, disfigured features were in cold contact with mine! And even in that awful moment I shuddered, and endeavoured in vain to rid myself of my loathsome burden. And now I heard a shout, and an exclamation of joy—"A sail!" a sail!—but I had not strength to lift myself. Presently, I felt myself loosened from the lashings with which I had bound myself to the deck. I was lifted in the arms of some one!—From hence all was a blank!

The Cadmus, from Java to Liverpool, had seen us; and bore down just in time to save from the Albatross, myself and four others. In half an hour she was no longer visible!

T. H. B.

THE ECHO SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.

For ever thine! when hills and seas divide,
When storms combine;
When west winds sigh, or deserts part us wide—
For ever thine!

In the gay circle of the proud saloon,
Whose splendours shine;
In the lone stillness of the evening moon—
For ever thine!

And when the light of song, that fires me now,
Shall life resign,
My breaking heart shall breathe its latest vow,
For ever thine!

G. F. R.

CASPAR KAILINSKI.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

In the course of the sanguinary war, which was carried on between the Swedes and the Poles, in the sixteenth century, for the purpose of deciding the respective claims of Sigismund the Third and the King of Poland, to the throne of Sweden, the Swedish usurper prepared to invade Poland with the entire force of his kingdom. Sigismund, unable to make head in the field against the overwhelming superiority of the enemy, contented himself with reinforcing the garrisons of his frontier towns, and placing in the chief command warriors of approved courage and fidelity. Among others, he selected Caspar Kailinski, as one in whom he could repose the most implicit faith. He was a nobleman then advanced in years, and renowned among his countrymen, not so much for his wealth or his rank, as for the dauntless valour he had frequently displayed in the service of his native land. He willingly obeyed the commands of his sovereign, and repaired immediately to the fortress of Olftzyn, the post assigned to him. A formidable body of the enemy soon made their appearance before the town; and a threatening summons to surrender was dispatched to Kailinski. His answer was-"I will obey no orders but those of my king; and will keep the faith I have pledged to him untarnished till death!" The enemy resolved to attempt his fidelity, and accordingly made him the most splendid offers;a seat in the senate, the highest rank, and boundless possessions—if he would surrender Olftzyn, and embrace their party. Kailinski treated their bribes with even greater scorn than their menaces. The hostile leader then directed his attention to the disproportionate numbers of the contending forces, the weakness of his friends, and the consequent danger to which he exposed himself by his obstinacy. Kailinski was only the peril of his country, and remained equally inflexible. Convinced at length of his unbending integrity, and confident of victory, the enemy made a furious attack upon the castle; but, thanks to the strength of the walls, the bravery of the besieged, and still more so to the skill of their gallant commander, they were repulsed, with immense slaughter. The foe were discouraged by this defeat; but still determined on the attempt to gain by stratagem, what negociation and force had alike failed in procuring for them. Every disposition was therefore made, as if they intended another assault. The gallant Kailinski arranged his troops; and relying on his good cause, and the bravery of his followers, excited as it was by their recent victory, looked fearlessly to the result of the approaching conflict. The adversary advanced still nearer and nearer: they were already within gun-shot of the castle walls, when their front ranks opened, and an armed man, leading a woman by the hand, with a child in her arms, stepped forward. besieged gazed upon one another in astonishment, at this unexpected scene; and Kailinski, as if spell-bound, remained looking on it for some time, in mute amazement. Suddenly he uttered a loud cry, and exclaimed-" Almighty God! it is my son! my Sigismund!" and fell

motionless on the ramparts. It was indeed his son, whom the enemy, at the instigation of a friend, had surprised with his nurse, and carried away, and had now placed in front of their army; hoping, through this expedient, to be able to advance to the castle walls, without being exposed to a fire from the hostile ramparts. Their cruel subterfuge was, in the first instance, successful: the besieged, from their love to their adored commander, refused to discharge a single cannon; and the Swedes approached, undisturbed, almost to the foot of the castle walls, and prepared to scale them. Kailinski at this moment recovered his senses, but it was only to suffer still greater anguish. He saw the danger, but there were no means of averting it, without a sacrifice too dreadful to be dwelt upon for a moment. "I have lost," he exclaimed, in a despairing voice, "seven brave sons in battle, for my country! and is my only remaining boy still required from me?" A death-like pause ensued, broken only by the cries of the child, whose features could now be distinctly traced, as he was still carried in advance of the enemy's van-guard. Kailinski at last seemed inspired with superhuman strength: he snatched the lighted brand from the hand of one of the gunners— "God!" he cried, "I was a Pole before I was a father!" and discharged the gun which was to be the signal for a general volley. tremendous fire was immediately opened upon the enemy from every battlement: it swept away, to death, Kailinski's infant, and multitudes of the besiegers. The besieged made a vigorous sally; Kailinski was completely victorious—and Olftzyn was delivered!

SONNET.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

In the warm sun, thy eager steps were free

To trace the butterfly's quick wavering flight;
And the gay grasshopper, and murmuring bee,
Gave to thine eye and ear their own delight:
A moment past—and thou art sleeping now—
Wearied with play, how pleasant seems thy rest!
A smile is on thy lip, thy cheek, thy brow—
A flow of bliss, whose fountain is thy breast.
My youth restored! myself exempt from ill—
Alas! that knowledge should be linked with vice!
Thy dreams are of the wild-flowers, and the rill;
Thy steps have strayed not yet from Paradise.
Thy smiling sleep—eve's sun-light on the lake—
And Joy is thy companion when awake.

reserved, equative gentherman; sufficiently addicted to field apprix degree

AN UNFASHIONABLE WIFE.

to

A DINNER-PARTY given to about twenty people, at the country seat of a baronet of sixteen thousand a-year, might be supposed to occur without much "note of preparation." I find, however, that this is really an event at the house of my friend, Sir James Barton. It would be in vain to attempt enumerating the various consultations—domestic cabinet councils-held between Lady Barton and her prime minister, the cook and housekeeper—important, bustling, loquacious Mrs. Candytuft. There is also a kind of under-secretary of state, her third daughter, the notable of the establishment—feeling her way, I shrewdly suspect, to the heart of a neighbouring country clergyman, by exhibitions of skill in the production of various confitures, and by her gastronomic capabilities in general; to which gentlemen of the cloth are (not to speak it profanely) extremely sensible. A post, becoming the dignity of the heir of the house of Barton, is performed by its eldest son with the most laudable punctuality: that of-hear it, ye gods! and blush, ye fair mortal dames of quality !--collector general, and distributor in particular, of the produce of the hen-roost; exulting in all the illustrious

pride of a regular ovation.

As I myself am not extremely prone to enlarge on culinary details, I shall at once enter the drawing-room, half an hour before the announcement of dinner. Oh, that half hour! Dante's 'Purgatorio' is a farce to it. There is visibly manifested all that English restraint which gives to the soft folds of our fair countrywomen the repulsive stiffness of the hoops and brocades of their grandmothers. I have often suspected that the intellects of the men are absorbed in the contemplation of the epicurean delights to which they will shortly be summoned; and that the females, conscious of this abstraction, economize their talents, in the conviction of the uselessness of making themselves agreeable to each other. Because the men in general make the fire the focus of attraction, I saunter along, on a voyage of observation, from one fair face to another, stopping occasionally at the least discouraging. On this day I soon determined which should be my point of attack. Somewhat aloof from the rest, half shadowed by the window-curtains, and with that evident desire of escaping observation—which is, perhaps, the only infallible means of securing it—there sat a young couple, quite sufficiently satisfied with each other to be pronounced lovers; yet with that indefinable air, which immediately denoted them to be man and wife. I took a rapid, but, I think, an accurate survey of their appearance. habit of observing gives one a tact at discerning, in an incredibly short time, the leading characteristics of a person on whom the eye pauses. I confess I am critical on the form of the head: not à la Gall and Spurzheim, but à l'antique. The head of the gentleman would have formed a noble apex to the statue of a Roman senator, with its lofty expansive forehead, and oval character; but his complexion-his expression of countenance—were genuine English: those of a frank, spirited, country gentleman; sufficiently addicted to field sports to give stability to health, and buoyancy to cheerfulness; whilst the intelligence of the eye was evidence that these amusements neither robbed him of his time required by other pursuits, nor diminished his love for them. There was much of the frankness which one attaches to the idea of the country squire of fifty years since, united with all the polish that belongs to the higher civilization of the present period. As to his wife—but more of her anon.

"Pray," said I to Miss Barton, who was standing near me, at the utmost altitude of her grenadier height, "who are those young people

who do not appear well acquainted with the rest of the party?"

"Nobody," replied she, with an emphasis that carried her voice above the breathings of a 'well-bred whisper;' "they come here because papa wants to persuade him to allow the new road to cross a corner of his pleasure-grounds; and because he has some electioneering interest, which may be serviceable. I assure you they do not belong to our set; they are quite new people, and not noticed. They pay us two visits a year; and employ the intervening six months in retrospection, anticipation, and preparation."

Silly impertinence! I gave my arm to Mrs. Lonsdale—for such was the name of the object of my previous examination. The result of their visit was, a compact between us that I should become their inmate for a few days, for the ostensible purpose of enjoying some excellent

shooting.

All the time I was at the Laurels, I heard great complaints of the drive down to the house. It struck me that this, bad as it was in itself, was relatively no disadvantage. You turned out of the main road into a narrow street, formed of mean, low, wooden houses: indifferent as to their picturesque effect, to be sure-confined little shops-dirty, unwholesome, and by far too thickly populated to please Mr. Malthus;but then you came so by surprise on the large, circular, smooth, green lawn, across which sweeps the well-kept, gravelled footpath to the gate, and round it the broad carriage avenue. Every landscape gardener knows the value of taking the eye by surprise—an unexpected vista, opening to a half-mile view, is worth whole acres of fine scenery, when expectation has been allowed to dwell on it: and then there are beautiful willows, bending gracefully over that gate, with their profuse depth of shadow—and the gentle rise to the house—a fine garden winning the eye on the left, and luxuriant foliage concealing the offices on the rightthe house itself, so admirably in keeping-standing just where it should, and being just what it ought-the most rigid critic unable to wish that a single brick were laid otherwise. Yes, it is a red brick building, the colours sobered down by time, exhibiting on every side a profusion of windows; -light admitted at every possible angle, chronicling its date as more ancient than the window-tax: yet there is none of that imposing baronial antiquity, which carries back the mind to the days of chivalry; when, be it remarked, en passant, the fair were adored as goddesses, rather than loved as women. There are no higher aristocratical pretensions in the place than in its owners: they look back on no ancestors whose inimitable achievements might put their deeds of mere plain, Christian-like goodness to the blush: some have whispered, that they are not even of "gentle descent;"—but "something too much" on a point not worth an investigation or a decision.

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To go back to the matter from which I have digressed. I am persuaded I never can consent to any improvement of the approach. I love the contrast—the sudden movement, as it were, from the noise and closeness of a narrow street, to the open, pure, verdant country. Improvements are so often absolute ruin to all revelries of imagination: a mathematical measurement of the precise capabilities of a place—we are on an architectural subject, and I am fond of being technical—is

what no fancy on earth can withstand.

There never was a woman not actually of a dwarfish deformity, so small as Mrs. Lonsdale, so exquisitely petite in all her proportions—an embodying of the idea conveyed by the French appellative mignome. She is not beautiful—no, not even pretty; but then, who in the world could dream of calling that sparkling delicate face, with features all of miniature-like softness, plain? It is a positive advantage to her that she is not a beauty. One surrenders one's-self to the resistless charm of her appearance, in the satisfactory belief that one is not caught by the illusion of mere prettiness-that one is not entrapped into love and fondness, and kind feeling, by looks: one gives one's-self all the credit of a rational preference, because there is no other tangible cause for one's immediate prepossession in her favour. This is positive fascination; and yet lived there ever a fascinating woman, whose admirers did not deem her a beauty? Why, this is the very potency of that magic girdle, by which Psyche won her divinity. Aye, but after all, this conviction is born with Time; and, in the earlier stages of the passion, or the feeling, or the instinct, or whatever may be the appropriate name, one finds abundant cause for piqueing one's-self on sober judgment and sound discretion. Being thus attractive, and no beauty, I caught myself saying continually, "Oh, what a heart, what an intellect, must she possess!" The fact that this conclusion was actually true in this particular instance, must by no means lead my readers to infer its universal correctness.

After all, Mrs. L's. advantageous deficiciency in beauty—our language is barren of descriptive negatives—must be considered as confined to her face alone. Her neck and shoulders are perfectly lovely; and her arms---as Richardson's Greville says---" I always passionately admired a fine hand and arm,"---she positively would furnish the sculptor with a model for the soft, round, dimpling, taper limbs of a Hebe. She has a great deal of attitude, too; her feelings are vivid, and her whole person assists her expression of them, by its picturesque animation. There is no affectation; it is grace in its natural simplicity, not encumbered by the drapery in which fashion, and perhaps consciousness, might veil it. Then, as to her accomplishments;—for in these days, when, for our sins, the refinements of education are carried jusqu'a l'outrance-I should never be pardoned an omission of those essentials. She plays well enough to please her husband and his friends, but not to rival Moscheles;—she dances, not like the nymphs of Diana, perhaps, but like an English gentlewoman; i. e., unlike fashionable dancers, whether on the boards of the Opera, or of Almacks. I judge, from her conversation, that she reads much; and I am sure she loves drawing, though I suspect she has no skill in the art. She rides well, and drives her own little carriage still better. Jane has no children; and, perfectly feminine and gentle as I think her, I have sometimes imagined that she would lose by the maternal character. The fond and devoted affection, now exclusively bestowed on her husband, must necessarily be divided with other claimants: and this deep sentiment of conjugal devotion is so materially blended with the pathos of her character, that I should regret even the possibility of its being dissipated.

In short, I find so much to love and admire in Mrs. Lonsdale as she is, that I should regret even the shadow of an alteration in any of the circumstances that surround her. She has engaged my prejudices in her favour, because she has established a position on which I have long pondered and doubted—that high mental cultivation does not necessarily render a woman captious, tyrannical, obtrusive, or unfeminine.

C

STANZAS.

I.

While on thine early charms I gaze,
All lovely as thou art—
Even like a beam from brighter days,
Thy smile steals on my heart.
And yet that smile, I scarce know why,
To saddening thought gives birth—
Thou seem'st too beautiful to die,
Yet, oh, too fair for earth!

II.

'Tis not the roses on thy cheek,

That of departure tell—
As early blighted spring-flowers speak
A sorrowful farewell;—
But still I've seen the fairest things
All fleetly fade away—
Like dreams that take the morning's wings,
Or shadows at noonday.

III.

I would not that thou e'er could'st prove
To me, but what thou art,
A spell unbroke by earthly love—
An idol of the heart;—
A beauteous shrine to bend before,
In silent thought, at even'—
A form at distance to adore,
And but to love as heaven.

J. M.

WILLIAM DE ALBINI.

The following account of the origin of the alias given to the eldest son of William de Albini, better known to the reader of history by his appellative of 'William with the Strong Hand,' is derived from Dugdale. A very interesting poem, or romance of chivalry, might, we conceive, be founded upon this striking anecdote. William de Albini came over to England with William the Conqueror, and held large possessions, by knight's service, in Norfolk. His son is represented to have been a man of great personal prowess, and extraordinary agility and strength of body.

It happened that the Queen of France, being then a widow, and a very beautiful woman, became much in love with a knight of that country, who was a comely person, and in the flower of his youth: and because she thought that no man excelled him in valour, she caused a tournament to be proclaimed throughout her dominions, promising to reward those who should exercise themselves therein, according to their respective merits; and concluding, that if the person whom she so well affected should act his part better than others in those military exercises,

she might marry him, without any dishonour to herself.

Hereupon, divers gallant men, from foreign parts, hasted to Paris; and among others, came this our William de Albini, bravely accoutred; who in the tournament excelled all others—overcoming many, and wounding one mortally with his lance, which being observed by the Queen, she became exceedingly enamoured of him, and forthwith invited him to a costly banquet; and afterwards bestowing certain jewels upon him, offered him marriage: but having plighted his troth to the Queen of England, then a widow, he refused her. Whereat she grew so discontented, that she consulted with her maids how she might take away his life: and, in pursuance of that design, enticed him into a garden, where there was a secret cave, and in it a fierce lion, into which she descended by divers steps, under colour of shewing him the beast. And when she told him of its fierceness, he answered that it was a womanish and not manly quality to be afraid thereof; but having him there, by the advantage of a folding door, she thrust him in to the lion. Being, therefore, in this danger, he rolled his mantle about his arm; and putting his hand into the mouth of the beast, pulled out his tongue by the root! Which done, he followed the Queen to her palace, and gave it to one of her maids, to present to her.

Returning, therefore, into England, with the fame of this glorious exploit, he was forthwith advanced to the earldom of Arundel, and, for his arms, the lion given him. Nor was it long after, that the Queen of England accepted him for her husband, whose name was Adeliza (or Alice), widow to King Henry I., and daughter to Godfrey, Duke of Lorrain; which Adeliza had the castle of Arundel, and county, a dowry, from that king: and in the beginning of King Henry the Second's time, he not only obtained the castle and honour of Arundel to himself and his heirs, but also a confirmation of the earldom of Sussex, granted to him by the third penny of the pleas of that county; which, in ancient times, was the usual way of investing such great men with the possession of any earldom, after those ceremonies of girding with the sword, and putting on the robes were performed: which have ever, till of late,

been thought essential to their creation."

This story, improbable as it may appear, is related as authentic by various accredited historians; and many of the ancient bearings of the Arundel family, have a lion without a tongue upon them. At all events, the incident is true enough, for either poetry or romance.

and but to love as

MAXIMS TO LIVE BY.

XXXVIII.

Do not talk too loudly of your honesty, lest people suppose that it is a quality of which you have only very recently become possessed. Beside, you have no right to make a merit of not picking your neighbour's pocket.

XXXIX.

It is difficult to understand why professional men (and persons of literary pursuits, more especially) whose incomes are frequently dependent upon contingences over which they can have no sort of control, should be treated with so much less lenity by their creditors, under their inability to fulfil their pecuniary engagements, than defaulters in trade. An author, or an artist, who may be so unfortunate as to contract debts, which unforeseen circumstances prevent him from discharging at the precise moment when they become due, is invariably abused, bullied, and harassed, almost out of his life, by his merciless creditors; and the more trifling the amount of his obligations, the less likely he is to meet with indulgence from his persecutors. The first question which suggests itself to the creditor of the professional man is, commonly, whether it be or be not worth while to incur the risk of arresting him for the debt. If he be a person of indifferent character, and intangible possessions, he stands some chance of escaping with perfect impunity; but if, on the contrary, he be a man of respectable connexions and settled habits, who has scraped together sufficient to enable him to establish himself in a little domicile of his own, the doubt is solved in an instant: and he is forthwith put to an overwhelming legal expense for his defalcation, on the supposition that, whatever may be his difficulties, he will beg or borrow sufficient to rescue his family and himself from the destruction with which they are menaced. Accordingly, if he be a literary man, he is driven to the premature disposal of some laborious product of his brain, for less than a fourth part of its value, in order to meet the exigency of the moment. If he cannot raise the sum necessary to relieve him from the difficulty, the law is allowed to take its course against him; and the heartless scoundrel by whom the proceedings are directed, obtains his entire debt, with the enormous costs attendant upon an undefended action. The remaining creditors then take the alarm, divide the wreck that is left among them, and console themselves for any deficiency that may occur, by cursing and reviling the unfortunate insolvent. He is a rascal, a swindler, and the most unprincipled of men! In short, no term of reproach is sufficiently bitter for their hate. In due time, one of these generous and nobleminded creditors, probably the fugue-man of the company, fails for a hundred thousand pounds; and having issued a notice to his creditors, informing them that they need not expect a dividend of even a farthing in the pound; and gone through the usual forms prescribed by the Bankrupt Act, is straightway re-established in business, with more capital at his command than he ever before possessed; and with no

farther alteration in his circumstances, than that of having relieved himself completely from his debts; and placed himself upon a more secure basis, than it had been his luck to stand upon before. The unfortunate professional man, after having given up his all to the rapacity of his creditors, still continues to be the object of vulgar calumny and plebeian abuse, for not having effected that which was wholly without the pale of his ability. Not so the bankrupt trader! HE is gifted with an infinite assortment of brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts, and disinterested friends, and benevolent creditors, who purchase for him the flower of his late property. By some fortunate coincidence, the attorney to the commission is sure to be his own man of business; and his assignees, either his near relations, or at least his personal friends. With such assistance, he settles his affairs entirely to his own satisfaction; and the guardians of his honesty being, like himself, "all honourable men," he passes the ordeal to which they pretend to subject him, most triumphantly, and recommences business within a few weeks, with unblemished, and, if possible, increased reputation. If he can manage to obtain farther credit to any considerable amount, the great chance is, that he becomes a bankrupt a second time, in less than three years afterwards; when some friend, of whose existence no one ever heard before, dies, and leaves him an independence, with which he retires into the country, and lives snugly for the remainder of his life. A professional man, who avails himself of the benefit of the Insolvent Act, is looked upon as the most unprincipled of swindlers, by shop-keepers in general; whilst a member of their own worshipful body may at all times commit the grossest frauds upon the public, and cheat his creditors out of thousands and tens of thousand of pounds, without calling down one tithe of the odium, or persecution, which is visited on the head of the poor author whose defalcation is really the result of unlookedfor misfortunes; and who may possibly have been "found wanting" to the amount of two or three hundred pounds. Ought not the notoriety of these facts to impress professional men strongly with the vital importance of keeping within the limits of their incomes, how slender soever they may be? An arrear of a hundred pounds may weigh down the exertions of a literary man for a dozen years afterwards; and is not even then recovered, without sacrifices that amount to a penalty of at least cent. per cent. for the indulgence. It is a fact, susceptible of the easiest possible demonstration, that if a young professional man, beginning the world, could only manage to be one half-year before his income, he would save, in one way or other, not far short of fifty per cent. per annum; to say nothing of the absence of anxieties, which too often cripple his exertions, and prevent him from realizing that degree of emolument he might otherwise ensure, without any exertions inconsistent with his perfect comfort and convenience.

XL.

Public opinion, is a jurisdiction which the wise man will never entirely recognize, nor entirely deny.

XLL

Philosophy, like medicine, has abundance of drugs, few good remedies, and scarcely any specifics.

XLII.

The only certain test by which we can ascertain the sincerity of our regard for our friends is the feeling with which we receive the news of their happiness and aggrandizement; the more especially when fortune has raised them a degree or two above our own level.

XLIII.

Love is like most epidemics—the more apprehensive we are of it, the more likely we are to take the contagion.

XLIV.

Fortune, like a rich but extravagant wife, often ruins the man to whom she brings the largest dowry.

XLV.

We do not very often commend our neighbours, save for an apology to find fault with them. As it regards ourselves, however, we reverse the maxim; and rarely find fault with our own conduct, save as a hint to our friends to commend it.

XLVI.

Beware of a fellow with a whining voice, a pallid complexion, and a long nose. These attributes, when combined, are the invariable characteristics of deception, sycophancy, and impertinent curiosity. Such a person will pry into your affairs, for the purpose of turning the information he may extract from you to account with your enemy. It is in vain that you wring the most prominent feature of his face, when you detect him in his treachery: such noses seem created for the express relief of the more ignoble parts of the person, and sustain no injury whatsoever from a tweak. I am acquainted with a worthy of this order, whose proboscis like his conscience, is as elastic as indiarubber. Had not this been the case, it would have been demolished long ago.

XLVII.

You may, if you please, neglect your friend in such a manner as to flatter him; upon the same principle that you may mortify him by the minuteness of your attentions. In affairs of love, too, we begin to be ceremonious only when we have ceased to be cordial.

XLVIII.

There is nothing on earth so ludicrous as the affected caution of a fool, after you have humbugged him.

XLIX.

Be careful in the choice of your intimate associates; not simply as it regards character, but equally so as it regards disposition. Some men are like certain bodies in electricity, very pleasant and quiet in themselves, but extremely violent and obstreperous when brought into personal contact with each other.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

BY THE LATE DR. LANGHORNE *.

THE Vicar's rich, his income clear Exceeds eight hundred pounds a-year: Yet weeping Want goes by his door, Or knocks unheard;—the Vicar's poor!

His daughter weds;—her husband fails;
The rogue must beg, or bite his nails;
To aid them is not in his power—
Beside, he once has paid her dower:
He pities ills he cannot cure—
What can he more?—The Vicar's poor!

Poor Tom gets leave to go to town,
And wants, of course, some money down;
Dad doles him out a paltry sum—
Twelve guineas, told with trembling thumb:
"Tis scarce sufficient, Sir,"—"Tis well!"
Back go the guineas to their cell.
Unhappy Tom! whate'er thy lot—
A priest—a squire—a saint—a sot;—
A cit polite—a sage demure;—
Or sink or swim—the Vicar's poor!

Aunt Betty all divine appears,
Nor feels the force of forty years:
Alas! that such enchanting charms
Should fill some country booby's arms;
Such wit be doomed to please a boor;
What can be done?—the Vicar's poor!

The pulpit, oft with black be-spread,
To mourn some fool of fashion dead—
(What will he not, to save his riches?)
Supplies the Vicar's coat and breeches!
"But buckram must be bought, I fear;"—
"Let 'scutcheons do for that, my dear!
Beside, my lovey need not lock it,
When rampant lions guard his pocket!"
Unhappy Vicar! and unhappy wife!
By needless riches doomed to endless strife!
Content unknown, whilst Poverty they flee—
They are for ever what they seem to be.

This sprightly little satire has been communicated to us by a friend who has resided many years in the neighbourhood in which Dr. Langhorne passed the greater part of his life, as an unpublished production of its amiable and distinguished author. It is scarcely necessary to mention, that the poem has no reference to the present Vicar of Wakefield, than whom a more amiable person does not, we believe, exist.—
ED. LIT. MAG.

THE SLEEPING FRIAR OF CONRADSBURG.

A LEGEND OF 1296 AND 1796.

Conradsburg, a farm belonging to the domain of the King of Prussia, near the small town of Ermsleben, in the principality of Halberstadt, was, before the Reformation, a convent for Carthusian friars; it is built on one of those hills which skirt the mountains of the Harz, a situation which displays in an eminent degree the happy taste of its founder. The cloisters, the church, and the cells, are now converted into farm-buildings, barns, and stables; and are, doubtless, more beneficial to the country in their present state, than when "fat, oily men of God" sauntered up and down them; screened all their actions from the light; and regularly bellowed forth their vespers and their matins. There is a tradition concerning a friar of this monastery, which is

worthy of being commemorated.

Father Paul, for such was the name of the hero of the present narrative, notwithstanding his great reputation for sanctity, took infinite pleasure in conversing with the buxom wives and rosy-cheeked daughters of the peasants who were vassals to his monastery. Seven beauties, in the neighbouring village of Stangerode, particularly attracted him. He must have been no novice in gallantry; for he was a fortunate lover, and made such rapid progress in his conquests, that the ladies, content with his real services, judged it unnecessary to keep up appearances, and treated their husbands with the most mortifying indifference. They were, however, no sooner informed of their dishonour (God knows how!) than they swore bloody vengeance against the poor monk. Like men, also, they kept their word; and one dark night, as the holy Father Paul was returning from a love-feast, they deprived him of the precious light of life. Such, at least, is the tradition: and to the present time, the seven houses in Stangerode, as a penalty, it is said, for this transgression, are bound to pay an annual tribute to the manor of Endorf, on St. Thomas's day.

Long had the bones of the holy Father Paul, the Carthusian friar, rested in the monastery of Conradsburg. I call him holy, because he was called holy by all his contemporaries, considered holy by most of them, and because he was, after his death, canonized by some Pope, whose name I have at this moment forgotten. Small was the number of those who dared to think him unholy; and yet he was, as the whole neighbourhood will testify, the scourge of his neighbours, the seducer of innocence, the bane of conjugal felicity; and so intolerant to all who dared to swerve from the general opinions of the church, in matters of religion, that he persecuted them with the most inveterate hatred, and brought many an unfortunate victim to the stake. Just as he had been devising plans, which have too often had their origin in convents, namely, how he should seduce a married woman on whose charms he had long feasted his lascivious eyes; how he might bring one man to beggary, and another to the stake; the thread of his existence was rudely cut short in a moment.

7

His soul was now summoned before the heavenly areopagus: the votes were taken, and his fate was decided. The Judge intimated to him, that, instead of passing into purgatory, he should continue to sleep five hundred years in the convent; and, as a punishment for his crimes, that he should be a witness to all the alterations which Conradsburg should undergo during that period: a punishment the more severe, as the holy Father, amongst his other good qualities, entertained a strong predilection for his convent; since within its walls, and under the mask of sanctity, he fancied he could sin as often as he pleased, with impunity. A circumstance, however, with which the Judge did not think proper to acquaint him was, that on waking from this fit of sleep, he should know nothing of the peculiar situation of affairs, or his own real condition; and that he should, moreover, be doomed, under some metamorphosis, to traverse the earth, performing acts of benevolence to mankind. On such conditions only could the black list of his trans-

gressions be cancelled in the book of time.

All these occurrences happened in the year 1296. The remains of the Father, who was canonized in the convent, although he was abhorred by its vassals, were, with solemn procession, deposited in the vault of the church. "Down!" exclaimed the voices of the incorruptible Judges in heaven: "Down with thee, into thy dark abode, in the convent of Kurtzburg*, until the hour of thy punishment arrives." The soul also, with the body, flew quickly to its prison; and a dark cloud of oblivion floated over its former state. Long did the holy Fathers of the monastery speak of their favourite Father Paul, and hold him up to every novice, as the most exemplary pattern of piety. Nor was his name forgotten amongst the peasantry, though it was mentioned by them with less reverence than by the friars; indeed he was seldom talked of, unless it were as an example of the avenging wrath of Godwhen an aged father would dissuade his son from a life of profligacy; or when a mother warned her daughter against the snares of seduction. Many a heavy hour had elapsed, and even ages had been obliterated from the book of time, when the space of five hundred years, fixed by heaven, at length approached its end.

The clock had just struck twelve, and the last peal of the bell sounded a release to imprisoned spirits, as the monk began to revive. He awoke, and arose, but was surprised to find that he had passed the night in the vault. A dead silence, and impenetrable darkness, prevailed every where. In order to reach his cell, he was obliged to grope along the walls; but what was his consternation on feeling something prickly on his hands, which rustled as he touched it, and which, as he more nearly examined it, he found to be straw. "Who, in the name of wonder, could have brought this straw into the vault! for certain it is that it was not here yesterday." Alas! the poor monk was unconscious that, since that yesterday, a space of five hundred years had elapsed. Lost in amazement, he looked about him, and observed two white bodies glimmering in the distance. "Those," thought he, "are, no doubt, statues, which the right reverend Prior has erected to some saints, without my knowledge." He approached them, and saw, with increased surprise, that

^{*} The name usually given to Conradsburg, in old documents.

they moved. Every look he ventured to take of them convinced him more fully that they were animated. Trembling, he advanced another step! An indistinct sound assailed his ears! but this, on a moment's reflection, he took to be the voice of the saints. Astonished in the highest degree at this discovery, he paused, to listen if their conversation was intelligible. He again heard the voice, but easily conceived it to be no human one. He now mustered all the resolution of which he was master; and going directly up to them (for it is said saints are incapable of incivility), he felt something rough in his hand; and in the same moment, again heard the sound, for the third time. He considered the objects more nearly: no wonder that he was not utterly deprived of his senses, when he found them to be a couple of white kids! "Vile profanation!" exclaimed he; and the innocent animals would certainly have fallen victims to his indignation, had they not taken flight at the noise of his apostrophe. Greatly exasperated, he hastened to the church: but who can describe his horror on finding neither altar nor pulpit, confessional chair, nor mass garments. He groped about in the dark, but he encountered nothing but straw or hay. He called the blessed Virgin, and all the saints in heaven, to witness that he had no share in this crime.

Burning with indignation, he hastened from the church to the court, to inquire of the Abbot the cause of this blasphemous profanation. He, however, decided upon going a few moments to his cell, in the first instance, in order to moderate his passion: when, just as he had shot the bolt, and was about to enter, the grunting of a large sow increased at once his annoyance and perplexity: thinking he was come to rob her of her young, she gave him a severe thrust. Father Paul was but little accustomed to such a reception. Distracted with rage at the metamorphosis, he hastened to the cell of the Abbot. He found that also; but in what a situation? His anger did not allow him at first to observe the alteration. He entered, and was just going to look for the Abbot, when he stumbled over a log of wood, and fell at full length on the ground. It was then he discovered, for the first time, that the cell of his right reverend Superior bore a strong resemblance to a repository for wood.

All these misfortunes, which he now began to attribute to an evil spirit, had rendered him so very peevish and ill-humoured, that he at last forgot the real cause of his wandering. It is therefore quite natural to suppose, that the happy thought must at last have struck him, to forget the painful impressions of these fatal occurrences, which only disturbed him when he was impressed with a high sense of his own consequence. That he who had been created a Saint by the Pope, whose name was celebrated from pole to pole, and to whom the monastery of Conradsburg was chiefly indebted for its fame—that a person of his sanctity should be made to fall over a log of wood, was shocking; nay, the very remembrance of such an unheard-of event ought, he considered, to be consigned to oblivion, in the cellar of the convent. "This," said he to himself, "is a journey thou hast so often made, that there is no great danger of thy losing the way; then with a llask of the oldest wine thou canst drown thy cares: for it will transport thee beyond a thought of the past, the present, or the future." How very practicable this design was, he seems to have known from

experience. With hasty steps, such as every one should take who goes on a similar errand, he passed across the court, till he came to a small house, which he did not in the least remember. He boldly pushed open the door, and discovered a deep well, over which was suspended a moveable wooden machine, with a rope rolled around it. At both ends of the rope were fastened two pails, which were put in motion by a large wheel, which formed part of the machinery. Such a piece of mechanism he never recollected to have seen before: to examine it, however, was not worth his pains, since nothing was to be got by it but water. He shut the door with indifference, and directed his course to the farmhouse, where he thought he would surely meet with human beings. He entered the outer apartment, found it lighted, but could no where discern an inhabitant: he, however, discovered what at that moment was of far greater importance to him than any thing beside, and that was the cellar door. He descended the stairs, in high spirits at having attained the summit of his wishes: "Now thou needest not care for the world, the Pope, or the Emperor; thou canst lay thyself under the cask, and drink thy fill." The poor Father! how cruelly did his hopes deceive him! He soon reached the first vault of the cellar, and with a burning thirst stalked over the well-accustomed path, towards the casks; but before he was well aware of his situation, his feet slipped, and down he fell on a heap of potatoes --- I should rather say fruit, with which the holy man was utterly unacquainted. Unabashed by this unlucky accident, he again arose, and entered the second apartment, but found nothing. "Ah!" thought he, "now I have it; the wines will certainly be stored up in the third vault, conformably with the last order of the Abbot." The poor monk was sincerely to be pitied; for, excepting a few flasks of beer, some empty barrels, and a corkscrew, he hit upon nothing there. Deluded, deceived, and disappointed in his fondest hopes, the saint stood fixed on the spot. "Has every thing, then, conspired this day to my misery? Verily, the finger of the God that is with us, is visible in all this!" And then, after having twice crossed himself, he hastened to get again out of the cellar. Never before had any one ventured to put such a trick upon one, whom all the world treated with the most profound reverence. Such were his thoughts while he stood at the gate of the convent. There was no porter to be met with; but he perceived a house, supported on a colonnade, which he had never seen before. The more he rubbed his eyes, the more he became convinced of its reality. Anon he even discovered a light glimmer through the window: it could not, therefore, be deception. He ascended the stairs, entered the room, and found himself in the midst of a numerous company; but such figures, such a dress, he had never beheld; and such a language he had never heard! What appeared to him more singular was, that no one seemed to take the least notice of him. part of the company ranged themselves in two rows, and began, with measured steps, to cross each other, in the strangest groupes, and most grotesque figures he had ever seen. The object of all this nonsense appeared to him quite incomprehensible. Willingly would he have sprung amongst the variegated groupe, and with his weighty arm at once have rent the Gordian knot; but a strange noise which he heard behind him, drew off his attention. It was the tone of some instrument, but of what kind he did not know. A large instrument, however, particularly engaged the Friar's curiosity, its hoarse tone seemed almost insupportable to his interested ear. With rage he flew upon the poor musician, who with all his might was scraping on the bass, and would certainly have broken the harmonious viol in a thousand pieces, had his arm been able to carry so unchristian a design into execution. But it refused its office: and now it was that Father Paul discovered that he was but a spirit, and that as such he did not possess the slightest bodily strength. With this consciousness descended, at the same time, the curtain of oblivion, which had hitherto hung over his soul. The memory of all the actions he had done five hundred years before, good, bad, and indifferent, at once crowded on his mind; and the weight of the curse lay like lead upon him. Utterly depressed by shame, repentance, and remorse, he hastened out of the saloon, with the firm in-

tention of throwing himself into the grave.

The poor monk was much to be pitied. He knew not as yet the extreme cruelty of his fate: a power, at once invisible and irresistible, detained him at a window, where he was condemned to overhear two persons conversing on the affairs of Conradsburg. "What is, then, the history of the convent?" said the one. "It was," replied the other, "a considerable monastery of Carthusian friars, and enjoyed extensive possessions in the neighbouring village of Endorf, in Saxe Mansfeld. It was secularised; and after passing through the hands of several noblemen, at last fell into those of the King of Prussia; and is now annexed to the domains of his Majesty, in the small city of Ermsleben." was a shocking and severe stroke for the Father. He appealed to the Pope and all the saints; and by their mediation, demanded from the laity the restoration of this sacred possession. But his entreaties were fruitless: at least we have not heard that any one of these important personages ever attempted to reclaim Conradsburg for the church. In a state of mind nearly bordering on desperation, he left the detested saloon, and the former Catholic convent. How could he be at ease amongst men who were concerned, directly or indirectly, in so impious an action? Abandoned by all the living world, with the most irksome and lively consciousness of his peccadilloes, the unhappy monk stood without, by the wall, and gazed on the valley below. He was not capable of a single connected thought; and as the chaos of his ideas again recovered light, it served only to make him feel more sensibly the sadness of his situation. With tears in his eyes, he overlooked the landscape, stretched like a carpet at his feet: never had he seen it so smiling, so charming, or so highly cultivated; and yet no one had oftener looked on it with pleasure than he. On the right, toward the east, stood a single cottage, on a hill; and near to it a village. Before him, from the spot where he stood, a delightful little wood sloped gradually to the valley below; near which, in a deep bed, overshaded with willows and alders, a rivulet took a winding course to the little town which lay at a short distance to the northward. Behind this, an extensive plain, decorated with numerous hamlets, opened on the view; and the horizon was terminated by high lands, covered with forests. A little to the westward, he discovered the foot of the Harz mountains, floating in mist; between the cliffs of which two high steeples of the see of Quedlinburg presented themselves to view. A little farther on, to the westward, a small wood appeared; and behind it a white castle, and the lofty Blocksberg. Delightful scenes, which recalled to his memory the many pleasures and joyful hours of his childhood. He then turned round the convent, to enjoy the picturesque, and no less beautiful view to the south. Here he discovered, at the bottom of the convent hill, the buildings of a sheep farm: a little farther on, a high hill, covered with wood; and on the horizon several rural cottages.

By this grand display of nature, the like of which he had never seen (for the landscape was so much changed, and so greatly beautified, in the course of five hundred years, that he scarcely again recollected it), the unrelenting hardness of his heart was moulded to the softest and most tender feelings; and the unhappy monk proceeded to his recon-

ciliation with Providence with new animation.

Father Paul traversed sullenly the neighbouring districts. Anxiously did he rove about the whole day, in search of an opportunity of performing a good action; but, unfortunately, without success. At the hour of midnight, he returned to the castle, and repaired to the chapel of the cloister, where he dropped upon his knees, and prayed with pious ardour, the first time since his return to the world. ejaculated he, "I have not yet met with an opportunity of doing a good action!" "Turn round, and behold!" exclaimed a voice. He turned round, and beheld, fixed to the wall, two tablets, one black, and the other white. The former, upon which was written in red the register of his evil deeds, was enclosed with a blood-red margin. Not one good action was recorded in this blood-stained catalogue; and the monk shuddered at the direful spectacle. The pictures of all the unfortunate wretches whom he had driven to despair, now crowded upon his imagination. Horror and remorse had well nigh overwhelmed him, when the mysterious voice directed his attention once more to the tablet. He raised his eyes, and read an inscription to this effect: "There is abundant opportunity of doing good. Go, and diminish the wrath of the just avenger, by benevolent actions!" Somewhat reassured, he quitted the church, firmly determined to appease Providence. He traversed the country, invisible to mortal eyes, for many hours, without meeting with an opportunity of doing a good action. Towards evening, he arrived at a house, before which was sitting a man, whose countenance exhibited the most distressing signs of grief and pain. Father Paul quickly assumed the appearance of a traveller; and accosting him in kind accents, soon prevailed upon him to reveal the cause of his distress. cannot," said the unhappy man, "pay a debt of fifty dollars, which I owe to the lord of the manor, and which becomes due to-morrow. If I do not discharge that sum, with interest, my cottage will be sold, and my family reduced to positive starvation. My house and garden (continued the disconsolate man), are, indeed, worth more than the amount of my debt, but the whole has only been valued at fifty dollars by the mercenary surveyor. I have offered either to work for my oppressor till the debt is discharged, or to give him one-half of my garden, which is worth more than I owe him; but my offers were rejected. He wishes to turn my grounds, which join his own, into a park; to pull down my cottage, and to build a grotto in its place. I wanted to sell

my garden, in order to be enabled to pay him my debt; but most of the inhabitants of our village have been reduced to poverty by the extortions of our rulers; and those few that are in good circumstances, are prevented, by fear of the haughty baron's displeasure, from assisting me." Father Paul stood before the poor cottager mute, with downcast eyes, and trembling with the consciousness of having committed similar acts of oppression. After having mused a while, he asked the cottager, whether he was not a relation of a certain wealthy man in M***? and when the poor man replied that he was related to him, Father Paul resumed: "I know your relation very well; he is a wealthy merchant, and as generous as he is rich. He knows of your distress, and has entrusted me with 400 dollars, which I am directed to pay to you. I consented with pleasure (continued Father Paul), to execute his request, and have deposited the money at the next village, till I should have found you out: I will go and fetch it." "God bless him and you!" was all that deep emotion permitted the poor villager to utter.

Whilst Paul was proceeding toward the forest which lay before him, with the view of fulfilling his promise, he revolved in his mind how he should bring the matter about. After meditating a long while, without being able to fix upon a feasible plan, he at last resolved to

assist the poor cottager, by punishing the baron.

The nobleman had been with several of his tenants, and received of them their annual rent. It was late at night when, intoxicated with wine, on his return to his country residence, he entered a lonely forest. He had fallen asleep, and was dreaming of plans to gratify his insatiable avarice, whilst the postillion nodded upon his horse, and the two servants who rode behind the carriage, in trembling accents conversed of ghosts and apparitions; when on a sudden several highwaymen surrounded the carriage; and after having disarmed the panic-struck' servants, roused the baron from his sleep, and demanded his money. He refused at first to deliver up his mammon; but when one of the robbers put a cocked pistol to his breast, he hesitated no longer to give up his money, which was concealed at the bottom of the carriage. Whilst the highwaymen were occupied in securing their booty, the baron examined their features, in expectation of discovering among them the friend of his poor tenant, but found himself deceived in his supposition. The robbers now wished him a good night, and ordered the postillion to proceed. Father Paul arrived late at night with the money, at the cottage of his poor friend, who received it with emotions, for which no language has words sufficiently expressive. He discharged his debt the next morning, and was now the happiest of mortals. Father Paul returned in a cheerful mood to Conradsburg. No sooner had he arrived, than he flew to the chapel, where he perceived, on the white tablet, the following words: "Those who wish to do good, must employ good means; but thou hast injured one man, in order to assist another." "Lord!" said the monk, "the nobleman deserved to be punished." "God punishes, but thou shalt do good!" shone out in legible characters from the tablet.

Father Paul left the monastery with a sorrowful heart; and soon afterwards arrived at the garden of a rich landholder, in the neighbourhood, where he saw a labourer, who earned his bread by digging.

When Father Paul descried him, he was leaning upon his spade, absorbed in profound meditation. He was muttering unintelligible sounds, whilst his gloomy eyes were fixed on the ground. On a sudden he seized his spade, and dug for some time with great exertion, but soon resumed his posture. Father Paul assumed the appearance of a friend of the family, and saluting the labourer, asked him if he was well paid for his labour; and if his earnings were sufficient for his maintenance? "So, so;" replied the labourer, with a deep groan: "I must work hard the whole day, to earn as much as will enable me to buy a piece of bread and cheese. Eighteen-pence a-day is indeed not much; and for that I must work like a horse." "Surely, my friend," observed Father Paul, "you ought to be satisfied with receiving eighteen-pence a-day, besides victuals and drink. Indeed you should not grumble." The monk, who was not sufficiently acquainted with the present state of affairs, nor knew how much the price of provisions had advanced since he had been snatched from the world, suffered himself at length to be persuaded by the labourer to intercede for him with the lord of the manor, and promised to try what he could do for him. It happened that the person whose form he had assumed had left the neighbourhood. He went, therefore, boldly to the baron, representing to him the distress of the labourer; and obtained the promise that his wages should be raised. A few days afterwards he paid another visit to the labourer, who had indeed received his wages, together with the additional stipend which the monk had procured for him; but who still seemed dissatisfied, and complained of its not being adequate to the task which he had to perform, and to the exigencies of the times. The monk took another opportunity to plead for him with the baron; but received for answer, that he was a negligent workman, and should not remain a week longer in his employer's service. Paul communicated this unpleasant intelligence to his protege, who now complained, without the least reserve, of the cruel and niggardly disposition of his master. The good-natured monk believed him, and promised to better his condition. "Meet me to night," said he, "at the monastery of Conradsburg; and I will try what I can do for you."

The moon shone dim, and fringed the grey clouds that concealed its orb with a silver border, and the lights in the rural cottages were gradually disappearing, when the labourer arrived at the monastery of Conradsburg. He knocked at the door which had been pointed out to him by the monk, who softly opened it, and enjoined him not to speak. Having provided themselves with a dark-lantern, they stole across the court-yard, to a remote and unfrequented spot; where Paul ordered his client to dig up the ground with a spade, which he had previously procured for that purpose; and having informed him, that he might consider as his property whatever he should find at the depth of two feet, left him. The labourer began to dig with indefatigable industry, whilst his heated imagination formed a variety of romantic plans. He had not wrought long, when his spade struck against a hard body. He was tormented with impatient expectations: he plied his labour with increased vigour, and at length discovered an iron plate. He lifted it up, and found a large iron chest, filled with pieces of gold. He was not long in recovering from his astonishment; and having filled his pockets and his bread-bag with the precious ore, he replaced the plate, and covered the chest with earth, returning to his family happier than a

king.

Father Paul went to the chapel of the cloister; and, to his great astonishment, read upon the tablet the following words: "Man shall eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. The man whom you protect is a good-for-nothing idler: go, and behold the fruits of your misplaced kindness!" These words almost distracted the disappointed monk. He traversed the country, without any settled plan; and after the lapse of some months, happened to pass by a house, in which he heard two people quarrelling violently. He was about to enter it invisibly, and to inform himself of the cause of the dispute, when his friend, the labourer, came rushing out of it, in a paroxysm of rage. He was followed by a woman, who, however, stopped at the door, and, weeping, looked after him. Paul instantly assumed the appearance of a traveller; and going up to her, asked her, whether that person was her husband? She affirmed that he was; and stated, that he had of late become possessed of a great deal of money, but she could not tell by what means: that he had spent it in a short time, and now abandoned himself entirely to gambling and drinking, which rendered herself and her infant children unspeakably wretched. She added, that she had just been remonstrating with him on the folly of his conduct; which had rendered him so furious, that he left her in a dreadful rage, and had probably gone to the public-house.

The monk was abundantly convinced of the fatal imprudence of which he had been guilty; and followed the man into a public-house, where he found him seated among a very suspicious-looking set of persons. Father Paul very soon ingratiated himself so far with this select party, that he began to be regarded by them as a perfect oracle; and in this capacity, related them a very long and tragical story (of which we shall spare our readers the infliction), applicable, of course, to the conduct of the man it was his wish to reform. It is, we suppose, almost needless to add, that in this very laudable object he was entirely successful. The cottager forsook his evil courses, and became once more an useful and respectable member of society. The legend goes on to affirm, that by this one act, Father Paul appeared the anger of the Almighty. On his return to Conradsburg, he was rejoiced to find the following words upon the tablet which professed to record his good actions: "Paul, now hast thou performed a good action—thy errors are obliterated—eternal bliss awaits thee." "Lord! Lord!" was all he could ejaculate. He cast a parting look at the country around, and

his disembodied soul became an inhabitant of a better world.

Into transparent crystal; which along

THE PALACE OF THOUGHT.

ent ble bread-bar, with the precious ore, he coplaced the plate, and

A FRAGMENT.

SCENE—ETHER.

Enter Spirits and Mortal.

FIRST SPIRIT.

HERE shines the palace of immortal Thought!

MORTAL.

"Tis plain and unadorned! No splendour reigns O'er the vast surface of its stately columns; The portals gleam not—from the rayless base, E'en to the summit which doth press the skies, Is seen no ornament of grace or worth:—So mean a dwelling doth become not Thought—Her mansion, as herself, should glorious be!

FIRST SPIRIT.

To those who glance but on its outward state, Thought's palace is a cheat: within—within Lurk the rich glories, that have charms of heaven.

[The portals slowly open, to the sound of melodious music].

SECOND SPIRIT.

Approach, young Mortal! that thine eyes may see
The riches excellent and infinite
Of that bright dwelling, which, by speech ill-judged,
Thy lips have dared profane.

MORTAL.

Profaned, indeed! Those opening portals do disclose a world Which hath no bounds, and where all beauty dwells: Where'er my eye-sight falls, there figures rise, And breathe in heavenly accents of mild things: Fast as they grow they perish, and give way To others, varied both in form and face-And yet as beautiful! The glittering floors Seem paved with waters, by enchantment turned Into transparent crystal; which along Meander veins of silver and of gold: The air above it sparkles, as if filled By the arched rainbow, into atoms dashed: On every side, at every moment, spring Fresh colours into life: and music peals Deep tones of harmony, around, above-In measures wild-in cadence infinite.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Each form, for Painting and for Sculpture shaped,
That beams in heaven—along the air careers—
Dwells on the earth—or in the water moves;
And whatsoever poets in their garb
Of fanciful creation, love to clothe—
May here be seen, with symmetry endowed,
And decked in colours of celestial dye—
Nobler, diviner, than reality.

Was theirs: whose greaternomens have the power .

As sight may travel through its varied space, Appears no part without peculiar hues,
That play and glitter in ten thousand shapes.
Now could I deem that I discern a god:
Passing between the portals.

THOROG SECOND SPIRIT. HOURS OF JULY ONT

Are the combit; bog a Not alous sounds,

But one who with the gods communion holds;
And, born on earth, lays claim upon the heavens.
O'er all creation she dominion hath;
And, as by magic, can mean things commute
To those of beauty; and to beauteous give
Unwonted loveliness, and new-born grace.

MORTAL.

Undying Thought, then, is the Spirit's name.

How gently moves she, yet how proud her step—
And how unbounded is her silent course!

Upon her raiment, every noble form
That decks the universe is drawn, in tints

Which are not of the earth. One hand reclines

Upon her heaving and majestic breast;

Whilst on the other leans her fair, pale cheek,

Fit pillow for such pressure: and her hair

Moves round her figure, in unnumbered curls,

Whose shades are countless as the feelings deep,

That o'er her face incessant change create—
In gloom now clothe it, and anon in smiles:
But, oh! her glorious eye—was never orb

So full of light—of fire!

FIRST SPIRIT. Tomogra wod bath

How eloquent wood modelle

Are eyes! They are the dwelling-place of Passion:
Joy lurks within them; Hope, too, there exults:
Love, with their softened beams his language speaks;
And through them Pity glistens, in bright tears.

They are the abode of lustre—of all grace;
And therefore Thought should have a god-like eye!

That beams in beaven-.ixtrome air cure

But who are those that follow in her train?

FIRST SPIRIT. DOG 19790 Jalw bal

The first who follow in the unmeasured steps Of tow'ring Thought, upon the earth, were Poets____ Those mighty kings of Fancy's various world: Nobler, diviner, the A kind of intuition-a strange art, Was theirs: whose great possessors have the power Imagination in bright dress to robe, the ai confe'l ad'l And pour wild language in the ears of men. The next, in coloured or in sculptured forms, Whate'er their leaders by sweet words describe, Embody with such skill, that they do vie I blood work Even with bards, amid the courts of Fame. The last in station, but not least in honour, Are the combiners of melodious sounds, Which o'er men's hearts have a tumultuous sway, In Love's rare movements, or in War's dread hour-They sing, they paint—from out rude marble hew Immortal shapes, frame music—and then die!— The chronicles of earth no further go: But after death, they lead eternal life, 1970 botto and Here in the realms of Ether: where they listen Unto the praises of their fellow-men ; demonstrated and below the praises of their fellow-men And, in the consciousness of deathless fame, Exists the source of all their happiness. day word but

Upon her raiment, evertaradm form

They are a glorious troop: but from their eyes. Shine forth a haughtiness and selfish pride, one double. That should not in great minds a dwelling find.

Whilst on the othe . Trange drosse ale cheek,

Is there aught beautiful in mind or form,
That is not conscious of its proper beauty?
His gaudy tail will not the peacock spread
Full to the sun-beams, in most vain array?
Think'st thou the lark would carol 'mid the skies,
Did he not deem his minstrelsy divine?
Dost thou not know how excellent thy form,
And how superior the pure soul that fills it?
All-beauteous women are of beauty vain;
We spirits own ourselves to be most fair,
Most eloquent and fine: and by the same
Prevailing law, by Nature's self ordained,
Poets and Painters, Sculptors, and the throng

Who frame sweet music's notes, are conscious all How great and glorious is their mental power-And in that consciousness have seemly pride.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

To Poets, whose songs, in their magical strain, Now brighten with joy, and now sadden with pain-To Painters, whose colours o'er canvas can throw Blue skies and fair rivers, that glitter and flow-To Sculptors, whose chisel turns marble to life, And bids it of Passion embody the strife—

To the Lords of the Notes, Whose sublime music floats, Divinely in air, as our own flowing song; With varying measure, of hotbirdle half as Of sorrow and pleasure, in halfamorough planted a mid W All glory and honour for ever belong!

THE STORY OF ABDULLA, OF KHORASSAN.

promined in heaven, then any thing be ever expected to see on this carls

Passing through the streets which led to such anguitieent buildings, he could had a continue but them. When arrived it the gate of the sacred shine, he mapped for a moment in situal sacre, and asked a venerable priest, who was

In a sequestered vale of the fruitful province of Khorassan, there lived a peasant called Abdûlla. He had married a person in his own rank of life, who, though very plain in her appearance, had received from her fond father the fine name of Zeeba, or, The Beautiful; to which act of parental folly the good woman owed the few seeds of vanity that mixed in her homely character. It was this feeling that led her to name her two children Yûsuph and Fatima; conceiving, no doubt, that the fortunate name of the son of Yacoob, the vizier of Far'oun, and fascinator of Zûleikha*, would aid the boy in his progress through life, while there could be no doubt of her little girl receiving equal advantages, from being named after the daughter of the Prophet, and the wife of the renowned Ali.

With all these family pretensions from high names, no man's means could be more humble, or views more limited, than those of Abdûlla; but he was content and happy: he was strong and healthy, and laboured for the reis, or squire, who owned the land on which his cottage stood—he had done so from youth, and had never left nor ever desired to leave, his native valley. The wages of his labour were paid in grain and cloth, sufficient for the food and clothing of his family and himself; with money he was unacquainted, except by name,

It happened, however, one day, that the reis was so well pleased with Abdûlla's exertions, that he made him a present of ten piastres. Abdûlla could hardly express his thanks, he was so surprised and overjoyed at this sudden influx of wealth. The moment he could get away from his daily labour, he ran home to his wife:—"There, my Zeebâ," said he, "there are riches for you!" and he spread the money before her. The astonishment and delight of the good woman was little less than that of her husband; and the children would be a said. the children were called to share in the joy of their parents. "Well," said

^{*} The frail wife of Potiphar, according to the Mahomedans.

Abdûlla, still looking at the money, "the next thing to consider is, what is to be done with this vast sum. The reis has given me to-morrow, as a holiday; and I do think, my dear wife, if you approve, I will go to the famous city of Meshed: I never saw it, but it is not above six or seven fersekhs distant. I will pay my devotions at the shrine of the holy Imâm Mehdee, upon whom be God's blessing, and, like a good Mahomedan, deposit there two piastres—one-fifth of my wealth—and then I will go to the great bazar, of which I have heard so much, and purchase with the remainder every thing you, my dear wife and children, can wish: tell me what you would like best."

"I will be moderate," said Zeebâ; "I want nothing but a piece of handsome silk, for a dress—I think it would be becoming:" and as she said so, all the associations to which her father had given birth when he gave her a name, shot across her mind. "Bring me," said the sturdy little Yûsuph, "a nice horse, and a sword." "And me," said his sister, in a softer tone, "an Indian handkerchief, and a pair of golden slippers." "Every one of these articles shall be here to-morrow evening," said Abdâlla, as he kissed his happy family; and early next morning, taking a stout staff in his hand, he com-

menced his journey towards Meshed.

When Abdûlla approached the holy city, his attention was first attracted by the cluster of splendid domes and minarets, which encircled the tomb of the holy Imâm Mehdee, whose roofs glittered with gold. He gazed with wonder at a sight, which appeared to him more like those which the faithful are promised in heaven, than any thing he ever expected to see on this earth. Passing through the streets which led to such magnificent buildings, he could look at nothing but them. When arrived at the gate of the sacred shrine, he stopped for a moment in silent awe, and asked a venerable priest, who was reading the Koran, if he might proceed, explaining at the same time his object. "Enter, my brother," said the old man; "bestow your alms, and you shall be rewarded: for one of the most pious of the Caliphs has said—'Prayer takes a man half way to Paradise: fasting brings him to its portals; but these are only opened to him who is charitable."

Having deposited, like a good and pious Mussulman, the fifth* of his treasure, on the shrine of the holy Imâm, Abdûlla went to the great bazar: on entering which, his senses were quite confounded by the novel sight of the pedestrian crowd hurrying to and fro; the richly-caparisoned horses, the splendid trains of the nobles, and the loaded camels and mules, which filled the space between rich shops, where every ware of Europe, India, China, Tartary, and Persia, was displayed. He gazed with open mouth at every thing he saw, and felt, for the first time, what an ignorant and insignificant being he had hitherto been. Though pushed from side to side by those on foot, and often nearly run over by those on horseback, it was some time before he became aware of the dangers to which his wonder exposed him. These accidents, however, soon put him out of humour with the bustle he had at first so much admired, and determined him to finish his business, and

return to his quiet home.

Entering a shop where there was a number of silks, such as he had seen worn by the family of the reis, he inquired for their finest pieces. The shopman looked at him, and observing, from his dress, that he was from the country, concluded he was one of those rich farmers, who, notwithstanding the wealth they have acquired, maintain the plain habits of the peasantry, to whom they have a pride in belonging. He, consequently, thought he had a good customer—that is, a man who added to riches but little knowledge of the article he desired to purchase. With this impression, he tossed and

^{*} The Mahomedan law only requires a small deduction, on account of charity, from what is necessary for subsistence; but of all superfluous wealth (and such Abdalla deemed his ten piastres), true believers were expected to give one-fifth to the poor.

tumbled over every piece of silk in his shop. Abdûlla was so bewildered by their beauty and variety, that it was long before he could decide: at last he fixed upon one, which was purple, with a rich embroidered border. "I will take this," he said, wrapping it up, and putting it under his arm: "what is the price?"

"I shall only ask you, who are a new customer," said the man, "two hundred—piastres! I should ask any one else three or four hundred, for so exquisite a specimen of manufacture; but I wish to tempt you back again, when you leave your beautiful lands in the country, to honour our busy town with

your presence."

Abdûlla stared, replaced the silk, and repeated in amazement: "Twohundred piastres! You must be mistaken: do you mean such piastres as these?" taking one out of the eight he had left in his pocket, and holding it up to the gaze of the astonished shopkeeper. "Certainly I do," said the latter; "and it is very cheap at that price." "Poor Zeebâ!" said Abdulla, with a sigh, at the thoughts of her disappointment. "Poor who?" said the silkmercer. "My wife," said Abdûlla. "What have I to do with your wife?" said the man, whose tone altered as his chance of sale diminished. "Why," said Abdûlla, "I will tell you all: I have worked hard for the reis of our village ever since I was a boy; I never saw money till yesterday, when he gave me ten piastres. I came to Meshed, where I had never been before. I have given, like a good Mussulman, a fifth of my wealth to the Imam Mehdee, the holy descendant of our blessed Prophet; and with the eight remaining piastres, I intend to buy a piece of embroidered silk for my good wife, a horse and sword for my little boy, and an Indian handkerchief and a pair of golden slippers, for my darling daughter; and here you ask me two hundred piastres for one piece of silk. How am I to pay you? and with what money am I to buy the other articles? tell me that," said Abdûlla, in a reproachful tone. "Get out of my shop!" said the enraged vender of silks. "Here have I beenwasting my valuable time, and rumpling my choicest goods, for a fool and a madman! Go along to your Zeeba and your booby children; buy stale cakes and black sugar for them, and do not trouble me any more." So saying, he thrust his new and valued customer out of the door.

Abdûlla muttered to himself, as he went away, "No doubt this is a rascal, but there may be honest men in Meshed; I will try amongst the horsedealers: and having inquired where these were to be found, he hastened to get a handsome pony for Yûsuph. No sooner had he arrived at the horse market, and made his wishes known, than twenty were exhibited. As he was admiring one that pranced along delightfully, a friend, whom he had never seen before, whispered him to beware; that the animal, though he went very well when heated, was dead lame when cool. He had nearly made up his mind to purchase another, when the same man significantly pointed to the hand of the owner, which was one finger short; and then champing with his mouth, and looking at the admired horse, gave Abdûlla to understand that his beloved boy might incur some hazard from such a purchase. The very thought alarmed him; and he turned to his kind friend, and asked, if he could not recommend a suitable animal? The man said, his brother had one, which, if he could be prevailed upon to part with, would just answer; but he doubted whether he would sell him: yet as his son, who used to ride this horse, was gone to school, he thought he might. Abdûlla was all gratitude, and begged him to exert his influence. This was promised and done; and in a few minutes a smart little grey horse, with head and tail in the air, cantered up. The delighted peasant conceived Yûsuph on his back; and in a hurry to realize his vision, demanded the price. "Any other person but yourself," said the man, "should not have him for one piastre less than two hundred; but as I trust to make a friend as well as a bargain, I have persuaded my brother to take only one hundred and fifty." The astonished Abdalla stept back-" Why, you horse-dealers," said he, "whom I thought were

such good men, are as bad as the silk-mercers!" He then recapitulated to his friend the rise of his present fortune, and all that had occurred since he entered Meshed. The man had hardly patience to hear him to a close. "And have I," said he, "been throwing away my friendship, and hazarding a quarrel with my brethren, by an over-zealous honesty to please a fool of a bumpkin!" Get along to your Zeebâ, and your Yûsuph, and your Fatima; and buy for your young hopeful the sixteenth share of a jack-ass! the smallest portion of that animal is more suited to your means and your mind, than a hair of the tail of the fine horses you have presumed to look at."

So saying, he went away in a rage, leaving Abdûlla in perfect dismay. He thought, however, he might still succeed in obtaining some of the lesser articles. He, however, met with nothing but disappointment: the lowest priced sword was thirty piastres, the golden slippers were twenty, and a small Indian handkerchief was twelve, being four piastres more than all he

possessed.

Disgusted with the whole scene, the good man turned his steps towards home. As he was passing through the suburbs, he met a holy mendicant, exclaiming, "Charity, charity! He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and he that lendeth to the Lord shall be repaid a hundred-fold." "What is that you say?" said Abdûlla. The beggar repeated his exclamation. "You are the only person I can deal with," said the good but simple peasant. "There are eight piastres—all I possess: take them, and use them in the name of the Almighty; but take care that I am hereafter paid a hundred fold, for without it I shall never be able to gratify my dear wife and children." And in the simplicity of his heart, he repeated to the mendicant all which had occurred, that he might exactly understand the situation in which he was placed.

The holy man, scarcely able to suppress a smile, as he carefully folded up the eight piastres, bade Abdûlla to be of good heart, and rely upon a sure return. He then left him, exclaiming as before, "Charity, charity! He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord! and he that lendeth to the Lord shall

be repaid a hundred-fold."

When Abdulla came within sight of his cottage, they all ran to meet him. The breathless Yûsuph was the first who reached his father. "Where is my horse and my sword?" " And my Indian handkerchief and golden slippers?" said little Fatima, who had now come up. "And my silk vest?" said Zeebâ, who was close behind her daughter. "But wealth has changed your disposition, my dear Abdûlla," said the good woman: " you have become grave, and no doubt," she added with a smile, "so dignified, that you could not be burdened, but have hired a servant to bring home the horse, and to carry the presents for your family. Well, children, be patient; we shall see every thing in a few minutes." Abdulla shook his head, but would not speak a word till he entered his dwelling. He then seated himself on his coarse mat, and repeated all his adventures; every part of which was heard with temper till his last act, that of giving his piastres to the mendicant. Zeebâ, who had a little more knowledge of the world than her husband, and whose mind was ruffled by disappointment, loudly reproached him with his stupidity and folly, in thus throwing away the money he had obtained by the liberality of the reis, to whom she immediately went, and gave information of all that had occurred. The enraged squire sent for Abdalla. "You blockhead," said he, "what have you been about?" I, who am a man of substance, never give more than a copper coin* to these vagabond rascals, who go about asking charity; and here you have given one of them eight piastres enough to spoil the whole generation: but he promised you a hundred-fold, and you shall have it, to prevent future folly. Here," said he to the servants near him, "seize the fellow, and give him a hundred stripes!" The order was obeyed as soon as

Pool-e-siyah," literally, black coin.

given; and poor Abdûlla went home, on the night of the day following that which had dawned upon his wealth, sore from a beating, without a coin in his pocket, out of temper with silk-mercers, horse-dealers, cutlers, slipper-

makers, mendicants, squires, wives, himself, and all the world.

Early next morning Abdûlla was awakened by a message, that the reis wanted him. Before he went he had forgiven his wife, who was much grieved at the punishment which her indiscretion had brought upon her husband. He also kissed his children, and bid them be of good heart, for he might yet, through God's favour, make amends for the disappointment he had caused them. When he came to the reis, the latter said, "I have found a job for you, Abdûlla, that will bring you to your senses: here, in this dry soil, I mean to dig for water, and you must toil day after day, till it is found." So saying, he went away, leaving Abdûlla to his own sad reflections and hard labour. He made little progress the first two days; but on the third, when about six cubits below the surface, he came upon a brass vessel: on looking into which, he found it full of round white stones, which were beautiful, from their smoothness and fine lustre. He tried to break one with his teeth, but could not. "Well," said he, "this is no doubt some of the rice belonging to the squire, which has been turned into stones: I am glad of it—he is a cruel master. I will, however, take them home—they are very pretty: and now I recollect, I saw some very like them at Meshed, for sale. But what can this be?" said Abdûlla to himself, disengaging another pot from the earth-"Oho! these are darker, they must have been wheat—but they are very beautiful. And here?" cried he, "these shining pieces of glass are finer and brighter than all the rest; but I will try if they are glass:" and he put one of them between two stones, but could not break it.

Pleased with this discovery, and believing he had got something valuable, but ignorant what it was, he dug out all he could find; and putting them into a bag, carefully concealed it even from his wife. His plan was, to obtain a day's leave from his master, and go again to Meshed, where he had hopes of selling the pretty stones of various colours for as much money as would purchase the silk vest, the horse, the sword, the slippers, and the handkerchief. His mind dwelt with satisfaction on the pleasing surprise it would be to those he loved, to see him return home, mounted on the horse, and loaded with the other articles. But while the pious Abdûlla indulged in this dream, he always resolved that the Imâm Mehdee should receive a fifth of whatever wealth he

obtained.

After some weeks' hard labour at the well, water was found. The reis was in good humour, and the boon of a holiday was granted. Abdûlla departed before day light, that no one might see the bag which he carried. When close to Meshed, he concealed it near the root of a tree, having first taken out two handfuls of the pretty stones, to try what kind of a market he could make of them. He went to a shop where he had seen some like them. He asked the man, pointing to those in the shop, if he would buy any such articles? "Certainly," said the jeweller, for such he was—"have you one to sell?" "One!" said Abdûlla, "I have plenty." "Plenty:" repeated the man. "Yes; a bag-full." "Common pebbles, I suppose; can you show me any?" "Look, here!" said Abdûlla, taking out a handful; which so surprised the jeweller, that it was some time before he could speak. "Will you remain here, honest man" said he, "for a moment," trembling as he spoke; "and I will return instantly." So saying he left the shop; but re-appeared in a few minutes, with the chief magistrate and some of his attendants. "There is the man," said he; "I am innocent of all dealings with him? He has found the long-lost treasure of Khoosroo*: his pockets are filled with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, in price and lustre far beyond any existing; and he says he has a

^{*}Cyrus. There is a common belief in Persia, that an immense treasure was buried by this monarch.

bag-full." The magistrate ordered Abdûlla to be searched, and the jewels which had been described were found. He was then desired to show where he had deposited the bag, which he did. All were carefully sealed, and carried, with Abdulla, to the governor, by whom he was strictly examined. He told his whole history, from first to last: the receiving of ten piastres; his charity at the shrine of the Imam; his intended purchases; the conduct of the mercer, the horse-dealer, the cutler, the slipper-maker; the promises of the mendicant, the disappointment and anger of his wife; the cruelty of the reis; the digging of the well; the discovery of the pretty stones; the plan formed for disposing of them, with the reserve for further charity: all this was narrated with a clearness and simplicity that stamped its truth; which was confirmed by the testimony of his wife and children, who were brought to Meshed. But notwithstanding this, Abdûlla, his family, and the treasures he had found, were, a few days afterwards, dispatched for Isfahan, under a guard of five hundred horsemen. Express couriers were sent before, to advise the ministers of the great Abbas of the discovery which had been made, and of all that had been done.

During these proceedings at Meshed, extraordinary events occurred at Isfahan. Shah Abbas the Great saw one night, in a dream, the holy Imam Mehdee, clothed in green robes. The saint, after looking steadfastly at the monarch, exclaimed, "Abbas, protect and favour my friend!" The king was much troubled at this dream, and desired his astrologers and wise men to expound it: but they could not. On the two following nights the same vision appeared, and the same words were pronounced. The monarch lost all temper, and threatened the chief astrologers and others with death, unless they relieved the anxiety of his mind before the evening of the same day. While preparations were making for their execution, the couriers from the governor of Meshed arrived; and the vizier, after perusing the letters, hastened to the king. "Let the mind of the refuge* of the world be at repose," he said; " for the dream of our monarch is explained. The peasant Abdûlla, of Khorassan, who, though ignorant and poor, is pious and charitable, and who has become the chosen instrument of Providence for discovering the treasures of Khoosroo, is the revealed friend of the holy Imam Mehdee, who has commanded that this good and humble man may be honoured by the protection and favour of the king of kings."

Shah Abbas listened to the particulars which were written from Meshed with delight: his mind was quite relieved, and he ordered all his nobles and his army to accompany him a day's march from Isfahan, to meet the friend of the holy Imâm. When the approach of the party was announced, the king walked from his tent a short distance, to meet them. First came one hundred horsemen; next Abdûlla, with his arms bound, sitting on a camel; after him, on another, his wife Zeebâ; and followed by their children, Yûsuph and Fatima, riding on a third. Behind the prisoners was the treasure. A hundred horsemen guarded each flank, and two hundred covered the rear. Shah Abbas made the camels which carried Abdûlla and his family kneel close to him, and aided, with his royal hands, to untie the cords by which the good man was bound, while others released his wife and children. A suit of the king's own robes were directed to be put upon Abdûlla, and the monarch led him to a seat close to his throne: but before he would consent to be seated, he thus ad-

dressed his majesty:

"O King of the Universe! I am a poor man, but I was contented with my lot, and happy in my family, till I first knew wealth. From that day my life has been a series of misfortunes: folly and ambition have made me entertain wishes out of my sphere, and I have brought disappointment and misfortune on those I loved best; but now that my death is near, and it

* Jehan-Penah.

is satisfied, if your royal clemency will only spare the lives of that kind woman and these dear children. Let them be restored to the peace and innocence of their native valley, and deal with me according to your royal pleasure."

On uttering these words, Abdûlla, overcome by his feelings, burst into tears. Abbas was himself greatly moved. "Good and pious man," he said, "I intend to honour, not to slay thee. Thy humble and sincere prayers, and thy charitable offerings at the shrine of the holy Mehdee, have been approved and accepted. He has commanded me to protect and favour thee. Thou shalt stay a few days at my capital, to recover from thy fatigues, and return as governor of that province from which thou hast come a prisoner. A wise minister, versed in the forms of office, shall attend thee; but in thy piety and honesty of character I shall find the best qualities for him whom is destined to rule over others. Thy good wife Zeebâ has already received the silk vest she so anxiously expected; and it shall be my charge," continued the gracious monarch, with a smile, to see Yûsuph provided with a horse and sword; and that little Fatima shall have her handkerchief and golden slippers."

"The manner as well as the expressions of the king, dispelled all Abdûlla's fears, and filled his heart with boundless gratitude. He was soon after nominated governor of Khorassan, and became famous over the country for his humanity and justice. He repaired, beautified, and richly endowed the shrine of the holy Imam, to whose guardian care he ever ascribed his advancement. Yûsuph became a favourite of Abbas, and was distinguished by his skill in horsemanship, and by his gallantry. Fatima was married to one of the principal nobles, and the good Zeeba had the satisfaction through life of being sole mistress in her family; and having no rival in the affection of her husband, who continued to cherish, in his exalted situation, those ties and

feelings which had formed his happiness in humble life."

Sketches in Persia.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POETS AND POETRY. A Collection of the choicest Anecdotes relative to the Poets of every Age and Nation: written and compiled. By Richard Ryan. 3 vols. I2mo. Sherwood and Co.

WE have here three amusing volumes of literary gossip. Judging from the merit of two or three little poems from the pen of the editor, which have met our observation from time to time in the periodical prints, we had, however, we are free to confess, been led to anticipate a work of a more interesting character, and one withal, more tastefully and judiciously arranged. Novelty of matter in such a publication is, of course, entirely out of the question; but something like a tone of originality might at least have been given to it, by the author's manner of relating the scraps of anecdote which he has collected from various quarters. As it is, instead of confirming the statement of his preface, that he has "endeavoured to select such anecdotes relative to the poetry and poets of his own country in particular, as may convey information as well as amusement; cautiously rejecting the trite stories which are to be met with in every corner, and diligently searching for those gems which lay buried in their obscurity," Mr. Ryan has compiled his work, for the most part, from books which are in everybody's hands. His anecdotes have nearly all appeared in books to which every

lover of poets and poetry can hardly fail of possessing the means of access. To prove to our readers that this charge is far from being unfounded, we may mention, that among other well-known sources, Mr. Ryan has levied numerous contributions on The New Monthly Magazine, The Literary Souvenir, Spence's Anecdotes, Goldsmith's Essays, Sir William Jones, Warton, Black's Life of Tasso, Blackwood's Magazine. Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, Bowring's Batavian Anthology, Broughton's Poetry of the Hindoos, European Magazine, Wrangham's Works. Croker's Irish Legends, &c. In his arrangement, too, he seems to have had no settled plan; for whilst he gives long memoirs of poets whose biographies have been published repeatedly, he cuts off others with a page, or a mere extract from their works. Thus he mentions Mr. Montgomery only as the editor of the Chimney-Sweeper's Album, passing over all notice of his more important works; -informs us that L. E. L. is pretty, and lives in Sloane-Street; that Mr. Moore lives four miles . west of Devizes; and that Bernard Barton, on being applied to for his autograph, complied with the request in the following "truly courteous and truly poetic manner:"

An autograph and name like mine
Have little to commend them;
But if worth asking, they are thine,
And willingly I send them.

BERNARD BARTON.

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He assures us, moreover, that Milton repudiated his first wife; that Tasso dedicated his immortal poem to the Este family; that the disposition to rhyme does not, by any means, prove our power to do it; that the minstrels of the olden time were better paid than the clergy; that the scene of Comus was laid at Ludlow Castle; that Garrick instituted a jubilee in honour of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon; that Young wrote the Night Thoughts with a candle placed in a skull before him; that Otway died in consequence of having drank cold water when hot; that Pope's life was several times endangered, and that he had a villa at Twickenham; that Bloomfield was born in Suffolk; with a variety of statements equally novel and instructive. But it is time to turn to those portions of the work which are entitled to commendation. Among these are several notices of neglected poets of great interest. The following extracts may be regarded as favourable specimens of the book:

The curate of St. Peter's, Dublin, was exceedingly vain, both of his person and accomplishments; and as his income would not allow him to attract attention from the splendour of his dress and manners, he seldom failed to do so by their singularity. Mr. Maturin was tall, slender, but well proportioned, and, on the whole, a good figure, which he took care to display in a well-made black coat, tightly buttoned, and some odd light-coloured stocking-web pantaloons, surmounted in winter by a cloak of prodigious dimensions, gracefully thrown on, so as not to obscure the symmetry it affected to protect. The reverend gentleman sung and danced, and prided himself on performing the movements and evolutions of the quadrille certainly equal to any other divine of the Established church, if not to any private gentleman of the three kingdoms. It often happened, too, that Mr. Maturin laboured under an attack of gout, or met with some accident, which compelled the use of a slipper or a bandage on one foot or one leg: and, by an unaccountable congruity of mischances, he was uniformly compelled and, by an unaccountable congruity of mischances, he was uniformly compelled. formly compelled on these occasions to appear in the public thoroughfares of Dublin, where the melancholy spectacle of a beautiful limb in pain, never failed to excite the sighs and sympathies of all the interesting persons who passed, as well as to prompt their curiosity to make audible remarks and inquiries respecting the possessor.

The ancient history of Ireland has preserved a remarkable instance of extraordinary self-devotion in the person of a bard, named Feircheirtne, who evinced in the manner

of his death, a strength of affection for his patron, and sublimity of soul, scarcely to be paralleled. Feircheirtne was bard to Conrigh, a celebrated chieftain, who lived in splendour on the banks of the Fiounglaise, in the county Kerry. This warrior was married to Blanaid, a lady of transcendent beauty, who had been his meed of prowess in single combat with Congculionne, a knight of the Red Branch. But the lady was secretly attached to the knight; and in an accidental interview which she had with him from the battlements of her castle, offered to follow his fortunes, if he would at a certain time, and on receiving a certain signal, storm the castle, and put her husband and his attendants to the sword, Congculionne promised to observe her directions. and executed them to the letter; inundating the castle with the blood of its inhabitants. Feircheirtne, however, probably in consequence of the veneration paid to his character as bard, escaped the slaughter, and followed, at a distance, Blanaid and her ravisher to the court of Concovar Mac Nessa, determined to sacrifice his perfidious mistress to the manes of his murdered patron. When the bard arrived at Emania, he found Concovar and his court, together with the lovers, walking on the top of a rock, called Rinchin Beard, and enjoying the extensive prospect which it commanded. Blanaid happening to detach herself from the rest of the company, stood wrapt in meditation on that part of the cliff which overhung a deep precipice. The bard stepping up to her, began an adulatory conversation; then suddenly springing forward, he seized her in his arms; and throwing himself with her headlong down the precipice, both were dashed to pieces.

Many of the anecdotes of poets and poetry, given in these volumes, are, we fear, of a very apocryphal character; witness the account of Voltaire's attempt to bully Pope's mother out of money, by threatening to lampoon her; the mawkish balderdash about Shenstone, and his adventure with the highway robber of Hales Owen; Goldsmith's patronage of hack authors; Collins's forbearance towards the ruffian who kicked over his tea-table; and many other stories of equal probability. Neither do we consider the persons whom Mr. Ryan has introduced to his readers, as rising Irish geniuses, at all worthy either the space or the commendation he has bestowed upon them. Mr. Ryan's volumes contain some plates of a very doubtful character, nearly the whole of which have already appeared in other works. Beneath the physiognomy of a pert-looking school-girl, we find the magical initials L. E. L. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that it does not bear the slightest resemblance to her. God forbid that it should! Poor. Mr. Montgomery is gibbeted in a wood engraving; which bears a considerable resemblance to one of the effigies in the Newgate Calendar; but not the slightest to the amiable and distinguished poet. Tannahill must have been a scare-crow indeed, if at all like the picture here given of him. Two sketches of Mr. Moore's cottage at Devizes, and Sir Walter Scott's residence at Abbotsford, are interesting, and, we believe, correct views of the places they profess to represent.

Sketches of Persia. From the Journal of a Traveller in the East. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: Murray. pp. 560.

We have here a brace of very delighful volumes, entirely free from the solemn pomposity of pretension which characterizes the quartos of many modern travellers by profession; and yet containing more valuable information on the subject, the manners, customs, and localities of the most interesting parts of Persia, than any similar work, however ponderous, with which we are acquainted, respecting the same country. The advantage possessed by the author over some of his contemporaries, appears to be, that he did not travel for the purpose of doing his route into a book; and that consequently his remarks were jotted down

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as they occurred, without his stopping to inquire what degree of colouring was necessary to render them of interest to the public. Not so with the traveller by profession; he sees every thing through the eyes, and hears every thing through the ears, of his bookseller. He must not record his honest impressions and opinions, as they occurred to him at the time, unless they assimilate closely with the fashionable prejudices of the day. He may, if he pleases, tell the truth (although of this indulgence he does not always avail himself); but not the whole truth. In short, he must make a book of a certain specific character out of his materiel; and whether that book conveys correct impressions of the people and country to which it professes to be devoted, or not, is less a point than whether it is one likely to be popular, and to bear a tolerable price per copy. The travel-monger travels for the purpose of making a book, and does not write for the purpose of recording the observations he may have made upon his tour. He is an anecdote-hunter; and his anxiety to avail himself of one kind of information, often prevents him from obtaining matter of a useful description. The author of the volumes before us is not a person of this class; he has viewed every thing with his natural eyes, and listened to every thing with his natural ears; and that which has particularly interested himself, he has communicated in a sprightly and popular style to his readers. He is sometimes a little flippant, but this is more than atoned for by the liveliness and good humour which everywhere pervade his pages. would, we think, be difficult, if not impossible, to squeeze half as many amusing and characteristic anecdotes, from a large proportion of our modern quarto books of travels, as are to be found in these admirable Sketches. Analysis is out of the question in our limited space; we shall therefore content ourselves with a few passages, which will afford our readers a pretty tolerable idea of the character of the work:

The East.—The eastern hemisphere continues to have a certain venerable air with old men, from a belief that the star of knowledge first enlightened its horizon; children delight in it, from its containing the enchanting tales of the 'Thousand-and-One Nights;' ladies admire its flowered muslins, rich shawls, pure pearls, and brilliant diamonds; merchants view it as a source of commercial wealth; the naturalist, the botanist, and the geologist, search its plains, its forests, and its mountains, for unicorns, spikenard, splendid specimens of zeolite, and grand basaltic formations; the English soldier looks to its fields for a harvest of reputation; while pious missionaries sally forth with more than military zeal, to reclaim the millions of the East from their

errors, and direct them in the path of life.

The Mirage.—The first march from Abusheher we had to pass over a desert plain of considerable extent; on which I amused myself by watching narrowly the various changes, as we were near or remote from it, of that singular vapour, called by the French 'mirage,' and by the Arabs and Persians, 'sirab.' The influence of this vapour in changing the figure of objects is very extraordinary; it sometimes gives to those seen through it the most fantastical shapes; and, as a general effect, I think it always appears to elevate and make objects seem much taller than they really are. A man, for instance, seen through it at the distance of a mile and a half upon the level plain, appears to be almost as tall as a date tree. Its resemblance to water is complete, and justifies all the metaphors of poets, and their tales of thirsty and deluded travellers. The most singular quality of this vapour is, its power of reflection. When a near observer is a little elevated, as on horseback, he will see trees and other objects reflected as from the surface of a lake. The vapour, when seen at a distance of six or seven miles, appears to lie upon the earth like an opaque mass: and it certainly does not rise many feet above the ground; for I observed, that while the lower part of the town of Abusheher was hid from the view, some of the more elevated buildings, and the tops of the few date trees, were distinctly visible.

Contentedness of the Arabs.—Some time since, an Arab woman, an inhabitant of Abusheher, went to England* with the children of a Mr. Beauman. She remained in your country four years. When she returned, all gathered round her to gratify their curiosity about England. 'What did you find there? is it a fine country? are the people rich—are they happy?' She answered, 'The country was like a garden; the people were rich, had fine clothes, fine houses, fine horses, fine carriages, and were said to be very wise and happy.' Her audience were filled with envy of the English, and a gloom spread over them, which showed discontent at their own condition. They were departing with this sentiment, when the woman happened to say, "England certainly wants one thing." "What is that?" said the Arabs eagerly. "There is not a single date-tree in the whole country!" "Are you sure?" was the general exclamation. "Positive," said the old nurse; "I looked for nothing else all the time I was there, but I looked in vain." This information produced an instantaneous change of feeling among the Arabs; it was pity, not envy, that now filled their breasts; and they went away, wondering how men could live in a country where there were no date-trees!"

Superstition of an Arab Tribe.—We had good reason, when on the first mission, to remember this tribe, who, in conformity to one of their most ancient usages, had plundered a part of our baggage, that was unfortunately left without a guard in the rear. The loss would have been greater but for a curious incident. Among the camels left behind was one loaded with bottles containing nitric acid, which had been furnished in considerable quantities to us at Bombay. The able physician t who discovered its virtues, was solicitous that its efficacy should have a fair trial in Persia; and it certainly proved a sovereign remedy in an extreme case, but one in which he had not anticipated its effects. The robbers, after plundering several camel-loads, came to that with the nitric acid. They cast it from the back of the animal upon the ground. The bottles broke, and the smoke and smell of their contents so alarmed the ignorant and superstitious Mama Sunees, that they fled in dismay, fully satisfied that a pent-up genie of the Faringees had been let loose, and would take ample vengeance on them for their misdeeds. The truth of this was proved by the testimonies of the camel-drivers, the subsequent confession of some of the thieves, and the circumstance

of several of the loads which were near the nitric acid being untouched.

Origin of the plot of the Merchant of Venice.—England has benefited largely from these tales of the East. Amongst other boons from that land of imagination, we have the ground work on which Shakspeare has founded his inimitable play of the Merchant of Venice. The story of the Mahomedan and the Jew has been found in several books of Eastern Tales. In one Persian version love is made to mix with avarice in the breast of the Israelite, who had cast the eye of desire upon the wife of the Mahomedan, and expected, when he came to exact his bond, the lady would make any sacrifice to save her husband. At the close of this tale, when the parties come before the judge, the Jew puts forth his claim to the forfeited security of a pound of flesh. "How answerest thou?" said the judge, turning to the Mahomedan. "Is it so," replied the latter; "the money is due by me, but I am unable to pay it." "Then," continued the judge, "since thou hast failed in payment, thou must give the pledge; go, bring a sharp knife." When that was brought, the judge turned to the Jew, and said, "Arise, and separate one pound of flesh from his body, so that there be not a grain more or less; for if there is, the governor shall be informed, and thou shalt be put to death." "I cannot," said the Jew, "cut off one pound exactly; there will be a little more or less." But the judge persisted that it should be the precise weight. On this the Jew said he would give up his claim and depart. This was not allowed, and the Jew being compelled to take his bond with all its hazards, or pay a fine for a vexatious prosecution, he preferred the latter, and returned home, a disappointed usurer.

Persian Apologue of Sâdee.—How simply and beautifully has Sâdee depicted the benefit of good society in the following well-known apologue! One day as I was in the bath, a friend of mine put into my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it, and said to it, "Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?" It answered, "I was a despicable piece of clay, but I am sometime in the company of

The late Dr. Helenus Scott.

^{*}This story has been told by Sir John Malcolm, in his history, in illustration of some of his facts or opinions; but he has taken this, and many other equally good things, from me, without ever ueknowledging them: I shall, therefore, stand on no ceremony, when it suits my purpose to reclaim my property.

the rose; the sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me, otherwise

I should be only a bit of clay, as I appear to be."

Persian Heroism .- A Persian friend of mine related to me in illustration of this fact, an authentic and affecting anecdote of the conduct of an old man of one of those tribes during the reign of Kerreem Khan Zend. Twelve men had been robbed and murdered under the walls of Shiraz. The perpetrators of this atrocious act could not for a long period be discovered; but Kerreem Khan deeming this occurrence so deeply injurious to that impression of security and justice which it was the labour of his life to establish, commanded the officers of justice to persevere in their search till the offenders were detected, threatening them and others who had heard the cries of the murdered men with vengeance, unless they effected a discovery, which he considered essential to his own reputation. After some months had elapsed, it was discovered by accident that a small branch of Kerreem Khan's own tribe of Zend, at that time encamped near Shiraz, were the murderers. Their guilt was clearly proved, and all who had been actually engaged in the murder were sentenced to death. Powerful intercession was made that some at least should be pardoned, but the prince had vowed that every man should suffer, and their being of his own favoured tribe made him more inexorable. They had, he said, brought disgrace on him as their sovereign and as their chief, and could not be forgiven. When the prisoners were brought before him to receive sentence, there was amongst them a youth of twenty years of age, whose appearance interested every spectator; but their anxiety was increased to pain when they saw the father of this young man rush forward and demand, before they proceeded to the execution, to speak to the prince. Permission was granted, and he addressed him as follows:—"Kerreem Khan, you have sworn that these guilty men shall die, and it is just; but I, who am not guilty, come here to demand a boon of my chief. My son is young, he has been deluded into crime; his life is forfeited, but he has hardly tasted the sweets of life; he is just betrothed in marriage; I come to die in his stead: be merciful! let an old worn out man perish, and spare a youth, who may long be useful to his tribe; let him live to drink of the waters and till the ground of his ancestors! Kerreem Khan is stated to have been greatly moved by the old man's appeal: he could not pardon the offence, having sworn on the Koran that all concerned should be put to death; and with feelings very different from our ideas of justice, but congenial to those of the chief of a tribe, he granted the father's prayer, and the old man went exultingly to meet his fate. While all around were filled with pity, his son, wild and distracted with grief, was loud in imploring the prince to reverse his decree, to inflict on him that death which he merited, and to save the more valuable life of his aged, devoted, and innocent parent.

Repartee of a Persian Husband.—"My termagant of a wife," (said that wise man), "with whom, after my release from the Christians at Tripoli*, I had received a dower of a hundred dinars, one day addressed me in a reproachful tone, and asked, "Are not you the contemptible wretch whom my father ransomed from the slavery of the Franks at the cost of ten diners?" "Yes," I replied, "I am the same wretch whom he delivered from the infidels for ten dinors, and enslaved to you for one hundred."

Independently of the numerous sketches of life and manners which are to be found in these volumes, the author has presented us with many admirable Persian fictions, illustrative of the customs and superstitions of the country. One of these stories will be found in another part of our magazine. We wish we could have found room for the charming tale of 'Ahmed, of Isfahan, or the Cobbler turned Astrologer:' we may possibly avail ourselves of it in our next; or if not of this, at least of the 'Ameed Beg, and the Ghoul of the Valley of Death:' both of which are among the most interesting Eastern fictions we have ever perused.

But we have already greatly exceeded our usual limits, and must bring our notice of these entertaining volumes to a close. We trust the author of 'Sketches in Persia' will ere long rummage the "iron clamped boxes" mentioned in his preface, for the materials for two

^{*} Tripoli, in Syria: the Christians must have been some of the crusaders.

more volumes of equal interest to these, independently of a larger share of tact and observation than fall to the share of any of the writers of travels in general. His connexion with the British mission (we suspect he is no other than Sir John Malcolm), appears to have afforded him opportunities of becoming acquainted with the customs and manners of the Persians; and of these opportunities he has availed himself so successfully, that there is not a chapter in his book which does not abound with information of the most interesting and valuable character.

Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England, By Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, St. Petersburgh, in 1824. By Captain the Honourable George Keppel. 4to. pp. 338. Colburn.

Captain Keppel, who is, we believe, the second son of the Earl of Albemarle, has done himself high honour by the production of this very interesting volume. It contains a great deal of novel, and some very important information. After touching at Muscat, Captain K. disembarked at Bussorah, and ascended the Tigris. From Bagdad he made a short excursion to the reputed ruins of Babylon, on the banks of the Euphrates; and passing through Kermanshah to Zeheraun, proceeded to Baku, on the Caspian Sea; and thence by land to St. Petersburgh, whither he took shipping for England. Such are the scenes to which his volume is devoted. Some well-executed plates accompany the letter-press, and increase the interest of the work. It has, we perceive, already reached a second edition.

Holland-Tide; or, Munster Popular Tales. Post 8vo. pp. 378. Simpkin and Marshall.

Or all fictitious writings, those which illustrate national manners and customs are the most valuable and interesting. It is to the fidelity of his delineations of the Scottish character, that the author of Waverley is indebted for no small share of his well-earned popularity; and if in this peculiar style of writing he is unrivalled by any of his contemporaries, there are novelists at no such immeasurable distance from him, whose pens have been devoted to a similar object—that of making the public acquainted with the habits and characteristics of their native country. Ireland has been peculiarly fortunate in such delineators as Mr. Crowe and Mr. Banim, the authors of 'To-day in Ireland,' and the 'Tales of the O'Hara Family;' and scarcely less so in the author of 'Holland-Tide,' which is not inferior, either in interest or graphic fidelity of description, to the very best works of a similar character which have appeared during the last few years. What Messrs. Crowe and Banim have done for one part of Erin, our Munster chronicler has done for another, and, in our humble opinion, with equal success. The work before us consists of eight popular and strikingly characteristic tales, beside an introduction, explanatory of the occasion on which they profess to have been related; namely, at Holland-Tide, or what is better known in this country by the designation of Hallowmas-Eve. The first of these novellettes, 'The Aylmers of Bally Aylmer, which occupies by far the greater part of the volume, is a production of very considerable derable power and interest, more skilfully developed, perhaps, than any one of the fictions, either in the 'To-day in Ireland,' or 'The O'Hara

Family.' The plot is of too complicated a nature for us to attempt to unravel it here; but such of our readers as may make the attempt for themselves, will, we feel assured, thank us for having directed their attention to so very meritorious and really pathetic a narrative. The minor sketches, if inferior both in conception and development to 'The Aylmers of Bally Aylmer,' are nevertheless entitled to high commendation, as faithful pictures of the state of society in the south of Ireland. Of these, we prefer 'The Hand and Word,' 'The Broun Man,' and 'The Unburied Legs.' We would, did our limits allow, quote a passage or two in illustration of our highly favourable opinion of this work, but this, alas! is impossible. Our readers, therefore, must be so good as to take the aforesaid opinion upon credit: we will stake our critical veracity upon its correctness.

From the very unpretending preface to these spirited sketches, it would appear that the author is quite a new hand; but, judging from internal evidence, we should say that this cannot be the case; the style has all the force and perspicuity of an experienced writer. Whoever he may be, we earnestly recommend him to proceed with another volume, with as little delay as possible; for that 'Holland-Tide' will meet with the attention it deserves, we cannot for a moment doubt. We do not know a writer more capable of illustrating the Irish character than the

author of this book.

DAME REBECCA BERRY; or, Court Scenes in the reign of Charles II. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

THE plot of this very striking novel, is founded on the well-known legend entitled 'The Fish and the Ring;' a tradition which has also been recorded in the ancient ballad of 'The cruel Knight and the fortunate Farmer's Daughter.' On this simple web, the author has woven a series of very lively and characteristic sketches of the Court of Charles II. The hero, Sir Ambrose Templeton, a wealthy Yorkshire knight, adopts the daughter of a peasant in his neighbourhood. Being somewhat addicted to the science of astrology, he resolves on casting her nativity; when, to his astonishment, he discovers that the Fates decree that his protegée shall one day become his bride. His philanthropy not being disposed to take so wide a range, he resolves to prevent the fulfilment of the prediction by putting her out of the world; but, by the lucky fatality which usually attends heroines, the infant becomes the ward of Sir A.'s brother, who is in due time enamoured of her; and the nuptials are about to take place, in a quiet way, when lo! in a fit of caprice, appears the redoubtable astrologer, and claims the intended bride as his own! All, of course, is anarchy and confusion; but the utmost his skill can achieve at this period is, to prevent the intended union. The legend goes on to state, that he presents a ring to the inflexible fair one, who flings it into a river, declaring, that when it is found she will marry him, but not till then. The favoured lover dies, we may suppose, from disappointment; and the lady marries, not the astrologer, but a Sir John Berry, who is, shortly after their nuptials, "slain in the wars." To divert her mind during her widowhood, our heroine makes a pilgrimage with a worthy prioress, and by chance is thrown in the way of the redoubtable Sir Ambrose.

dine at the same table, and our heroine is helped to some fish—when, lo and behold! the ring—the long-lost ring—is discovered in its stomach! She is reminded of her vow—and becomes the wife of the

astrologer.

The reader will perceive the advantage which these singular events afford the author for introducing our heroine under every variety of circumstance. In her infancy she is the plaything of a crack-brained astrologer; in youth, she is the cherished ward of a quiet country gentleman; on her first marriage, she becomes a staid English matron; and in her character as the fated wife of Sir Ambrose, she becomes one of the stars of the merry monarch's court: and here it is that the author, or authoress (for report ascribes it to a lady), chiefly exerts her powers; and we must say, much as it has been the fashion to give us court scenes of tales, we know of few which exceed some that are to be found in the pages under review. We regret that our limits preclude the possibility of our giving a specimen, but we cannot forbear mentioning two sketches which have peculiarly delighted us. A description of a lady's dressing-room, in the second volume, page 69; and a history of certain freaks of Lord Rochester and the Duke of Buckingham, in the same volume. The volumes are interspersed with various little pictures, or scenes, of a similar character; and the characters which figure in them, namely, the court gallants and the court beauties, are admirably supported.

Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting and Architecture, enlarged. By the Rev. J. Dallaway; and illustrated by numerous splendid Engravings. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 418. Major.

WE have already spoken in terms of unqualified commendation of the first volume of this splendid and really valuable edition of an important and highly interesting work; and although we shall shortly have occasion to refer to it again, in another department of your Magazine, we cannot suffer this opportunity to escape us of directing public attention to Volume the Second, which has just issued from the press, and which, such is the good faith kept with the subscribers to the book, not only exceeds in interest and splendour its predecessor, but even the expectations which the publisher's prospectus had given us a right to form. The third volume is, we are told, in rapid progress, and the entire work will be completed within the time originally specified in the preliminary announcements. Such, indeed, has been the feeling excited towards the work, by the specimens already published, that of the limited edition of the large pager, with proof impressions of the plates, very few copies remain unsubscribed for, and even these can scarcely be expected to be had when the work is brought to a close. Such of our readers as would possess a book, without which no library can be complete, in its finest possible state, will do well to be early in their applications. It is quite impossible for us to give any thing like an analysis of the vast body of new matter which Mr. Dallaway has appended to the text in the form of notes. Suffice it therefore to mention, that it is for the most part of an extremely valuable and interesting character, and can only have been collected with much labour and research. The illustrations contained in the volume before us are twenty more in

number, of which, seventeen are portraits (nearly the whole of them are engraving by the most eminent artists), on copper, and the rest engravings on wood, not less beautiful of their kind. The copper-plates are—The Countess of Arundel—Paul Vansomer—Cornelius Jansen—Daniel Mytens—Peter Oliver—The Earl of Arundel—Rubens—Diepenbech—Vandyck—Polemburg—Torrentius—Jamieson, and his wife and son—Dobson—Honthorst Lanierc—Petitot and Jones. The plates, engraved by J. H. Robinson, W. Finden, and Warren, and one or two of those by Worthington, are of unrivalled beauty. On the whole, the work is highly honourable to the spirit and enterprise of its publisher; and if continued as it has been begun, cannot fail of being duly appreciated by the public, and of securing for itself a niche in the library of every man of taste in the United Kingdom.

TRUCKLEBOROUGH HALL; a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London. Colburn. A POLITICAL novel, the object of which is to lash the boroughmongering system, and expose the shuffling corruption so commonly practised at contested elections. The author does not seem to be aware, or if so, is at least unwilling to confess, that the Whigs of the present age are quite as much given to truckling boroughs as the Tories: two of the greatest boroughmongers in the kingdom, are noblemen of this persuasion. The attempts at humour in this book are, we are sorry to say, pitched in a very low key; and the incidents are, for the most part, of too common-place an order to interest any one, save some inexperienced candidate, about to enter upon the turmoils and vexations of an election.

STORIES OF CHIVALRY AND ROMANCE. 12mo. pp. 275. Long-man and Co.

WE have here a variety of stirring traditions and pleasing historical incidents, wrought into a series of very interesting and characteristic The age of chivalry is no more, we are well aware, but the admirers of knightly valour, and the lovers of "gentle dames," may gather from these unpretending sketches a pretty tolerable idea of what chivalry was at the period to which they profess to refer. The writer seems to be an ardent admirer of old Froissart, and to have imbued his mind with a good deal of the spirit of that fine old chronicler's glowing narratives. 'The Knight of the Plumeless Helm,' and 'The Devil's Gorge,' have already appeared in our pages: of those which are now published for the first time, we may mention with deserved commendation, 'Jacques de Wilton,' 'The Enchanted Shield,' and 'Edgar Esterling.' It is a pity that young writers of talent will spoil good prose by interlarding it with common-place verses. this reproach we cannot, we fear, entirely absolve the author of this volume; for if his poetical flights are above mediocrity, they are not of a character to secure him any distinction as a poet. The effect, too, of little spurts of verse in tales like those which have given occasion for our remarks, even when they are of a higher order, is far from being advantageous; they are almost as much out of place, as a handful of sugar-plums would be in a basin of good soup: they do not assimilate with that with which they are associated. Verbum sat.

19

CHIT-CHAT; LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Royal Society of Literature has just issued Part I. of its first volume of "Transactions," very splendidly printed in quarto, from the press of Mr. Valpy. As it is our intention to devote a paper to the proceedings of the body in an early number of the Magnet, we shall content ourselves for the present with a brief analysis of the contents of its virgin publication. the Charter, list of Members, the Plan, Laws, and Constitution of the Society, we have papers on the following subjects: An account of an Unknown Manuscript of 1422, illustrating the last declaration of Henry V., by Granville Penn, Esq. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7—Papers on the Origin and affinities of Languages, by Sharon Turner, Esq., 8-Observations on the River Euphrates, by Sir William Ouseley, 9—An Historical Account of the Discoveries made in Palempsest Manuscripts, by Archdeacon Nares, 10-A Manuscript, by Sir John Harrington, throwing light upon the reigns of Elizabeth, and James I, 11-On a Coin of Metapontum, by James Millingen, Esq., 12-On some Coins of Thessaly, by Colonel Leake, 13—A Codex of several Greek Manuscripts belonging to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, by the Rev. H. Todd, 14-An Essay on Political Economy, by the Rev. T. R. Malthus, 15—On an Edict of Diocletian fixing a Maximum of Prices throughout the Roman Empire, A. D. 303, by Colonel Leake, 16-On some Egyptian Monuments in the British Museum, and other Collections, by the Right Hon. C. Yorke, and Colonel Leake. The volume also contains some outline plates illustrative of some of its subject matter. Judging from the cursory perusal we have given this first specimen of the power and ability of such an association as the Royal Society of Literature, we confess that we feel no little disappointment, and we think the public generally will participate with us in this feeling.

A Correspondent inquires of us the cause of the preposterous puffs with which the people of the Monthly Magazine are continually buttering, or rather larding (for it is but hog's grease after all), that "indefatigable author of the best of all cookery books," (see their last number) Dr. Kitchener. Perhaps, because the learned Doctor supplies them with a good deal of their wit, which,

under favour be it spoken, savours confoundedly of the kitchen.

Mr. Sotheby has just published a volume, which, if it aspire to no loftier distinction, is at least a curiosity. It is a Polyglot of the Georgics of Virgil, which are printed in five languages, beside the original; viz. in Spanish, from the version of Joanne de Guzman; in Italian, from Francisco Soave; in German, from Joanne Henrico Voss; in French, from Jacobo Delille; and in English, form Gulielmo Sotheby. On the left-hand page are the Latin, Spanish, and German; and opposite to these, on the right-hand page, the English, Italian, and French. The capabilities of each language are strikingly exemplified in this work; the first book of the original, containing 514 lines, is rendered by 963 in Spanish, 887 in Italian, 615 in French, 574 in English, and 514 (quasi line for line) in German. In the second liber, the proportions are, Latin 542, Spanish 1045, Italian 945, French 654, English 637, and German 542: in the third, Latin 566, Spanish 1104, Italian 938, French 642, English 634, and German 566: and in the fourth, the scale is in a similar order; Latin and German (alike) 566, Spanish 1089, Italian 939, French 646, and English 632. The work, which is magnificently printed in folio, by W. Nicol, is dedicated to the Bishop of London. The impression is limited to 250 copies.

The first number of Mr. Brockedon's Illustrations of The Passes of the Alps, by which Italy communicates with France, Switzerland, and Germany, from Drawings made during the five summers from 1821 to 1826, is nearly ready. We believe that Mr. B. has literally crossed the Alps forty times in pursuit of this object. He maintains, that the Pass of the Little Saint Bernard was undoubtedly the route of Hannibal.

Two new weekly Newspapers have been commenced during the last three weeks, "The Constitution," and "The Free Press." The former sets out with the most extravagant adulation of Mr. Canning—butter upon bacon,—and the latter declares that it is not its intention to support establishments, but that it means to be "splendid" and powerful, to cut up ministers, and maintain the greatest possible impartiality and independence. As far as we can judge from the specimens of the Free Press, which have met our observation, it affords promise of considerable ability in its management. A paper that would expose the hollow liberalism and mob-hunting sophistries of Mr. Secretary Canning, is still a desideratum.

A Minute has passed the Treasury Board, authorising the erection of a Terrace from Storey's Gate, up the Bird Cage Walk, along the whole of the south side of the Park, to Pimlico. This will match with the Terrace on the opposite side, from Spring Gardens westward; and thus, with the King's new Palace at one end, and the Horse Guards, and other architectural public buildings at the other, will form St. James's Park into one general square. In the centre, the canal is to be serpentined, and the marshy ground to be drained and laid out in parterres, shrubberies, and other ornamental designs.

We learn from the Paris Correspondent of the Literary Gazette, that six persons of the Academie Francoise only support the new project of law against the press. Messrs. Cuvier, Lally Tolendal, Roger, Anger, La Place, and Campenon. Of these, M. Cuvier owes all his fame to the press; and the Marquis de Lally Tolendal the justification of his father's memory, who was beheaded on an iniquitous sentence. M. Roger is secretary-general of the post-office, and it was therefore natural for him to vote that all letters should bear a stamp. La Place, holding such constant commune with the stars, might easily make a mistake as to what was passing on earth. The other two are mere makeweights in the academy.

Mr. Murray has just published a new and very beautiful edition of Lord

Byron's Poetry, compressed into six volumes, foolscap 8vo.

The New Novel, by Mr. Ward, the Author of Tremaine, is to be entitled "De Vere; or, the Man of Independence," and will make its appearance in the course of the present month. A fourth edition of Tremaine is also in preparation.

A new Theatrical Debutante (a Miss Jarman) has lately made her appearance at Covent Garden, in the character of Juliet. Her acting is pleasing and correct, but not remarkable for either its force or originality, if we may be allowed to apply such a term to an imitative art. She does not appear to have made much of a hit; although favourably received on the first night of her performance.

A second edition of Niebuhr's Roman History is preparing for publication. The new edition is not the old work with additions and improvements, but absolutely a new one, in which few pages only have been preserved.

Mr. F. Reynolds has a new comedy forthcoming, to be called "Edge-Tools. or, Drury Lane at Covent Garden."

Mr. Peacock's very pretty romance of "Maid Marian," upon which was founded the drama rendered so attractive by the talents of our never-to-be-forgotten Miss Tree, has been translated into French by Madame Daring.

The British Critic has, it will be seen, united itself with the Quarterly Theological Review. This sort of "marriage of true minds" has latterly become frequent among the halt and the lame of periodical literature.

Beethoven, the greatest musical genius of the age, is now in a forlorn state of dropsy at Vienna. He had but just sufficient strength, when the last accounts left him, to sign an acknowledgment for an elegant set of the works of Handel, (forty volumes folio, of Arnold's edition), presented to him, free of all cost, by

his friend and admirer, M. Stumpff, who had heard him declare how proud he should be to possess the works of a composer for whom he had the highest admiration.

Mr. Allen's 'History of Lambeth,' with upwards of a hundred engravings of curious objects connected with the parish, is announced as nearly ready, by J. Nichols and Son.

Mr. Colburn announces 'A Life of the Duke of York,' from the pen of a distinguished writer.

A series of lithographic Views of Pompeii, after drawings by W. Light, Esq., will be published in a few days.

Mr. Bernard Barton's new poem, 'The Widow's Tale,' founded on the melancholy loss of the five Wesleyan missionaries, in the mail-boat, off the island of Antigua, will shortly make its appearance.

The Rev. W. Carpenter is about to publish a reply to the accusations of piracy and plagiarism, exhibited against him in the Christian Remembrancer. It is curious to observe, how bitter a spirit of jealousy and malignity seems to pervade the writings of the would-be saints.

The royal commission for inquiring into the state of the Scots' Universities, finished their business at Glasgow in six days. The commissioners are about to propose a premium of one hundred guineas for the best essay, on a subject to be given, by a student of Edinburgh College. The adjudication is to take place in April next.

A monument is, we believe, to be erected to the memory of the Duke of York. The work will be thrown open to the competition of British artists.

A dramatic procession is intended to take place at Stratford-upon-Avon, on the next anniversary of the birth of Shakspeare. A programme has been published, and circular letters dispatched to all the principal actors in the kingdom, requesting that they will join in the tom-foolery. The Mayor of Stratford, a highly respectable currier, we believe, and two aldermen, one a grocer, and the other a very exemplary dealer in hops, will, we are told, lead the procession.

The History of the Glorious Return of the Vaudois to their Valleys, in 1689. By Henry Arnaud, their Pastor and Colonel. Translated from the original of H. Arnaud, by Hugh Dyke Acland, Esq., with original Sketches of that singular country; will be published in the course of the present month.

A Miss Fanny Ayton, the sister of Mr. Ayton, whose Posthumous Essays were published by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, about two years ago, has lately made her debut at the Italian Opera, in the character of Ninetta, in La Gazza Ladra. She is a native of Macclesfield, but having resided five years in Italy, under the instruction of Signor Magnelli, she has arrived at great proficiency as a vocalist. She was very favourably received.

Mr. Crook, a phrenologist, who has been lecturing during the last few weeks, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, is said to have discovered a new organ, situated close to that of destructiveness, entitled the organ of gustativeness. Can the humbug of these gentry go farther? We think not!

Captain Owen, who has, within these few months, returned from his perilous and most laborious voyage to the east coast of Africa, has just been appointed Governor of Fernando Po, whither the settlement of Sierra Leone is to be immediately transferred.

A new and fashionable novel, to be entitled 'Flirtation,' is expected 'almost immediately. Of course, it professes to be from the pen of 'a lady of rank.'

We find we were quite in error in stating in our last number, that 'Dodsley's Annual Register,' and 'The New Annual Register,' are now published in conjunction; for 'The New Annual Register' (and we think we are war-

ranted in adding, the very best publication of its kind), continues still to be published by Messrs. Baldwin. It is Messrs. Rivingtons work that is incor-

porated with Dodsley's.

An Historical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Account of Kirkstall Abbey, illustrated with several highly finished engravings, in the line manner, from drawings by W. Mulready, Esq., R.A., and Charles Cope, Esq., will shortly be published. Kirkstall Abbey is one of the most splendid monastic ruins in England. Some of the designs for this work have met our observation, and are of a very meritorious and interesting character.

We have the pleasure to announce, that a new edition of Mr. Wordsworth's Poetry (including the Excursion), is preparing for publication, by Messrs. Longman and Co., and will be published early in March. This edition will contain a considerable quantity of new matter, and will be printed in a more

compact and portable form than either of its predecessors.

The author of 'Head-Pieces and Tale-Pieces, a Series of Tales, by a Travelling Artist,' is preparing for publication a moral tale, in one volume, to be en-

titled, 'A Peep at the World, or, the Rule of Rule.'

Early in April will be published, the First Part of a Selection of Architectural and other Ornaments, Greek, Roman, and Italian, drawn from originals in various museums and edifices in Italy, by Mr. William Hoskin, and Mr. John Jenkins, architects. The work will be completed in eight parts, one of which will be published every six weeks till the work is completed, containing five prints, etched in outline, on stone, and slightly shaded. Descriptions in letter-press will accompany the prints. The work will be on super royal folio and imperial paper. Proofs on India Paper. From the specimens we have seen of the drawings to be engraved, we are disposed to augur very favourably of this work. By far the greater part of the subjects which will be found in its pages, have never before been published. The Greek specimens are chiefly from the museum of Naples, and are not to be found even in the great work on Herculanean Antiquities. The Italian examples are principally of the fourteenth century, and from very early Venetian edifices, and will be found to possess a purity of style, &c., hardly inferior to the best works of the Greeks and Romans. The Venetian specimens, especially, appear in a great degree, to combine the beauties of both. Mr. Hoskin, who is a young architect of great promise, is, if we mistake not, the author of some very interesting papers in the New Monthly, entitled, "Extracts from the Journal

Richard Westmacot, Esq., R.A., has been elected Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy, in the room of the late Mr. Flaxman.

The subjects given by the Royal Academy for the gold medal prizes this year are, in painting, 'The Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise;" in sculpture, 'Hercules Delivering Hesione;' in architecture, 'A Design for a National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture.'

Mr. Bowring is preparing for publication, a volume of Servian Popular

Poetry, with some account of the literature and language of Servia.

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Mr. J. M. W. Turner, having lately made a tour on the northern coast of France, proposes to publish a work, to be entitled, 'The English Channel; or, La Manche.' This work will consist of views, taken by him from Dunkirk Ushant, and places adjacent; together with others on the opposite shore of England, but varying from those given in the 'Coast Scenery.' The publication will be completed in twelve parts; each part containing three views and two vignettes; to appear every four months.

HOUSE-HUNTING.

noiseant concern. Independently of the

The world was all before us where to choose Our place of rest, and Providence our guide.—MILTON.

Next to the election of a lady as "a companion for life," there is, perhaps, nothing on earth so perplexing as the choice of a house. The requisites admitted, by universal consent, to be indispensable both for the comfort and convenience of persons of even moderate ambition, are of so multiform and diverse a nature, that it is next to impossible to find them united in any one tenement (however eligible it may appear on a first "view") under the canopy of heaven. It is in vain that you fortify your memory with all the desiderata which the most experienced House-Hunter may have it in his power to suggest for your information; for although the eligibilities turn out to be ever so numerous and important, there is always some little piddling nuisance to weaken and impair the freshness of a "first impression;"—some objection which, to borrow the language of the law, is sure to be "fatal," and to overturn all our plans of colonization. Sometimes, indeed, the point is "reserved" for the opinion of that most righteous of all "judges," a discreet wife; but one trifling evil in posse, in such cases at least, is uniformly allowed to counterbalance a whole host of conveniences in esse.

Now as I have the good fortune to be united to a woman who is allowed by all her neighbours to be one of the best managers in the country, and whose opinion, on every question of domestic economy is (according to her own belief) infallible; it will readily be understood that the vexations and disappointments which I have been called upon to endure, in the course of my various changes of domicile, have been such as no ordinary foresight could have averted. Blessed with an adviser of surpassing clearness of perception, I must inevitably have escaped all inconvenience, had not my perplexities been of a very peculiar charater.—

But I am anticipating the disclosure of my miseries.

Some few months ago, a maiden aunt of my wife, from whom we had, in reality, no reasonable expectations (although my penetrating spouse has repeatedly declared, that she should not be surprised if Aunt Grizzy were to leave us something comfortable), died, and bequeathed us a thousand pounds in the three per cents. This God-send, for such, indeed, it was to us, occasioned a good deal of discussion in our little menage, for at least one calendar month after the confirmation of the intelligence. The point in debate was not whether we wanted such an accession to our fortune—for it was admitted, nem. con., that nothing could have been more seasonable—but to what purposes it should be applied. After repeated deliberations, it was proposed by my daughter Monimia (a lively girl of sixteen), and seconded by her mother, that we should straightway remove to a larger and more commodious residence. They both affected to feel convinced that the difference of rent between a small, and what they were pleased to term a "respectable house," would be more than compensated for by the increased convenience to papa, for whose fatiguing walks to and from town, they

had just begun to feel the most poignant concern. Independently of this, and other weighty reasons I was not prepared to controvert, the dearness of all the necessaries of life at our distance from the great City, and the impossibility of passing a social evening with a friend, or of witnessing a new play, or a new opera, without a most grievous taxation in the shape of coach-hire (to say nothing of the shoe-leather destroyed and dresses dilapidated, in wading through suburban mire), were all thrown into the scale; no wonder, therefore, that it should have kicked the beam in the twinkling of an eye. To say the truth, although I affected to object to our removal, I was by no means inclined to oppose it à l'outrance. So far from it indeed, that I had a strong inclination to locate in a more eligible neighbourhood myself, and was only restrained from giving expression to my sentiments, by the apprehension that my too-ready acquiescence might produce an unfavourable alteration in my wife's opinions; who, notwithstanding she is possessed of innumerable good qualities, is not without the common failing of her sex. Perhaps, too, I was the more anxious that the matter should appear to originate solely with herself, as I was well satisfied that if it did not turn out quite as favourably as we anticipated, she would, under any other circumstances, lay the whole onus of the failure entirely at my door,—for although I am allowed only a very limited share in the credit of any new scheme, if it should turn out successful in its results, of which I may be the author, I am pretty secure of bearing the full checken in a second

brunt of the odium, should it happen to miscarry.

The question of expediency having been decided in the affirmative, the next point for consideration was, when we should carry our intentions into effect, and where we should choose a "place of rest" better suited to the improved state of our finances, and the importance of our station in society, than the hovel (for such Monimia was pleased to entitle it) in which we had been vegetating for so many years. This was a knotty point, and one upon which we found it extremely difficult to agree. I intimated my preference to the east end of London, on account of its proximity to my place of business; but my wife and daughter were excruciated at the idea. "Surely, papa," expostulated Monimia, "you would never dream of settling within the sound of Bow-bells! We had better remain where we are, than migrate to so vastly ungenteel a neighbourhood. We have only four rooms and a half that are habitable, in our present residence, it is true—but then we have a string of excellent excuses always at hand for whatever inconveniences we may sustain, in the extraordinary salubrity of the air, our proximity to our excellent friend Lady Dashwood (who, by the way, had only done us the honour of calling upon us once, and then merely to shelter herself from a shower of rain, which had overtaken her before she could reach her own lodge-gate), the great facility of conveyance to and from the Metropolis, &c. &c. &c. The East-my gracious! I see mamma is ready to expire at the thought! If it comes to that, we shall certainly be exhibited along with Mr. Deputy Dip, of the ward of Farringdon Without, in some future lucubration of the Smiths." Here my wife took up the strain; "Beside, my dear, there's our Monimia is just verging into womanhood, and must be introduced. (She is older, and a far greater proficient on the harp than

Dr. Tympanum's daughter, who was brought out a year ago). What advantages, in the way of society, shall we be able to afford her, if we take up our abode in the purlieus of all that is odious and disagreeable? Only reflect how "Mrs. and Miss —, one door from the Pump, at Aldgate," would read upon a card. For heaven's sake, my love, abandon the idea of immolating our gentility at the shrine of vulgar mercantile convenience! What think you of some nice street out of Portland Place, or leading to either Portman, Cavendish, or Grosvenor Squares. or-" She would have proceeded with her enumeration, but I cut her short, by reminding her that the rent and taxes of a house in any one of the fashionable situations for which she appeared to have imbibed so particular a predilection, would amount to something more than our entire annual income,—a consideration worthy the attention of matter-of-fact people addicted to the plebeian practice of eating and drinking. This poser appeared to startle her not a little; and as it was an argument which no ingenuity could controvert, she made a virtue of necessity, and like a good housewife as she is, admitted the importance of the objection with all imaginable deference and good humour. It was, however, mutually agreed, that there must be a number of quiet streets in the west end (for on this point she continued inexorable), in which it might not be difficult to meet with a habitation suited both to our means and our ambition. It was accordingly resolved, that we should devote a certain portion of every day of the ensuing week to various peregrinations of discovery. The lease of our cottage ornée (the devil take all cottages ornées!) had, to be sure, two years to run, but we entertained no doubt whatever of letting it at a few days' notice.

Determined not to proceed precipitately or unadvisedly in the matter, we consumed the whole of Sunday (a breach of propriety, to which the pious reader will no doubt refer all our subsequent mishaps) in concocting and digesting a series of questions for our guidance in House-Hunting, which would, we fondly imagined, secure us from the possibility of mischance. In this memorandum we fancied we had glanced at every "particular" to which it could be necessary to advert in taking

a house. It was as follows :-

I. Query.—The annual rent; and whether there be an after-clap, in

the shape of a premium?

II. The amount of taxes, for some parishes are rated lower than others; and whether the preceding tenant will be disposed to produce his receipts for the same, up to the period of his departure—parish officers not being particular as to whether the taxes have been incurred by you or your predecessor, provided there be enough of your furniture on the premises to satisfy their claims?

III. The character of the said predecessor. For if he has left the neighbourhood in debt, you will stand a fair chance of being cheated by

your tradespeople, to make amends for his defalcation?

IV. Do the chimnies smoke?

V. Has the house a stinking breath? In other words—are the sewers and cesspools adequate to the purposes for which they were excavated?

VI. What quantity of old iron, brass cocks, and leaden mains is to be foisted upon you, under the denomination of fixtures? and whether

as you are ever likely to get for them again; or at your landlord's town estimate—which is sure to be half as much again as they cost at effect hand.

And, above all, whether a boat will be necessary, at certain periods of the year, to enable your servants to navigate your kitchen and cellars?

Wills Whether the house is in good and tenantable repair?

With this document reduced to black and white, and tucked into one of my gloves, in order that we might refer to it at a moment's notice, did my wife, my daughter, and myself, commence our first day's peregrinations. Not a single empty house, from about the scale we considered likely to suit us, to the town mansion of the peer, did we suffer to escape our observation. To paraphrase a passage in Scott's admirable translation of Burger's Leonora,'—

Tramp-tramp along the path we passed, 1804 500 date the path we passed the path we path we path we path we path

Wherever we saw a placard, containing the words "This house to let—inquire within," thither did we forthwith direct our steps. It was in vain that I reminded my companions, that many of the edifices into which they seemed bent upon penetrating, were obviously very much too large and too expensive for our means: they would persist in tramping through them, in order to see "what kind of places they were." "Beside, my dear," my wife would sometimes exclaim, "who knows but we may, some day or other, want such a house!" Our first day's expedition afforded us a tolerable insight into the mysteries of house-hunting: and what with ascending and descending stairs, and exploring cellars and servants' offices, we found ourselves pretty consi-

derably fatigued before we reached home. The private out at each W

To attempt to give anything like a detailed account of our adventures, would be to fill a volume. Some persons were most obsequious in their civilities; others, surveying us with a degree of scrutiny which seemed by no means unmingled with suspicion, demanded (before we had passed the threshold of their doors) if we really considered the house likely to suit us. Mr. A. was at breakfast, and could not be disturbed! Mrs. B. had no objection to our viewing her sitting-rooms, but the bedchambers (the black-holes of her establishment), were in a state of confusion, which rendered it impossible that we could be allowed to inspect them I Mrs. C. had the chimney-sweepers in her kitchen! (it was just then under water, and might have impressed us with an ugly prejudice against the general comfort of the tenement) so that we were not allowed to penetrate lower than her dining-room. Mrs. D. was at dinner; and wondered how people could expect to obtain admittance at so unseasonable an hour. Here, the landlord had put a capricious rent of twice its real value upon his house; and had taken an oath that it should rot to its foundation before he would let it for less. There, an officer's lady, whose husband was with our army in India (in what regiment it might be difficult to ascertain), wished to dispose of her lease and furniture, in order that she might join her spouse! In one place, the house had grown too large for the family!—In another, the family had grown too large for the house! Under any other circumstances, the party

formed, that Mr. E.'s sole reason for leaving his residence was, that he wished to retire into the country. At the other, that the increase of Mr. F.'s professional avocations would not admit of his living at so great a distance from the Inns of Court. In no single instance was a motive assigned, which could possibly invalidate the supposed eligibility of the tenement. Our queries (which, whenever there appeared to be the slightest chance of our suiting ourselves, were always at our ingers' ends), were answered, for the most part, satisfactorily. Where a servant or charwoman had the care of a house, the common reply to our various inquiries was, "Yes, Ma'am; for aught I have heard to the contrary!" and "No, Ma'am; not as I know of." For all the more important particulars, however, we were, in such cases, usually referred to "my master," or, "the gentleman as put me in;"—living some six or seven English miles from the scene of action,

At first, we found it difficult to account for the extraordinary candour of the people who had the letting of houses for agents and upholsterers; for, however fervent they were in their general recommendation of the premises, they had always some little candid communication to make at our second visit, which was sure to save us the trouble of calling again: If It was true the chimbleys did smoke a little, and the kitchens was shocking damp." While we were yet green in our vocation, we considered ourselves bound, in common gratitude, to present our informant with a shilling, as a premium for her timely intimation; but we soon found that it was the common trick of the profession. The Mrs. Candid in question had house-rent free, and so much a week for taking care of the premises, to say nothing of an odd shilling every now and then, for telling the whole truth, and sometimes a little more than the truth! Where is the starving and homeless wretch who would have been proof against such a temptation?

But I shall not fatigue my reader with minutiæ. It is sufficient for all useful purposes to remark, that after six days' perc grinations, just as we were about to make up our minds that such a domicile as we were in search of, like happiness, was not to be met with in this world, our attention was attracted by a placard in the window of a genteel-looking house, in - Street, - Square: and although it did certainly appear a cut above our means, we determined (on my wife's favourite principle), to take a peep at it. We accordingly knocked at the door, and were ushered into the drawing-room, where we were informed that "Mrs. Varnish" would wait upon us without delay. In the meantime, we had leisure to survey the apartment. My wife and daughter were in ecstasies. If the rent should prove at all moderate, it was just the very thing we wanted.—They were here interrupted by the entré of a smart smirking lady, of a 'certain age,' who, tripping across the room with more than fairy lightness, addressed me with, 'I fear, Sir, you will be disappointed, if you have called respecting the house; as it is, I have reason to believe, already let. Indeed, the rent is so extremely low, considering its size and conveniences, that I might have parted with it a times over, had I been less fastidious than I am." This rent was, she then informed us, one hundred pounds per annum (twenty pounds beyond the limit I had prescribed as our ultimatum); and there

were a few fixtures, better, she declared, than new; including her carpets and curtains, which, as they were planned to the rooms, it would be "a thousand pities to disturb." Here my daughter manifested considerable impatience to know if the house was really let; and Mrs. Varnish (all complaisance as she was), rang the bell, to catechise her servant (who had, of course, her cue), as to whether Mr. Fitzroy Wilmington had sent his definitive answer that morning or not: when it turned out that he had not, but that he considered the matter as all but settled, and would call and make the final arrangements in person, at two o'clock. Mrs. V. expressed great satisfaction that she had it still in her power to oblige us, as the house seemed to suit us so entirely. She must, however, beg to shew the two ladies through the sleeping apartments, before we formed any decision. On the return of the trio, they appeared to have made the most of their time, for they had grown as intimate as if they had known each other a dozen years. "What a delightful woman!" whispered Monimia, aside, to me. I nodded my assent; for, in truth, Mrs. V. did appear to me to be a most fascinating creature. She was all delicacy and disinterestedness! She even offered to give us a day for consideration; but this my wife declared would be taking an unfair advantage of her generosity, considering her situation with respect to Mr. Fitzroy Wilmington. We accordingly brought the matter to an issue upon the spot. To save the trouble and expense of appraisement, Mrs. V. proposed to take 20 per cent. off the cost price of her fixtures, &c. She had spent a vast deal of money on ornamental repairs, but for this she should charge nothing; neither would she require a premium, notwithstanding the extraordinary cheapness and eligibility of the house. In short, she was a paragon of a landlady; and we seemed mutually charmed with each other, until we got fairly inand then—but I must make short work of a long story.

It is quite true that Mrs. Varnish had warranted us, in her memorandum of agreement, against any of the nuisances referred to in the schedule I have already presented to my readers;—but, gracious goodness! we had to encounter horrors without number, which nothing short

of the wisdom of Solomon could have enabled us to avert.

Imprimis.—The house had the dry-rot; and although it was impossible to prove that it was not in "tenantable repair" when we took it, it was equally so to affirm with truth that it might not, some day or other, suddenly tumble about our ears. To add to our confusion, our

confirm shakes and once because minimus

tenure was a "repairing lease."

Secondly.—Our opposite neighbour kept a private mad-house; and although his patients were not quite so turbulent as some of Mr. Warburton's maniacs, they were sufficiently so to be extremely troublesome, on summer evenings more especially. Several of them, too, had an ugly trick of girning, shewing their teeth, and otherwise distorting their features at the windows, to such a degree, that we could not occupy our front rooms in the day-time, without the risk of being horrified by their demoniacal gesticulations.

Thirdly.—Our next-door neighbour, on the right hand, was no other than our worthy friend Dr. Tympanum, the professor of music; a circumstance which, however auspicious it appeared when we first heard of it, turned out, in the event, to be a most intolerable nuisance. My good

neighbour (whose eminence in his art had been rewarded by a musical diploma), had begun to teach upon the Logerian system, just three days after we were fairly housed. My readers are no doubt aware of the slender texture of a single-brick London party-wall! His classes commenced at eight o'clock in the morning, and continued (with the exception of an hour's intermission for dinner), until eight in the evening. Merciful heaven! I thought all the devils in Pandemonium had broken loose, and were conspiring to torment me. Strum! strum! strum !- crash ! crash ! - from no less than twenty pair of hands, from morning to night!

Fourthly.—To escape the annoyance, at least partially—for to fly from it wholly was impossible—I resolved to make a study of my back drawing-room; but here another evil awaited me. The rear of my house looked directly upon the yard of a "Statuary Mason," who had no less than four brace of desperadoes, employed eternally in sawing blocks of marble into slabs. No powers of the pen could do justice to a quartetto of such performers. Suffice it to say, that it quite eclipsed

the most violent crescendos of Dr. Tympanum's concerts.

Fifthly.-My house had been built with green wood. The consequence of which was, that there was not a door that had not shrunk beyond the reach of the latch-bolt; so that we could only keep them closed by setting chairs or tables against them; to say nothing of the windows, which admitted the breezes of heaven in all directions. As to the flooring, it was one continued series of crevasses, or abysses, through which the wind rushed with such amazing impetuosity, that it was impossible for a lady to walk over any part of the room, uncovered by the carpet, without having her petticoats puffed out like an air-balloon. I once read (I think it was in the 'Morning Post'), of a respectable old lady who was carried up to a second-floor window in the Strand, by means of the wind, and her tenacious adherence to her umbrella; and after what I have seen of the operation of the same element in my own house, I can believe any thing of it.

Sixthly.—My left-hand neighbour is a good-enough sort of a man, of quiet habits and highly respectable character; but a nuisance of the most overwhelming description notwithstanding. He is a wholesale wax and tallow chandler, and what with his "Melting Days" and "Evenings in Grease," (for his warehouse is directly contiguous to the premises of my friend 'The Statuary Mason,') has well nigh stunk me into a consumption already. Nay, the bare mention of his name is to me equiva-

lent to a dose of emetic tartar. I paradily available of I) - vibuosa Seventhly.—But no !-- I can stand it no longer. My fire is out-my candle is expiring—and I am almost frozen to an icicle. I have a score more evils yet to enumerate. Pandora found Hope at the bottom of her budget, but I fear I shall have no such luck. However, au revoir, my dear reader! for I have groans without number still to pour into thy kindly sympathising ear. temoniacal gestia ship angue to them, in conclest gr

Thirdly - Our next stock hereigning in a manage her sand; was no other that our worthy bround it this thought that this time stance which Hondyers one promote consider the sales, we are the factor of turned out the event to be a most national the margaret Margand

shour (whose eminence in his art had been rewarded by

THE SISTERS.

had been to teach appen the Logerian system.

They grew together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart.
Shakspeare.

I saw them when their bud of life
Was slowly opening into flower,
Before a cloud of care or strife
Had burst above their natal bower;
Ere this world's blight had marred a grace
That mantled o'er each sparkling face.

What were they then? Two twinkling stars,—
The youngest of an April sky,—
Far, far from earth, and earth-born jars,
Together shining peacefully:
Now borrowing, now dispensing light,
Radiant as hope, and calm as bright!

What were they then? Two limpid streams,

Through life's green vale in beauty gliding,

Mingling like half-forgotten dreams;

Now, 'neath the gloom of willows hiding;

Now, dancing o'er the turf away,

In playful waves and glittering spray.

I see them, as I saw them then,
With careless brows, and laughing eyes;
They flash upon my soul again,
With all their infant witcheries—
Two gladsome spirits, sent on earth,
As envoys from the Muse of mirth!

Such Fancy's dreams,—but never more
May Fancy with such dreams be fed;
Those buds have withered to their core,
Before their leaves had time to spread!—
Those stars are fallen from on high,
Those twin bright streams for ever dry!

Whilst Spring was gladdening all the skies,
Mid blooming flowers and sunny weather,
Death came to them, in gentlest guise,
And smote them, in his love, together:
In concert thus they lived and died,
And still lie slumbering side by side!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE SQUIRE OF DAMES.

We mean no disrespect to the fair-sex when we affirm, that however select women may be in the choice of their lovers or husbands, for the purposes of conversation, at least, they almost invariably prefer the society of a fool to that of a man of sense and intelligence. Let any knight-errant, who may be disposed to question the correctness of this apothegm, only look round among his acquaintance for the happy wight who is the universal favourite of the ladies, and if he be not, in nine cases out of ten, a nincompoop of the first water, we will be content to be denounced as a false prophet, from this time forth for evermore. It forms no part of our object to attempt to account for this strange anomaly, it is quite enough for us that it really exists. A brief description of the kind of person who usually wins his way to ladies' good graces with the greatest facility may, however, tend in some de-

gree to unravel the mystery.

The Squire of Dames is commonly a pert, pragmatical coxcomb, of from twenty to thirty years of age, who is not wholly unacquainted with fashionable society, but who has scarcely seen enough of it to acquire the polish of a perfect gentleman. In size he is rather diminutive, never exceeding the height of five feet eight inches, and seldom attaining to more than five feet five. If he has a smooth chin, light hair, and blue eyes, he is the more likely to be a genuine specimen; although we confess we have occasionally met with animals of this genus with beards as black, and mustachios as luxuriant, as those of the celebrated Baron Your true Squire of Dames generally carries a Werter-like expression of mock-sublimity in his countenance, which now and then assumes an appearance of the most ludicrous self-importance. He dresses in the pink of the fashion, taking care to be particularly curious in his pantaloons and hose. He wears a profusion of rings and seals; which latter are suspended to his watch by a small gold chain of exquisite texture and workmanship. Immediately upon entering a room, he stalks up to the lady of the house; and having paid his compliments to her, pleads the privilege of his order to seat himself by her side. He then begins, in an extremely confidential tone of voice, to unburthen his memory of all the small scandal he has managed to collect since his last visit. Having made his impression upon Madame, he glides away to another part of the room; and gathering a cluster of female favourites about him, proceeds to reply to their interrogatories with laudable patience, and imperturbable good-humour. "Have you brought me the bread-seals you promised me, Mr. Lack-a-day?" "Where are the autographs you were to have sent me weeks ago?" "Do, there's a good creature, get me the 'Key to Almack's;' I am dying to obtain it!" "Have you been to Kew gardens, for the anemone specimen you so kindly volunteered to procure for Celestina? she cannot finish her botanical drawing without it." These queries, all propounded in rapid succession, are all as speedily and satisfactorily answered. The Squire of Dames turns a glance of pity on the poor male outcasts who are biting their nails in the distance; and blessing his stars that he is so much more fortunate than they,

squeezes himself between the Misses Simperwell, on a conversationchair designed for only two persons, and begins to address them with all the familiarity of an old and privileged acquaintance. He has a glib tongue, and an admirable assortment of finical common-places, with which he cannonades his fair hearers until dinner is announced. sooner does the footman enter with the welcome information, than he skips up to the lady of the house, and whilst the modest and sensible portion of her gentlemen-guests are debating who shall have the honour of conducting her to the salle-a-manger, the Squire of Dames leads her off in triumph. During dinner, he whispers a thousand shallow impertinences in her ear; and usually asks her to take wine with him before the soup is well removed, in order that he may anticipate every one else in that pleasure. If there be any one performance in which the Squire of Dames is completely au fait, it is in dissecting a fowl. This task he accomplishes with geometrical precision; taking care, at the same time, to display a hand of almost feminine whiteness, and a massive gold ring, to which some "strange eventful history" is sure to be attached: indeed there is scarcely any thing that belongs to him which has not been acquired under some very remarkable circumstance or other. Ten to one but the cloth of which his coat is manufactured, is a part of the identical piece which was woven as a present to his Majesty. His trinkets are from all imaginable places in the known world: one seal was given him by Marshal Soult; another is supposed to have belonged to the Queen of Etruria; whilst his chain was originally the property of a Knight of Malta. Of course he has a musical snuff-box, the mechanism of which differs essentially from that of musical snuffboxes in general. For each and every of these rarities he has had splendid pecuniary offers; but being a connoisseur in such matters, has declined them all. Among his other acquirements, he has imbibed, during his occasional visits to Paris, not only an ardent love for, but a tolerable knowledge of, French cookery; and whilst his neighbours are afraid to commend their fair hostesses foreign dishes, for fear of blundering in their nomenclature, our "pretty fellow," as Congreve would say, expatiates with amazing gusto on her cotelets a-la-Maintenon, which he considers superb; unrivalled, in short, by any thing, save the magnificent dish he has just been discussing. In tarts and confections he is particularly erudite; but of a plum-pudding (even with the aid of his glass), he can make literally nothing. If requested to apportion one, he appears panic-struck, and endeavours to excuse himself, with many grimaces, on the plea of inexperience. His friends may believe him or not, but 'pon his honour, it had never been his lot even to behold the dish commonly entitled plum-pudding but once, and then his imagination was occupied during an entire hour in attempting to divine what manner of thing it was. He does not deny that he has more than once heard talk of it; but on what occasion he must be excused from declaring. Of the taste of that herbaceous beverage, known extensively by the name of 'porter,' he is profoundly ignorant, and desires ever to remain so: it has been distantly hinted to him, that it is a poisonous mixture, absorbed in copious quantities by plebeians of the lowest stamp; but known scarcely by name to persons of "honour and condition about town." His own staple beverage during dinner is spring-water,

enlivened with a slight dash of Madeira, and this he sips only in very limited quantities. Cheese he detests, as religiously as an Israelite abhors pork, or a Mussulman wine; and so long as it remains on the table, he has continual recourse to his scent-box, which he applies to his nose under cover of his cambric pocket-handkerchief. When the cloth is drawn, and the dessert is placed upon the table, our Ladies' Man's services are in pressing request: he can peel an apple or an orange without breaking the rind, or touching the fruit with his fingers; a feat which few men at the same table are competent to perform. These exploits he accomplishes again and again, and always with the same success. Whilst the process is in course, he amuses the fair-ones in his vicinity with an account of the ladies' dresses at the last drawing-room; which he has learned by rote from 'The Morning Post,' and which he repeats as if from his own observation. When the ladies retire, he is always on the alert to open the door for them, and to utter a trumpery common-place expression of his pain at parting with them so soon! Some regret he may be allowed to feel on the occasion; for from the moment that his patronesses leave him, he sinks into total insignificance; and having sipped a few glasses of moselle, and eaten sundry almonds and raisins, he takes an early opportunity of stealing to the cotèrie in the drawingroom, where he employs the interval between his entré and the announcement of coffee, in looking over albums, and discoursing of poetry and poets. He prefers Hurdis to Cowper, and Moore to Byron; and this preference he does not scruple to avow, although, in fairness to the million, he admits the possibility of his being in error. The two poems which he considers the sweetest in the English language are, a song from 'The Stranger,'—

I have a silent sorrow here,

A grief L'll ne'er impart—

and a piece called 'The Sigh,' beginning-

Humid seal of soft affection—

Both these gems he carries about with him in his pocket-book. When the gentlemen are summoned into the drawing-room, he takes his seat on a sofa, amid a cluster of bright faces, for the purpose of exciting universal envy. At the moment they make their entré, he raises his voice to an unusual pitch, and addresses the prettiest woman of the party, for the purpose of shewing how far he has it in his power to engage her attention. If his civilities amount to positive impertinence, he is readily excused by his fair friends—"It is his way!" "He is so eccentric!" and, in fact, quite a "privileged character." Backed by his guardian angels, he will venture to dissent from persons, to whom, under other circumstances, he would not dare to utter a syllable. In all cases in which the conduct of man and wife is called in question, he makes it an absolute rule to side with the weaker party: of course he uniformly avowed his opinion of the innocence of Queen Caroline, so long as her name continued to be mentioned in decent society. On the wrongs of Lady Byron he is always extremely fervent, and can narrate many anecdotes of her Lord's brutality towards her which have never appeared in print, but which he professes to have obtained from unquestionable authority. He reprobates those usages of society which condemn woman to a state of continual servitude and dependence; and regrets that men do not divide their influence with them in an equal

degree. He thinks, with more than one philosopher of the day, that ladies ought to sit in parliament, preside upon the bench, and hold church preferment! As the law is at present constituted, they are, he contends, in point of fact, nothing more than mere "breeding machines." He agrees with Mr. Briscoe, that they ought never to be subjected to the punishment of the tread-mill. He has signed no less than a dozen petitions, explanatory of his sentiments upon this point; but, as he justly remarks, "Burke was quite in the right, when he declared that 'the age of chivalry was no more." In all these sentiments the ladies, of course, concur vivâ voce; and admiring the glibness with which he gets through his oft-played part, they vote him a "marvellous proper man" for his pains. The gentlemen of the company, actuated by a feeling of gallantry, and a desire to avoid being on the unpopular side of the question, are often compelled to admit the justice of some of his positions, very much against their inclination.

It must be confessed that our Squire of Dames is often at very considerable pains to please the ladies. His assignations are numerous, but all of an extremely harmless character. His pocket-book is filled with entries of engagements with the fair-sex. One female friend he has undertaken to escort to the British Gallery; another he has pledged himself to row up to Richmond; for a third, he has two songs, with their music, to transcribe; for the album of a fourth, he has agreed to prevail upon various small poets to write verses; for a fifth, he promises to procure a supply of crow-quills; the portrait of a sixth he is to have introduced (through his intercession with his friend Baylis), in the ensuing number of 'La Belle Assemblée:' and many others are on his books, for similar favours, who will, no doubt, be attended to in due season. Who is not prepared to pardon the amiable weakness which seduces the sex into a penchant for a person so entirely devoted to their

service!

One more characteristic, and we have done. The Christian name of the Squire of Dames is generally, if neither Henry, Albert, nor Augustus, one of equally mellifluous sound. Sometimes it is an Anglo-Italian appellative, such as we are accustomed to meet with in the novels of the Minerva press: at others, it is compounded of such surnames as Belmour, Neville, Percy, Desmond, Greville, &c. It matters little what

it is, provided it be liquid and gentle-sounding.

There is one other trait in the character of the Squire of Dames, which we must on no account omit to mention. He is somewhat consumptive, like poor Kirke White, from the intensity of his literary studies. This disease is attended with its usual concomitant, a hectic cough, which often excites the tender sympathy of his female acquaintance; especially when he talks, which he often does, of journeying to the south of France, for the restoration of his health. However, in spite of his sufferings, he usually contrives to outlive all his acquaintance. A worthy friend of mine, who held out great promise of dying a-là-Kirke White, gave up the ghost a few weeks ago, in a fit of apoplexy, brought on by excessive eating and drinking: of course he would have been a great deal too fat for his vocation long before he died. Such cases are, however, of very unfrequent occurrence: corpulence and sentimentality are, for the most part, incompatible with each other. But there is no rule without an exception.

TO MY HUSBAND.

On! many a breast, with care opprest,
Yearns on the morning hour,
When music and bloom had chased night's gloom,
And the sun burst forth in his power;
When the new-waked birds in their bowers were singing,
And gossamer threads o'er the meads were swinging!

On the season gay of our April day,
When our life was in its prime,
'Tis sad to think, as we rapidly sink
In the downward track of time;
And the Spring of our year we sigh to remember,
'Mid the closing mist of our life's November.

The morning beam is oft but a gleam,
For the clouds are rolling nigh;
And April's flower in the frosty shower,
Must hang its frail head and die;
And Time looks back with reproach and scorning,
To the promises false of Spring and Morning!

On the ardent ray of Life's noon-day
Man gazes with sparkling eye,
But that orb of noon must travel soon
Towards the Evening's western sky;
And the blasts of Autumn shall quickly blow
O'er the grove, now bright in its summer glow!

Though our morn is gone, and our noon has shone,
Though our Spring and our Summer are past,
And the evening hour o'er our nuptial bower
Its shadows and dews has cast;
Yet the secret sigh of my tranquil breast
Says, "Day had never an hour so blest!"

Though our earthly sun has well nigh run
To the close of his limited race,
On us, till his light is faded in night,
May he shine with benignant face!
May the beam of a calm, unclouded Even,
Still smile on our path till it ends in heaven!

MARGARET HODSON*.

Having like one to trange that 's laid.

^{*} Better known to the public by her maiden name of Holford.

PORTRAITS OF LIVING SCOTTISH POETS.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

In is, in all probability, not generally known to the admirers of James Hogg's beautiful poem, 'The Queen's Wake,' that in the representation of his ancient bards, he has painted from living originals; and that his sketches are, in most instances, exceedingly striking and correct. It may not prove unamusing to our readers to enumerate a few of these shadows. The first passage to which we shall venture to direct their attention is the following:

Mounted the bard of Fife on high,
Bushy his beard, and wild his eye:
His cheek was furrowed by the gale,
And his thin locks were long and pale.
Full hardly passed he through the throng,
Dragging on crutches, slow along,
His feeble and unhealthy frame,
And kindness welcomed as he came.
His unpresuming aspect mild,
Calm and benignant as a child;
Yet spoke to all that viewed him nigh,
That more was there than met the eye.—

There can be no doubt but that in these and the subsequent lines, Hogg meant to refer to his friend, William Tennant, so favourably known to the public by various poetical productions, but more especially by his 'Anster Fair.' From nature, Mr. Tennant inherits a weakly and suffering frame, having from early youth been precluded from the enjoyment of air and exercise (excepting with the aid of crutches), in consequence of the mal-formation of his lower extremities. After encountering and overcoming innumerable difficulties, Mr. Tennant was, some years ago, appointed to one of the professorships of the Dollar Academy; and when we had last the pleasure of an interview with him, appeared to be in the enjoyment of many of the good things of this life.

The next bard who enters the arena is, no doubt, intended for Professor Wilson:

A gay and comely youth was he,
And seemed of noble pedigree.
Well known to him Loch Avin shore,
And all the dens of dark Glen More;
Where oft, amid his roving clan,
His shaft had pierced the ptarmigan;
And oft the dun deer's velvet side
That winged shaft had ruthless dyed,
Had struck the heath-cock, whirring high,
And brought the eagle from the sky;
And he had dragged the scaly brood
From every highland lake and flood.

In Cambria's dells he too had staid, Raving like one in trance that 's laid, Of things which Nature gave not birth— Of heavenly damsels born of earth; Of pestilence and charnel den;
Of ships, and seas, and souls of men.
A moon-struck youth, by all confest,
The dreamer of the watery west.
His locks were fair as sunny sky;
His cheek was ruddy, bright his eye;
His speech was like the music's voice,
Mixed with the cataract's swaying noise:
His harp-strings sounded wild and deep,
With lulling swell and lordly sweep.

To those who have the pleasure of being personally acquainted with the author of 'The Isle of Palms,' it is needless to say how very graphic and correct is this slight picture. Having passed several years of his youth amid the picturesque scenery of the North, and among the mountains of Wales, Mr. Wilson purchased a small property on the banks of Winandermere, which he still retains. In person he is remarkably stout (stalworth, we should rather say), and athletic, possessing strong indications of muscular vigour and activity. His complexion is florid, and his hair of a bright yellow. His tout ensemble is handsome, and strikingly prepossessing.

Next comes the honest Shepherd himself; and the portrait is full of truth and humour. We can, however, only afford to quote a few lines of it:—

The next was named; the very sound Excited merriment around;
But when the bard himself appeared,
The ladies smiled, the courtiers sneered;
For such a simple air and mien
Before a Court had never been.
A clown he was, bred in the wild,
And late from native moors exiled—
In hopes his mellow mountain strain
High favour from the great might gain—
Poor wight! he never dreamed how hard
For poverty to win regard.

The lover of poetry will be grieved to learn, that after many arduous efforts, and after the attainment not only of considerable literary distinction, but of many of the comforts, and some of the superfluities of life, the worthy Shepherd has suffered (during the last year), considerable pecuniary loss; and has been deprived of a large share of the fruits of his honest industry, by a concatenation of unforeseen and disastrous circumstances.

The next sketch refers to Sir Walter Scott, but is less happy than many others of the same series. We therefore pass on to the silhouette of the Bard of Clyde:

The Bard of Clyde stept next in view:
Tall was his form, his harp was new;
Brightened his dark eye as he sung;
A stammer fluttered on his tongue.
A captain in the war was he,
And sprung of noble pedigree.

After having been on active service during the whole of the Peninsular war, in which he received several wounds, Captain Hamilton retired, to enjoy literary leisure on the banks of the Esk, and still resides at his villa, near Lasswade. In personal appearance he bears considerable

resemblance to Mr. Lockhart, although, perhaps, an inch or two taller than that gentleman. Captain H. has never, we believe, published any separate volume, but he is known to have contributed largely to more than one of our most celebrated periodicals. Among other things, the conception of the character of the inimitable Ensign O'Doherty is at-

tributed to his pen.

The next in order is of doubtful application, being probably intended either for Dr. Goodenough, of Kennaqahair, or Dr. Graham, the author of 'The Sabbath.' We are sorry we cannot identify this resemblance, as the recitative put into the mouth of the character is the celebrated poem of 'Kilmeny,' one of the most splendid productions in the whole range of modern poetry. From this we pass on to the portrait of the author of 'The Legend of Genevieve:'

The bard that night who foremost came, Was not enrolled, nor known his name; A youth he was of manly mould, Gentle as lamb, as lion bold. But his fair face, and forehead high, Glowed with intrusive modesty. 'Twas said by bank of Southland stream, Glided his youth in soothing dream; The harp he loved, and wont to stray Far to the wilds and woods away; And sing to brooks that gurgled by, Of maiden form, and maiden eye; That when the dream of youth was past, Deep in the shade his harp he cast; In busy life his cares beguiled, His heart was true, and fortune smiled.

It is now well known that the great variety of beautiful poems, published in 'Blackwood's Magazine' under the signature of 'Delta,' are from the pen of Mr. D. M. Moir, of Musselburgh; a writer who, whether we regard the quantity or the quality of his writings, is entitled to rank very high in the republic of letters. For a long time his contributions to Blackwood were attributed to Mr. Wilson, and subsequently to half a dozen other poets, of acknowledged celebrity. We know of no author of the day, if we except Professor Wilson, who writes with such extraordinary facility as Mr. Moir; and when we reflect on the great quantity he has written, both in prose and verse, in moments snatched, as it were, from an arduous and anxious profession, the marvel is still further increased by the excellence of most of his productions. His 'Nameless Grave,' 'Mary's Mount,' 'The Mossy Seat,' 'The Vision,' and other pieces that we might enumerate, are among the most delightful specimens of modern poetry with which we are acquainted.

The next in Mr. Hogg's list is, we are bound to admit, rather an indifferent poet, although a staunch friend of the Shepherd, and a very amiable man. We allude to the Rev. James Gray, author of 'Cona, or the Vale of Clywdd,' and 'A Sabbath among the Mountains;' formerly one of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh, and now rector of the Belfast Academy. Mr. G. was also, in early life, one of the intimate friends and associates of the poet Campbell. But we omit the lines which refer to him, to make room for those which are descriptive of

Allan Cunningham:

The next was from a western vale, Where Nith winds slowly down the dale; Where play the waves o'er golden grain, Like mimic billows of the main. Of the old elm his harp was made, That bent o'er Cluden's loneliest shade: No gilded sculpture round her flamed, For his own hand that harp had framed. In stolen hours, when labour done, He strayed to view the parting sun, That harp could make the matron stare, Bristle the peasant's hoary hair; Make patriot breasts with ardour glow, And warrior pant to meet the foe: And long by Nith, the maidens young Shall chaunt the strains their minstrel sung. At ewebught, or at evening fold, When resting on the daisied wold, Combing their locks of waving gold, Oft the fair group, enrapt, shall name Their lost, their darling Cunningham.

These beautiful lines are certainly worthy of the Shepherd, and of the gifted person whom they are intended to honour. It is not the least of the existing glories of Scotland, that it can boast of such men as Hogg and Cunningham, who have risen solely by the force of native genius, from the bosom of the people, to a proud station of literary eminence. It is also extremely gratifying to find, although rival candidates for renown, the one thus doing homage to the genius of the other-honest Allan having recently returned the compliment, in his admirable collection of the 'Songs of Scotland.' In an age in which there exists so decided a spirit of party animosity, it is highly honourable to the feelings of the author of the poem from which the foregoing passages have been extracted, to have acknowledged with so much cordiality the literary excellence of his brother bards; and to have thus done what in him lay towards "exalting the horn" of contemporary worth. Extremes of all kinds are odious, and nothing can be more absurd and ungenerous than the taste and feelings of those critics who, perversely blind to the pretensions of a former age, refuse to recognise the excellence of fifty years ago, but imagine that the whole constellation of British talent is shining in their own day. It is, however, sufficiently disgusting to hear critics affirm, with Messrs. Hazlitt and Co., that true power died with our forefathers—that the world is waning to its dotage that the beams of genius are for ever obscured; with similar cant phrases, meant to detract from the well-earned fame of modern writers. Such assertions, in an age which has produced a Walter Scott, a Byron, a Wordsworth, a Wilson, and a Southey, carries with it its own refutation. But we have already exceeded the limits we had prescribed to ourselves in this rambling and desultory paper, and must therefore conclude as abruptly as we set out.

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LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

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THE REV. C. C. COLTON, AUTHOR OF 'LACON.'

NEARLY fourteen years have elapsed since chance first threw me in the way of the Rev. C. C. Colton, now so well known to the public by his various writings, but more especially by his admirable series of apothegms, entitled 'Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words.' For my introduction to this very talented but eccentric personage, I was indebted to the politeness of my worthy friend John Stewart, formerly secretary to the Nabob of Arcot, but better known to the generality of my readers by his cognomen of 'Walking Stewart;' a man no less remarkable for the originality of his character, than the individual whose name I have prefixed to the present paper. It was the custom of my travelled acquaintance to give musical soireés, at his apartments in Cockspur-street, twice a week; viz., on the evenings of Tuesday and Sunday. His concerts were formed, in the first instance, chiefly of amateurs; but finding their attendance very little to be depended upon, Mr. Stewart determined to secure his visitors against disappointment, by hiring musical professors expressly for the occasion. These entertainments, to which no passport beyond the introduction of a friend was considered necessary, provided that friend was one of the intimate acquaintances of the worthy traveller, continued without intermission, on every appointed night throughout the season, nay, sometimes throughout the entire year: and although the company on such occasions was frequently of a singularly mixed character, there wanted neither beauty, talent, nor fashion, to add to the attractions of the hour. As it is my intention to be more particular in my description of these soirées, and the visitors who frequented them, in my reminiscences of their worthy founder, I shall content myself for the present with remarking, that it was at one of them that Mr. Stewart introduced to me a military-looking gentleman, of somewhat peculiar physiognomy, whom he described as "Mr. C. C. Colton, the author of a singularly clever brochure, as yet unpublished." My old friend had no very remarkable respect for the dignity of Mr. Colton's office, and consequently left the word Reverend entirely out of the introduction. Mr. C's. tout-ensemble was at once striking and peculiar. There was an indefinable something in the general character of his features, which, without being remarkably prepossessing, fixed the attention of a stranger in no ordinary degree. His keen grey eye was occasionally overshadowed by a scowl, or inflection of the brow, indicative rather of an habitual intensity of reflection than of any cynical severity of disposition. His nose was aquiline, or (to speak more correctly, if less elegantly), hooked; his cheek bones were high and protruding; and his forehead by no means remarkable, either for its expansiveness or phrenological beauty of development. There was a singular variability of expression about his mouth, and his chin was precisely what Lavater would have called an intellectual chin.

the shrewdness of his glance was indicative rather of extraordinary cunning than of high mental intelligence. His usual costume was a frock-coat, sometimes richly braided, and a black velvet stock: in short, his general appearance was quite military; so much so, that he was often asked if he was not in the army. I am half inclined to believe that he courted this kind of misconception, as his reply was invariably the same: "No, Sir, but I am an officer of the church militant." Had not this pun been destined for immortality, he must inevitably have worn it out many years ago; for scarcely a day passed that he did not

put it in requisition.

The eloquence of Mr. Colton's conversation inspired me with a strong desire to cultivate his further acquaintance; and my curiosity was considerably increased by the perusal of one of the proof sheets of the sketch he was then preparing for publication, which he happened to have at that time in his pocket, and which appeared to me to contain evidence of very exalted poetical talent. This production, the first edition of which was published under the title of 'Napoleon,' was subsequently enlarged to nearly twice its original length, and re-christened, 'The Conflagration of Moscow.' There are some circumstances connected with its first appearance which are not a little remarkable, and which deserve a particular mention in this place, as affording evidence that the faculty of poesy and prophecy are sometimes united in the same person, even at the present time. I allude to the extraordinary coincidence of events as connected with the history of Napoleon (and which occurred more than two years after this poem was printed), with one or two poetical predictions to be met with in its pages. The poem opens with a splendid allusion to the conflagration of Moscow; and after various prophetical denunciations, founded on events that had partially taken place at the time the author wrote, Mr. C. goes on to say-

But ere we part, Napoleon, deign to hear The bodings of thy future dark career;
Fate to the poet trusts her iron leaf,
Fraught with thy ruin—read it, and be brief—
Then to the senate flee, to tell the tale
Of Russia's full revenge, Gaul's deep indignant wail.
—It is thy doom false greatness to pursue,
Rejecting, and rejected by, the true;
A sterling name THRICE proffered to refuse;
And highest means pervert to lowest views;
Till Fate and Fortune, finding that thou'rt still
Untaught by all their good, and all their ill,
Expelled, recalled, reconquered—all in vain,—
Shall sink thee to thy nothingness again.

Nay, he seems even to have foretold the share which the Scots Greys were destined to take in the final struggle with Buonaparte, at Waterloo:

And last, to fix thy fate, and seal thy doom,
Her bugle note shall Scotia stern resume,
Shall grasp her Highland brand, her plaided bonnet plume.
He winds up his apostrophe with the following fine verses:

Such are thy foes, Napoleon, when Time
Wakes Vengeance, sure concomitant of Crime.

—Fixed, like Prometheus, to thy rock, o'erpowered
By force, by vulture-conscience slow devoured;

With godlike power, but fiendlike rage, no more To drench a world—thy reeking stage—in gore; Fit but o'er Shame to triumph, and to rule; And proved in all things—but in danger—cool. That found'st a Nation melted to thy will, And Freedom's place didst with thine image fill; Skilled not to govern, but obey the storm, To catch the tame occasion, not to form; Victorious only when Success pursued, But when thou follow'dst her, as quick subdued: The first to challenge, as the first to run; Whom Death and Glory both consent to shun-Live! that thy body and thy soul may be Foes that can't part, and friends that can't agree-Live! to be numbered with that common herd, Who life's base boon unto themselves preferred-Live! till each dazzled fool hath understood That nothing can be great, that is not good. And when Remorse, for blood in torrents spilt, Shall sting—to madness—conscious, sleepless Guilt, May deep Contrition this black hope repel,--Snatch me, thou Future, from this Present Hell !-

Mr. Colton seemed a good deal flattered by the admiration I expressed of the specimen of his poetical talents with which he had been pleased to favour me; and as our route home lay in the same direction, it was proposed that we should take our leave of Mr. Stewart's party together. Before we separated, Mr. C. gave me a pressing invitation to breakfast with him the ensuing morning; and, to obviate the possibility of any mistake as to his "whereabouts," put a card into my hand, on which the name of the street, and number of the house, were explicitly described.

At the appointed time I repaired to the scene of action, with my appetite considerably improved by a good half-hour's exposure to the cold air of a spring morning. But what was my surprise, when I found that the house referred to in Mr. Colton's memorandum was a marine-store shop, of the most filthy and poverty-stricken description. By a marine-store shop (a cant phrase, I believe, for a depository for stolen goods), I mean a place where old iron, rags, glass bottles, and such like commodities, are bought, sold, and exchanged. To add to my embarrassment, this miserable hovel appeared to contain no possible accommodation for lodgers; as, with the exception of a very small window over the shop, two or three panes of which were stuffed with the staple commodity of the landlord's trade, I could discover no indication of any apartment beyond the immediate precincts of the place of business. Had I set out on a voyage of discovery to the characteristic hiding-place of a blind beggar, for the purpose of administering to his necessities, I might have had some expectation of meeting with the object of my search; but my eccentric acquaintance had informed me that he was not only a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge (3001. per annum), but also the possessor of several valuable livings (I forget if the vicarship of Kew and Petersham was at that time among the number); and I felt that it was impossible that a person moving in such a sphere of life could harbour in so abominable a kennel. After inquiring fruitlessly at almost every other house in the street (I forget its name, but it is directly opposite to that end of Lower Grosvenor-place which opens into

Pimlico), I concluded there must have been some mistake on the part of Mr. Colton in transcribing the number; and accordingly returned home, determined never more to undertake any similar expedition, with-

out having first fortified my inward man by a good breakfast.

The next time I chanced to meet my new friend, he reproached me with some asperity with having broken my appointment; and on my declaring that the only place I could discover which answered to the description given upon his card was a pestilent hovel into which I should scarcely have ventured to penetrate without some strong preservative against infection, he burst into a loud guffaw, exclaiming, "Why, man, that's my castle, I live there! I despise appearances. The nuisances which seem to have laid so stronga hold on your imagination, did not prevent me from writing the poem you profess to admire so much, within the sphere of their influence. Nay, I am writing-but come, and I will shew you what I am writing; and if you are curious in wines, I can give you a glass of the noblest hock you ever tasted." Somewhat anxious to atone for my involuntary incivility, I took an early opportunity of paying my respects to him. The most exaggerated description of the garrets of the poets of fifty years ago, would not libel Mr. Colton's apartment. The long accumulation of dirt upon such panes of the window as were entire, and the opaque substances which kept out the wind from those which were not, abridged in no small degree the modicum of light which might otherwise have been vouchsafed to his labours. The room did not exactly answer to Goldsmith's description-

A chair-lumbered closet, just twelve feet by nine,

for this simple reason: it contained only two chairs, one apparently the property of the poet, easy and cushioned, and differing essentially in character from the rest of the furniture; and the other a miserable, rush-bottomed affair, so awfully afflicted with the rickets as to keep its unhappy occupant in a state of the most painful anxiety for the nether parts of his person, during the whole period of his probation upon it. Damocles could not have been more apprehensive of the fall of the fatal sword upon his head, than I was of the concussion of my head's antipodes with the floor beneath it. The deal table at which Mr. Colton was seated (wrapped in a tattered baize dressing-gown), had evidently caught the contagion; for, notwithstanding the supplementary support with which some bungling practitioner had furnished it, it could scarcely be said to have a leg to stand upon. Then there was, in truth,

The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;—

and

The sanded floor, that grits beneath the tread, The humid wall, with paltry pictures spread.

We can scarcely add, also-

The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire-

for, to be candid, the smoke in which the room was immersed, afforded an indication of that of which it might otherwise have been difficult to have ascertained the existence.

Upon the aforesaid table stood a broken wine-glass, half filled with ink, with a steel-pen (which had seen some service), laid transversely

upon its edge. Immediately beside the poet, lay a bundle of dirty and dog's-eared manuscripts, the characters of which it would have required the ingenuity of a second Œdipus to have deciphered. At his right hand lay Burdon's 'Materials for Thinking,' a work of which I have frequently heard him express himself in terms of exalted commendation, and from which he appears to have derived the hints of ... several of the best apothegms in his 'Lacon.' On the wall, over against the table, was a three-corned piece of looking-glass, starred and cracked in every direction; and on the floor of that part of the room in which he was sitting, was spread the tattered remnant of a piece of drugget, the original colour of which it would have been an extremely difficult

matter to have ascertained.

Nothing daunted by the wretchedness of the scene before me, I poised myself as well as I could on the crazy chair, and entered into conversation with him on the current topics of the day; on all of which, notwithstanding the seclusion in which he lived, he seemed to possess the best information. In short, it was scarcely possible to name a subject on which he could not dilate with extraordinary fluency and effect. He appeared to have an intimate knowledge of chemistry, and to be, in theory at least, a very excellent mechanic; and these various kinds of knowledge are often displayed in a very considerable degree, in his endeavours to illustrate some of the favourite maxims in his 'Lacon.' One trait in Mr. Colton's character, which it was impossible not to discover on a very slight acquaintance with him, was his extraordinary egotism—his almost unparalleled vanity. Having alluded casually to a satire entitled 'Hypocrisy,' which was published for him by Messrs. Taylor and Hessy, in 1810, he declared his conviction that Mr. Gifford's sole motive for refusing to review the work in the 'Quarterly,' originated in the circumstance of his having written an inferior poem of the same class himself: for the merits of the 'Baviad' and 'Mæviad' had always, in Mr. C.'s estimation, been grossly over-rated. His 'Hypocrisy,' however, never sold, until a curious and somewhat unwarrantable expedient was resorted to, a few years after the period to which I now refer, to force it upon the public notice. Of this, as well as of the merits and defects of the work, I shall have occasion to speak that is in bequ

On questioning Mr. Colton as to the publication announced on the back of the proof-sheet he had shewn me of his 'Napoleon,' he informed me, that the papers then before him formed a portion of the MS.; and proceeded to read me several of the maxims, with a sonorous voice, and the most ludicrous gesticulation. At this time he scarcely contemplated publishing more of them than would occupy a tolerable sized pamphlet; but, encouraged by his success, he afterwards altered his intentions, and determined not to begin to print until he had prepared sufficient copy for a moderate sized octavo volume. The title of the work, as at first announced, was, 'Many Things in Few Words; addressed to Fewer Persons-Those who Think." But on its being suggested to him, that an author was not likely to conciliate the public who conveyed an imputation upon their common-sense in the very title-page of his book, he agreed to omit the words printed in italics, and thus obviated the objection. He fancied, however, and perhaps with

reason, that as every reader would take to himself the credit of being one of the 'select few,' no offence would be given. After reciting to me several pages of this work, he insisted that I should taste his wine: and going to the piece of furniture which contained his bed, opened a large drawer next the floor, which was filled with bottles of wine, ranged in saw-dust, as in a bin. From this depository he selected a bottle of the finest hock I ever tasted; and when this was exhausted (a feat which, as we drank out of "tumblers," was soon accomplished), he replaced it with a bottle of white hermitage, which was also as speedily discussed; and that, too, with as much zest as if we had been drinking it in one of the most splendid saloons in the metropolis. It was fortunate for me that I had that day taken an early dinner, or these potations might have produced an uncomfortable effect upon my system. As it was, their only effect was, to make very excellent friends of us before we parted. It is almost needless to add, that this interview confirmed the high opinion I had already formed of Mr. Colton's talents; and the extraordinary eccentricity of his mode of life gave him increased interest in my eyes. But a few more anecdotes of this satirical philospher anon.

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MAXIMS TO LIVE BY.

BY A MEMBER OF THE MIDDLE ORDERS.

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NEVER knock at the door of a great man as though you are conscious of the inferiority of your rank. Such manifestations of humility, although rarely, if ever, appreciated, are commonly attended with very inconvenient results. No footman of the smallest tact ever dreams of opening his master's door to one of your modest rat-tat-tats, until it be repeated at least half a dozen times; and when he is at length induced to pay attention to the summons, the expression of his countenance, and the contumelious surliness of the tone in which he demands to be informed of "your business with my Lord," leaves you in no manner of doubt as to his impression of your importance. The knocker of a man of fashion is the thermometer by which his servants uniformly regulate their conduct towards his visitors. Always bear in mind that a man, whatever may be his nominal rank, can but be a gentleman; and that if you are entitled to be so considered, you have as undoubted a right to the full swing of your friend's knocker, as the first Duke in the land. Leave the tap, "between a single and a double rap," to dancingmasters and apothecaries. If you do not make the servant recognise your station in society, you stand a very fair chance of being treated cavalierly by the master. A man of the world will ascertain in a moment, from the manner in which his footman announces your name, the degree of politeness and respect he is called upon to display towards you. This preliminary impression, like the anticipating verdict of a grand jury, is, to be sure, often reversed, but still more frequently conveys a prejudice which no after-circumstance can eradicate. Knock modestly at a nobleman's door, and you will, in all probability, be informed that he is "not at home." Give a pretty considerable sisserara, and you will secure yourself an arm-chair, not in the hall, or in a half-furnished waiting-room, but in the library, until John Shoulder-knot has ascertained whether my lord is visible or not. Moreover, take care to look sufficiently self-important; for, next to beggars and children, there are no practical physiognomists like the "pampered menials" of the nobility. They always measure the depth of your purse by the humility of your address; and it is not seldom a very tolerable criterion. The affectation of importance, is the nest-egg which you must employ to ensure you the reality.

LI.

The love of power is unquestionably one of the strongest feelings implanted in our nature. "Of what avail is the splendid income you enjoy," observed the writer of these Maxims (a few years ago), to the extraordinary author of 'Lacon,'-" since you deny yourself all the luxuries, and many of (what I consider) the common comforts of life? You denounce avarice, in terms of the most eloquent invective, in your writings, although your own practice is directly at variance with your theory. It is certain, from the miserable style in which you at present vegetate, that the liberality of your pecuniary resources does not, in the smallest degree, contribute to your happiness!" "You are mistaken," he replied, "I indulge myself in what I deem the comforts of life, without reserve; and the conviction that I could ensure for myself ten times as many, adds a keener relish to my enjoyment. As for appearances (he occupied a garret of about five shillings per week), I despise them. It is enough for me to know that I have the means of maintaining a liberal establishment, if I had the inclination; and this conviction is a matter of more pleasurable reflection to me, than the positive possession of such a menage would be to you. The master-passion of human nature is the LOVE OF POWER. Money gives power; and power is to most minds the summum bonum of earthly felicity.

LII

Avoid publishing a book on what is termed "a mutual division of profits." A very small sum, down upon the nail, is preferable to the most splendid expectations from this sort of arrangement. The interests of the author and bookseller are said to be inseparable; and so, in truth, they seem to be—for rarely does any balance of profit accrue to the former on such occasions.

LIII.

A man may be a liar without being also a coward; but the prevaricator is invariably both. The latter seeks infamy by a bye-path, because he has not sufficient strength of nerve to brave it on the highway.

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yeys a projudice which he after included one condicate. Thock at of whitehold to woman's TRUTH.

metry considerable sessons. My Love is not of heavenly birth, No-frail and mortal is her form; Her smiles are not too sweet for earth, Nor are her fondest looks too warm.

No blazing suns adorn her head, Her mouth no glittering pearls can boast; Though sweet her lips, they do not shed The incense of Arabia's coast.

But there 's a calm domestic trace Of love in every word and feature, More dear to me than all the grace Of all the goddesses in nature.

And many a sun has ris'n and set, And many a storm has blown around us, Since first our throbbing bosoms met, And love and law together bound us.

And hopes have fall'n, and friends have changed.

And flowers that promised much been blighted,

Yet never were our hearts estranged One moment from the faith we plighted.

Harp on, ye bards—soar to the skies, Bring down the fairest stars that brighten

That beauteous world-each lady's eyes May then Love's zig-zag path enlighten.

Go search in climes beneath the sun, Where Nature's sweetest flowers are blowing-

Tell each "dear girl" you found not one To match the rose, her soft cheek shewing.

Should she, cold sceptic! doubt thee still, Up—up on Fancy's wings to heaven, Swear that e'en angel's harps are shrill, To the wild notes her lips have given.

ton in lon " at on and beaming

Oh, woman! source of ev'ry bliss That heaven to this cold world dispenses!

Can such romantic praise as this Charm thy weak heart, and chain thy

Yes—hours in all our lives there are, From Power and Pride, to Want's pale train,

When thou canst seem—oh, lovelier far Than all young dreaming poets feign.

It is not in thy hour of prime, When friends are fond, and hopes are springing-

It is not at the witching time, When Love his first wild strain is singing-

It is not in the crowded hall-It is not in lone solitude— No-though in each thou wert with all Genius' and Beauty's gifts endued-

But at the couch that mocks repose, Where some beloved one may languish, Hoping-yet dreading life's last close, With aching brow, and heart of anguish.

While in the ranks of health and glee, Their fate may scarce one sigh awaken, O woman! then 'tis thine to be, Near-though by all the world forsaken.

the remembrance of founce course, and to give the medial two a state of the state of the bright was traded and the state of the state o

and it was a good of song. It is the state of the song a second the second the second the song a second the Can I forget the hours of bliss . No, no! The dove its plume may change, That fled with love and thee? The summer rose its bloom,— Can I forget the parting kiss Thy fondness dealt to me?
Can I forget the tender ties That bind our souls together-And prove my "faith a feather?"

spair word nin't huow bas ; as poering into a pair of high

But mine's a heart that cannot range, Nor cool—save in the tomb! No, no! by all the pangs we've proved-By joys remembered ever-Thy last sad looks—thy farewell sighs— I feel, though e'en no more beloved, I can forget thee never!

AGNES OF EIDERDOWNE.

A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN TIME.

LORD WENKYN, of Eiderdowne, was a gaunt warrior of the iron school of Edward the Third. He was none of your puling sentimental heroes, whose valour is seated in a pair of huge boots, stiff gloves, and a scarlet sash: no—he was born for bond fide battle-broils. You had only to look at his long, lowering, hard-featured countenance, and his Atlantean shoulders, to discover that his heart was of oak, and that his sinews were of steel. One day, when he was yet but a lad, the inmates of the castle were alarmed by sounds resembling smothered groans, which appeared to issue from the armoury; and on examination, what do you think they found? Why, the little Lord, entombed in a suit of brazen armour, into which he had clambered out of pure ambition; so that his extrication was a work of great difficulty. As was to have been expected in those troublous times, his warlike propensities were eagerly fostered by his family; and before he had attained his twentieth year, he was hacking away, with the fierce Duke of Lancaster, at the infidels of Lithuania.

Up to his fortieth year he led a wild, warlike, knight-errant sort of life; for there was not a bout of arms to be heard of in the country, but Lord Wenkyn contrived to scent it out, and was soon seen clattering and thundering in the van, like a second Peridæus. However, very unfortunately for his Lordship, people at last got tired of their ugly thwacks and buffetings; and after wandering to and fro over the Continent, like a troubled spirit, in search of what was to him the only business of life, he was fain to come home, with great grief of heart at the degeneracy of the times, and take up his abode at his castle in Warwick-Here he led a gloomy, sullen, solitary life, chiefly busied with his armoury; for he would sit whole days together, furbishing up an old cuirass, which had seen Cressy and Poictiers; and whose battered surface evidenced that it had been a bosom friend to its master. If ever he went out, he was armed cap-a-pie, and rode on his high war-charger, at the head of a score or two vassals; merely, as it were, to keep up the remembrance of former times, and to give the neighbours a glimpse of the stalwart form of the knight who had earned such renown abroad. And it was a goodly sight, to behold the imposing pomp with which the draw-bridge was let down, and the rattling portcullis drawn up (for the old Lord kept up a full military establishment—and there was not a loop-hole of a tower but bristled with lances, nor a wall that was not paced by the solitary sentry), on these solemn occasious.

But Lord Wenkyn was unmarried: so old Wickliffe, at the special request of some of his relations, repaired to the knight's castle, in Warwickshire, to converse a little with him on the subject.

"Peace, and health, and happiness, be unto thee, my good Lord!" said the venerable Reformer, smoothing down his silvery beard.

"Holy father, I greet thee right well; and would fain know thine errand!" replied Lord Wenkyn, who was peering into a pair of huge greaves.

"The blessed Word of God sayeth, that it is not good for man to be alone;" said Wickliffe, deliberately composing himself to a set dissertation on marriage: "and most especially it is not fitting that such a great, and stalwart, and renowned noble as my Lord Wenkyn, of Eiderdowne, should thus live alone in his castle; the which thing I much grieve to see."

"Ventre St. Gris!" quoth the warrior—"how saith the holy father that I am alone? Have I not my arms? have I not my goodly charger? have I not six score stout vassals?—nay, i'faith, an' I doubled the number, I erred not: and syn it be so, how can I be alone, by the

"Doubtless, and in troth, thy Lordship speaketh well; but arms are vile and bloody instruments; as for horses, they are vain things for safety, and, in sooth, the Bible reckoneth not such kind of cattle to be meet companions—they are but thy poor servants, in a manner, which it is a curse that men cannot do without: but I would fain give thee one that is fit to be thy friend, thy bosom counsellor, and a close and honourable companion."

"By cross and by buckler! what meaneth the father?" inquired Lord

Wenkyn, with a wondering air.

"My Lord must be married," replied Wickliffe.

"Married!-Ogh!-married! By the bones o' St. Becket!" exclaimed Sir Wenkyn, eyeing Wickliffe so oddly, that the father had

much ado to keep from loud laughter.

"Why seem my words such a cause of marvelling to your Lordship? Marriage is an aye happy and honourable estate—as saith the Wise One: 'Sed lætare de uxore adolescentiæ tuæ: sit cerva amicissima, et rupicapra gratiosa; ubera ipsius uberent te omni tempore—in amore ejus errato jugiter*'"

"By my troth, but the learned father speaketh excellently well! Albeit, marriage concerneth not one given up to arms, as I am: I know

not what it is. Ventre St. Gris! I will not be married."

"Bravely spoken, most wise and doughty noble! stranger—it may be one that hateth thee and thine—on thy death shall step into thine arms, and glory, and inheritance; and not one begotten of thine own body!" said Wickliffe, calmly rising up, and leaving the castle.

But it seemed that his last hint had not been thrown away: the old Lord meditated on it in lone and secret places, by day and by night, at table and on horseback. The result was, that in a month's time he sent a vassal to desire Wickliffe's immediate attendance.

" I tell thee, holy father, none but mine own begotten shall have my arms, mine exceeding glory, and my inheritance!" said Lord Wenkyn,

abruptly.

"The Lord's name be praised, that thou hast judged right in this great matter!" replied Wickliffe, joyfully. "And now thy Lordship must be married."

"Well, be it so!" said Lord Wenkyn, with an air of mingled

Prov. v.-18, 19. The reader need hardly be informed, that in those days the Scriptures were usually cited in Latin.

sternness and resignation;—and, in short, Wickliffe went to work so efficiently, that a month's time saw the stout old warrior coupled to Lady Selmerdine de Bruckenden; and his first matrimonial caution was—"By the Holy Rood, Lady, see thou come not near mine ar-

moury !"

In due time, to the great grief of Lord Wenkyn, who had been laying magnificent plans for the warlike education of his expected son—his good Lady presented him with—a girl! It is maliciously reported, that when he was informed of the sex of his child, he took to his horse, armed, as usual, cap-a-pie; and rattled over the country all day long, in order to dissipate his chagrin; and that when he came home, on his servants rushing to the armoury, to account for a tremendous uproar, they found the old nobleman, in his great wisdom, stamping on a splendid suit of armour, which, proh importunate! he had ordered on speculation for his expected son and heir! There are recorded divers other feats of a similar nature, which I dare not mention. In a word, there is no knowing what might have become of the forlorn old warrior; but, happily, his thoughts were soon diverted from his disappointment: he had taken it into his wise head to concert a stupendous project for the subjugation of France!

Thus deprived of paternal fondness and superintendence, the sole care of the young and beautiful Agnes devolved upon her mother, who performed her maternal duties as became a wise and honourable matron. Princely sums were expended on her education; and in a few years, Lady Agnes of Eiderdowne became celebrated as the most beauteous and accomplished maiden in the country. Her's was a very buoyant and blissful spirit; and her bright eye glittered with the exuberance of youthful gaiety, as her fairy figure was seen flitting through the long galleries and chambers of the castle; playfully chasing, and being chased by, a favourite hound, of snowy whiteness. Her filial tenderness won at last upon the iron, alienated heart of her father, who would often gaze upon her with pride, and exclaim, in an under-tone, "'Faith, girl, thou art

passing beautiful—but I would thou hadst been a boy!"

At her nineteenth year, however, a change took place in her conduct. She was no longer the light-hearted Lady Agnes, whose presence was "hailed by the giddy young, and cold reluctant age." She became pensive-abstracted; and would sit for hours together in a turretchamber, gazing through the open casement, on a rich champaign country, in sorrowful silence. Her favourite hound would stretch himself at her feet, and gaze with the keen eye of mute affection on the wan features of his beautiful mistress, as though desirous of sharing her sorrows. And there were also several points in her conduct which gave rise to strange surmisings among the household. When her 'tire-woman was arranging her dark hair one evening, she suddenly started, and said, "The hour is past, and I am here!" But when pressed to account for her exclamation, she endeavoured to turn it off with a faint smile. Her father one evening sent a vassal to her chamber, to request her to bring her guitar, and play him a few Spanish airs, which she had learned in France—but the Lady Agnes was nowhere to be found! At length she made her appearance: and when her father inquired the cause of her absence, she replied with confusion, while her cheek

assumed an ashy paleness, that she had been wandering about the gallery: but the fact was, the gallery had been repeatedly explored for her in vain. However, the good Lord Wenkyn was easily satisfied. She then took up her guitar, but played with such irregularity and mournfulness, that the impatient nobleman got up and left her, exclaiming—"I prithee, girl, go to thy chamber, and chaunt thyself asleep with thine idle lullabies!"

About night-fall, there sate in the upper chamber of the Boss-and-Buckler tavern, at Warwick, two young men, engaged in earnest conversation. One of them was habited in a sort of military undress, very elegant and costly; and his jewelled cap and dagger lay on a bench before him. His features were corrugated with a moody and thoughtful air. There was nothing worthy of note in his companion, but that he seemed a stout, well-built fellow, of a soldier-like carriage.

"As I was telling thee," said the former (Sir Louis de Bruckenden), "this aunt o' mine was wedded to one Lord Wenkyn, o' Eiderdowne; and hath borne to him a daughter, who is now, by 'r Lady, more beauti-

ful than thine eyes have ever looked on."

"In a word," replied his companion, "thou lovest her!"

"Aye, I do!" said De Bruckenden, vehemently; "and I believed the maiden once thought not ill o' me; but latterly she hath become cold and haughty; why need I many words?—she loveth another!—she doth, by the mass!"

"I prithee, De Bruckenden, carry thyself as becometh a man: thy case, it may be, is not so desperate as thou thinkest. Dost thou know

for a certainty that her love is given to another?"

"Dost thou know Sir Harry Hardynge?" inquired De Bruckenden,

with a strong effort at composure.

"What! the gallant youth that unhorsed Gilbert, Earl o' Tenterden,

at the last London tourney?"

"Aye, marry, the same, the very same. He and I have long been, as 'twere, twin brothers in arms; and one evening, with uncommon secresy, he told me, as a matter o' deepest concern and confidence, that he loved a certain damsel in such a sort that he was well nigh beside himself. He told me, moreover, that she regarded him with favour, and had promised to wed him in a short time. 'And who may this wondrous ladie be?' quoth I, gaily, with a bantering air. His answer smit me like a thunder-bolt;—it was the Lady Agnes, o' Eiderdowne!" said De Bruckenden, gasping with agitation. "When he told me her name, praise to 'r Lady that I took not his life, for my hand murderously clutched my mercy*; and mine eyes lightened on him with madness. But he perceived me not, for his were bent sorrowfully on the ground. He told me, in the fulness of his heart, how he saw her privately every evening, and well nigh discovered to me a secret passage to the castle; -how beauteous she was-and how she wept to think that his sword and his name were his only inheritance. But I shall go mad! I shall die!" said the unhappy De Bruckenden, quivering with the agony of his excited passions. ight to the cell of iternab, the sper, to learn

^{*} A small dagger, worn by Knights.

"Tut, tut, De Bruckenden! be thou a man! Wilt thou lose thy manhood, and become a puling boy, for the sake of an idle girl?—

Fie on thy valour!"

"By the mass!" retorted De Bruckenden, hotly, "thy blood is frozen harder than winter's ice! How shouldest thou know what it is to love, or how give counsel to one that is smitten? But"—after a long pause—"I tell thee I will have Agnes of Eiderdowne—an' there be wit in my brain, or valour in my hand! I will—come what may!"

"Marry! and how so, when she loveth, plainly, another?" replied his matter-of-fact companion. "Wilt thou compel the maiden? 'Faith, an' thou willest not this Hardynge to have her, hadst thou not better

tellen her father on't ?"

" No: there be divers deep reasons why the old Lord should know nothing of it. 'Faith, an' he knew we both loved her, he would, certes, make me and Sir Harry battle for't in single combat, and give her to him—for I own he is a better knight than I, in that respect, having been born to thwacks and buffetings. But I took heed to tell him that I was the nephew o' Lord Wenkyn; and that he might rest sure and certain, from my knowledge of the old noble, that he would never listen to his proposals: and hence all this secret meeting! But what is to be done must be done with secresy and dispatch. This night Sir Harry Hardynge, who still thinketh me his bosom friend—(alack! what traitors love maketh!)—told me that she hath appointed to go to the seer, or wizard, or astrologer, or whatever else thou choosest to call him-to seek her destiny. She goeth alone-and Sir Harry I have got to be called suddenly, to attend King Richard, at Windsor: and as for old Herman, the seer, I know the knave! An' he be there to-night, my name is not Lewis de Bruckenden! But now, thou understandest what thou art to do !-eh?"

"Aye, marry! but I weeten thou hadst put the duty on another: but sith it so deeply concerneth thee, and thou wilt promise to do nothing unworthy of a knight, by 'r Lady, I'll not be lacking!"

The Lady Agnes sate in her turret chamber, in the still of the evening. Shadows were stealing slowly and gently over the placid landscape. The river, glittering like a vein of silver, was growing dim, and hardly distinguishable from the variegated scenery through which it meandered. The lady sate in pensive contemplation of this tranquil and soothing prospect. Her fair cheek was pale, and her eye was dimmed, and her fluttering bosom oppressed with anxiety. She soliloquized in this wise:—

"Certes, but he hath a noble carriage—a noble eye—a noble brow!
—in a word, there is nothing about him that is not noble! And as for his voice! why, 'tis like the sound of a silver trumpet—so soft—so sweet—so measured, and yet so powerful, withal. It is true he is poor in estate, but then he is rich in valour—and valour is worth a King's ransom in these troublous times! and how then can he be poor? The first time I met him I seemed as though I should have died! I had often dreamed of such a face as his; and when at last I saw it in my walking home, how could I help loving it? He hath persuaded me to go this night to the cell of Herman, the seer, to learn our fate. He hath a wondrous opinion of that old mystic. Nevertheless, I shall do it, an' it

were only to please him. Assuredly !- but it is a strange hour for a maiden like me to leave the castle! our Lady forbid that I come to any harm! But why should I fear? He hath promised to meet me at the passage underneath. It is growing dark, very dark! how deadly still is all around me! I do wish you owl would cease his hideous hooting, it makes my blood to thrill with horror! Holy Virgin! there is the signal!" she exclaimed with a sudden start, as an arrow, tipt with with fire, darted upward to a considerable height. "All is ready!nay, but I am to wait for another." She had hardly spoken, when a second arrow mounted aloft; and as soon as she had seen its light extinguished in the dark waters of the river, she drew her veil over her head, muffled herself in an embroidered ermine travelling cloak, and left the chamber. She descended a short flight of stone steps, and hurried, with noiseless but rapid footsteps, along the dark gallery, till she arrived at the door of what was called the arming-room. She entered, and found her way to a certain side of it. She then lifted up the tapestry, and there was disclosed a narrow door. She opened it; and after a pause of fearful hesitancy, stepped through it, and left it a-jar. She descended a very narrow winding flight of stairs, which terminated in another door. She gently pushed it open, and whispered—for she was involved in pitchy darkness-" Art thou here, Sir Harry?" "Yes," replied the voice of a person who advanced to her. "But as thou lovest life and honour, speak not till we be come to Herman's: for we shall else alarm the sentinels!"

They both hurried along in silence, till they arrived at the portals of an ancient building, which was known as the residence of Herman, the seer. According to agreement, she was to attend him alone; and she therefore left her companion at the porch, while she followed a servant into the interior of the house. She was ushered into a lofty chamber, enlightened with four large lamps. At the upper end sate an elderly and imposing figure, surrounded by all the mysterious paraphernalia of his profession. His head was enveloped with a singularlyshaped white satin cap, which, together with his gown, or cloak, was embroidered with strange and fantastical devices. In a word, he presented the very beau ideal of an astrologer.

"Lofty daughter of a lofty house! what would'st thou with us?" he

inquired, with deep and solemn distinctness.

"I came to know a little concerning the future. Albeit, Our Lady forgive me if herein I sin. I do wish I had warrant o' Scripture for these mysteries. I own it seemeth to me a tempting of Providence;

and yet-"

"So thou seekest a warrant from Scripture for our noble calling, most scrupulous damsel! Wouldest thor be satisfied, an' they did tell thee, the stars take a share in the influence of human destinies? Hear, then—" è cælis pugnarunt sidera ipsa, è tuis aggeribus, pugnarunt contra Siseram*. Meaning, fair lady, that the stars fought against Sisera, in their course—thereby portending destruction to him—and he was destroyed, with a bloody slaughter. But what wouldest thou of me? for the night waneth."

^{*} Judges v.—20.

"Profound, Sir," replied Lady Agnes, resolutely—for she saw it was no time for trifling—"I have plighted my troth to an honourable youth—will the issue be happy?"

"What is his name, and what his degree in life?"

"Sir Harry Hardynge, a knight-bannaret in the King's army: a very valiant knight, an't please thy wisdom!" replied Lady Agnes, with downcast eyes, and blushing deeply. Herman made no immediate reply, but erected a horoscope on a large sheet of parchment, and calculated the planetary conjunctions and oppositions in the different houses, with profound attention. At length he fixed his eyes steadily upon her, and said, "There be two, fair lady, that seek thy love; of equal valour in arms, but one of far higher wealth and family than the other. With the one of these two there will be a long and blissful life unto thee—with the other, there is blood—death—and despair!"

"Who may that be?" inquired Lady Agnes, almost fainting with

terror.

"The one is Sir Harry Hardynge-the other, Sir Lewis de Brucken-

den! Knowest thou aught of the last?"

"Our Lady succour me!" exclaimed Lady Agnes, in dreadful perturbation—"What should I know of De Bruckenden? He is my honourable cousin—and nothing more to me. I tell thee, he is not my choice!"

"Then thou dost persist in naming Sir Harry Hardynge, fair

lady ?"

"With God's grace, I do. Wilt thou tell me my fate with him?"

Herman eyed her with melancholy attention, as he took from a small cabinet an embroidered box, and handed it towards her. "That thou wilt open when thou art alone in thy chamber: it will tell thee thy doom."

Lady Agnes received it from him with a trembling hand; and after a profound obeisance, quitted the presence of the astrologer. Her companion was awaiting her return. It was not long before she found herself in her chamber again. She approached the silver lamp, and opened the mysterious packet. She let it fall from her hands with a thrilling shriek—it contained a shroud!

"Fair lady!" said De Bruckenden, who had silently followed her, and now entered abruptly—" and wilt thou prefer a shroud, and pennyless Sir Harry Hardynge, to thy poor cousin, with life and happi-

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"Louis de Bruckenden, how camest thou hither?" inquired Lady Agnes, while the blood left her lips—her eyes closed; in a word—she fainted!

Sir Lewis, who, bad as he was, lacked not courtesy, contrived, in due time, to bring back the unhappy Agnes to this naughty world.

"How camest thou hither, Lewis de Bruckenden? Speak, an' thou

wishest not to see me die before thee !"

"Faith! I was told o' this midnight meeting by a gallant young

spark, intituled Hardynge."

"Holy Virgin!" ejaculated the trembling Agnes—gazing fixedly at her cousin, and yet as though she saw him not.

"Ay, gay Sir Harry," continued De Bruckenden, with an air of illsuppressed triumph-"who, being, as I were, hot with repeated draughts of Gascon wine, yester-evening, at the house of Lord Philip de Burgh, near the city of Warwick, did tellen me of this his most vile plot to obtain thy person: the which thing caused me to smite him to the ground with fury, that he should so slander and foully maltreat my noble and beauteous cousin of Eiderdowne. So I sent him on a false errand to Windsor, that I might the easier letten thee know of his treachery. Marry! the knave told me how he had bribed the seer, old Herman, to speak what was favourable o' him; and, an 't had not been for my policy, by the mass! but thou wouldest never have seen Eiderdowne castle again! But, certes, as for bribing old Herman—look ye, cousin— I know the seer better: there is not the gold upon earth to corrupt that man!"—He was proceeding with the dénouement of his story, when a loud tumult of shouts, and the clang of arms, terminated his eloquence.

"Oh, lady! lady! we are undone! we are undone! Alack! what will become of us poor damsels—not forgetting thee?" exclaimed one of her maidens, bursting breathless, with disordered dress, into her chamber.

"What now, damsel?" inquired Lady Agnes, faintly.

"Wat Tyler—Wat Tyler is at the gates, with thousands upon thousands of his rebels, my Lady! Alack, alack! we shall assuredly be burnt alive!"—They started at seeing Sir Louis; but it was not a time for inquiry; so they told him, that the old Lord and his vassals, all armed, were already on the ramparts—that Wat Tyler had summoned him to surrender—that Lord Wenkyn had refused, with a great oath, and had commanded his vassals forthwith to hurl down on the assailants the large stones, which lay always piled up in heaps on the ramparts, as defensive missiles on such occasions.

"And what have the knaves done in return?" inquired Sir Louis. He was informed that their catapults were already battering at the walls. He leaped from the chamber like lightning; and after hastily equipping himself in a suit of armour from Lord Wenkyn's stores, hastened to the scene of uproar.

Sir Harry Hardynge, misled by the artifices of De Bruckenden, set out immediately, in no very pleasant mood, on his way to Windsor. How unfortunate, that on the very day of his secret appointment with lady Agnes, he should thus be hurried away by the Royal mandate, without a moment's leisure for communication with his "ladie love!" But what was to be done? A bribed varlet rode at his heels, accoutred as a King's page, to attend him on his way to Windsor; so he was compelled to make love yield to loyalty. However, he had not proceeded many miles, when he heard, at no great distance, the heavy, hollow tramp of a body of armed men. It was just about seven o'clock in the evening, as Sir Harry found himself in front of a detachment of royal forces, headed by Gilbert, Earl of Tenterden.

"Good, my Lord! and whither at this rate?" inquired Sir Harry.

"Marry! whither? Why, that accursed knave Wat Tyler, is in these parts; and, it hath been told us, is on his way, with a band of his

to Eiderdowne castle, which he hath promised to burn to the ground. By the bones o' St. Dunstan! he shall have a 'bout wi' us for't. So hasten on, my merry men there!"

"Eiderdowne castle!—Eiderdowne castle!" exclaimed Sir Harry, almost leaping from his horse. "I would to God I could accompany

ye, my Lord!"

"Faith! and why not? Tut, man! back with us at once."

"Alack, my Lord! the King hath sent for me, to attend him at Windsor."

"To Windsor?" exclaimed the Earl, drawing up his visor—"To Windsor? Gramercy! Why, man, King Richard hath been at Calais,

carousing with his bonny Isabel, for this month past!"

Sir Harry could scarcely credit his ears; and turned round to receive an explanation from his page: but that worthy gentleman, who had been near enough to hear the latter part of this interesting colloquy, had contrived to set off at a scampering pace, down a bye lane; so that even the sound of his horse's hoofs had ceased to be audible. Sir Harry was confounded—utterly bewildered. He was evidently, in some inexplicable way or other, the victim of chicanery: but who were his enemies? and what were their motives for sending him to Windsor? A vague surmise flashed across his mind: he rapidly recalled to mind the facts of his appointment with Lady Agnes—his informing Sir Louis de Bruckenden of it—the evident art and anxiety displayed in forcing him off at an instant's notice;—in a word, he had now gained a clue to the development of the mystery.

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"By the mass, my Lord! but I will go with thee to Eiderdowne. I have been deluded—doubtless by some of Tyler's knaves—(for he did not choose to acquaint the Earl with the real cause)—that I might not stand in the way of sweet sport at Eiderdowne. On, on, gallant Earl—

on! or we are too late!"

The detachment, consisting of about five hundred well-tried men-atarms, and as many stout yeomen, famous for their bows, moved on very rapidly; yet it was waxing late before they came near Eiderdowne castle. As soon as they had turned an angle of the road, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, they beheld the whole scene. A great number of torches, waving hurriedly to and fro, diffused a lurid lustre on the besiegers and the besieged. They gained occasional glimpses of bended bows on the ramparts, and tall forms hurling down stones on the furious crew without. The Earl, after a word or two with Sir Harry Hardynge, sent on his bold bowmen, who approached the rebels in four parties; and then, being themselves obscured in darkness, they took deliberate aim at those whom the torch-light presented as distinct objects, pouring in their "arrowy shower" with tremendous effect. The enemy seemed confounded at this unexpected, this invisible attack: and at this juncture, Sir Harry put himself at the head of the men-at arms, and burst upon them like a thunderbolt. For a while they seemed to carry all before them, but the torch-light soon exposed the paucity of their numbers; and Tyler's myrmidons returned the salute with interest. The fight raged with desperation on each side; but Tyler had so arranged it, that one half of his men should continue the vigorous siege of the castle, while the other opposed the forces so unexpectedly brought

against them. The men-at-arms, infuriated by the unyielding opposition of the "loutish rabble," committed frightful havoc with their battle-axes, hacking and hewing down on all sides, without mercy. Sir Harry Hardynge, though frequently hemmed in by the enemy, leaped upon them with lion-like boldness, and performed miracles of valour; while the invisible bowmen harassed their opponents with their unceasing and effectual discharge. But what were so few to nearly three thousand half-maddened ruffians? Their chief fury was directed to the assault of the castle; and Sir Harry saw it was likely to go very hard with Lord Wenkyn, for the arrows of the assailants poured in at every loop-hole, and sensibly thinned the ramparts. He suddenly remembered the secret entrance to the castle; and thinking he could render more efficient assistance within than without, followed by a few men-at-arms,

he hewed his way out of the mailed throng. and a broad saw agotatoot

Within the castle all was uproar and confusion. The old Lord was the calmest man that trod the ramparts. He had continually round his person two or three picked marksmen; and when he discovered any one of the assailants super-eminently annoying, he had only to point him out, and he was down in a moment. His whole force was about two hundred: very few, to be sure; but then the castle seemed impregnable; and they had a vast advantage over those without, whose vivid torch-light exposed them to infinite mischief. Still they were likely to fare the worst. Wat Tyler had been heard to swear that he would have the castle, if he fought till doom's-day; and had succeeded in throwing up embankments, although his men were dreadfully galled by Lord Wenkyn's bowmen and men-at-arms, whose showers of arrows and stones came clattering down with fearful mischief on the heads of the besiegers. The uproar increased, and yells of defiance and desperation reverberated from all sides. Sir Louis, meanwhile, had not been idle, but hurried to and fro, affording very efficient assistance to the dispirited soldiery. At length he plainly saw that, in defiance of all their efforts, they were likely to lose the day;—and there came into his head a diabolical scheme, which he instantly proceeded to put in practice. He secretly left the ramparts, and hurried towards the apartments of the lady Agnes. The day was breaking, and the sleeping crests of the far-off mountains were edged with deep and tranquil blue, gradually extending, as Sir Louis burst into the chapel whither Lady Agnes, acompanied by her maidens, had flown, as the surest retreat in time of danger: and there they were, like doves, nestling snugly in their dovecots, while the storm was raging without. The dim morning light streamed sadly and faintly on the figure of the Lady Agnes, kneeling down before the altar, with her hands clasped upon her bosom. Her dark hair fell in disorder about her beautiful countenance—cold, pale, and motionless, as monumental marble. Sir Louis strode hastily to her side, and whispered, "Lady! thy noble father seeketh thee in the gallery, and would fain speak with thee a word." His voice seemed to rouse Agnes from her torpor. She rose, and with trembling steps, supported by Sir Louis, left the chapel. He led her to the arming-room,

and drew aside the tapestry concealing the private door.
"Where is my father? where is Lord Wenkyn?" inquired Lady

Agnes, in an alarmed tone.

"'Faith! he is fighting valiantly on the ramparts; and hath com-

mitted it to me to lead thee to a place of safety."

"I will never leave this castle!—I will never leave it, but with my noble father!" exclaimed Lady Agnes, endeavouring to regain the gallery.

"Lady!" said Sir Louis, clasping her in his arms-" I love thee!

fair Agnes, I love thee !-aye, to madness !"

"Unhand me, base ruffian !—My cries shall alarm the soldiery."

But Sir Louis was determined. He snatched the struggling maiden. and drew her through the private door. Her shrieks might have melted a harder heart than that of Sir Louis, but he heeded them not: he passed rapidly along till he came to the open air. He imprinted a kiss upon the pale lips of his insensible burthen—when the sound of heavy footsteps was heard: a band of men-at-arms presented themselves—and their leader sprang forward, and with one stroke of his battle-axe. almost severed the head of De Bruckenden from his shoulders. Sir Harry Hardynge loosened from the rigid grasp of Sir Louis the still insensible Agnes, and bore her to the castle. He was compelled reluctantly to commit her to the care of her weeping and wondering attendants, and to haste the scene of warfare. His presence infused new life and energy into the fainting bosoms of Lord Wenkyn and his soldiery: but their efforts were needless—for a large detachment of the King's forces, which happened accidently to march past, on their way to London, under the command of the Duke of Northumberland and his famous son Sir Harry Percy, soon turned the fortune of the day; and in a few moments the terrified rebels flew in all directions, like chaft before the wind. Miserable was the sight which the next day presented—every tree being transformed into a gibbet, where the heroes of Tyler might meditate at their leisure on the exploits of the past night.

But it would require a volume to tell of the splendid nuptials of Sir Harry Hardynge and Lady Agnes of Eiderdowne— or of the roystering good cheer and merry-makings, which gladdened every heart within several miles of the castle, for a fortnight: and as for Lord Wenkyn—his prodigious feats of valour (perhaps a little magnified by himself), became the talk of the whole country, and afforded him the materials of

proud retrospection for the rest of his life.

Q. Q. Q.

IMPROMPTU

bindly on the square of the Lady Agrees,

ON THE CLERICAL ZANY OF THE ____ MAGAZINE.

In days of yore, a well-remembered rule— Each noble had his chaplain, bard, and fool;— But Hal's more frugal, all the world must own, Who keeps a parson, bard, and fool—in one!

artwood beautiful in the

HUBBA.

BY N. T. CARRINGTON.

He (Oddune, Earl of Devon), made a sudden sally on the Danes, put them to rout, pursued them with great slaughter, killed Hubba himself, and got possession of the famous Reafan, or enchanted standard, in which the Danes put great confidence. It contained the figure of a raven, which had been inwoven by the three sisters of Henguar and Hubba, with many magical incantations.—Hume.

T.

Spring 'woke the world, but with the vernal day

Came the deep voice of Death upon the gales!

Sweet broke the blushing morning, but the ray

Cheered not thy desolated pastures, Wales!

Where now the minstrel's song, the harper's lay,

That rang so merrily amid thy vales?

Alas! in bower and hall is silence dread—

Thy sons, the free, the brave, are numbered with the dead!

II.

Despair and ruin to the shrieking land!

Thy bold and beautiful upon their bier!

Thy temples smoking 'neath the invader's brand!

Thy infants writhing on the hostile spear!

And shall not vengeance blast the murderous band?

And retribution fall with doom severe?

Shall Jove's high thunder sleep, when to his throne

Swift from the suffering earth the voice of blood hath flown?

III.

It slept not, though the victor's flag on high
Triumphant fluttered o'er the bending mast—
It slept not, though the favouring sea-gales fly,
And Denmark gave its canvas to the blast!
Devonia spreads her fertile vallies nigh—
There speed, and find, all Ocean-perils past,
The strong sure hand of Justice! Lo, the doom
Of Tyranny is sealed—Destruction and the tomb!

IV.

Immortal Kenwith! wild the Reafan streamed
Around thy walls! and wild the savage crew
Sent up their war-cry, as the morning beamed!
While deeper still the shout of battle grew—
Till the last ray of welcome evening gleamed,
And the fierce Pagan sullenly withdrew;
As Night o'er all resumed her ancient reign,
Mantling both friend and foe—the dying and the slain!

V

Again the morning ray, again the fight—
The storm—the brave repulse—the iron showers,
That from the 'leagured battlements alight
In terror on the Danes! On Kenwith's towers
Floated Danmonium's banner, waving light
In the free gale that fanned her myrtle bowers;
And floating o'er the walls at evening's close,
Beneath its glorious folds the English bands repose.

VI

Short pause before the tempest! Ere the beam
Of morning gilt the English banners brave,
From Kenwith's gates burst forth the human stream,
And on the foe rolled deep the living wave,
Resistless!—Let the Northern raven scream,
And Odin now his magic standard save—
For, hark! the firm Danmonii, with one breath,
Shout through the ensanguined field—"Or liberty, or death!"

VII.

Down sank the raven—down his crime-stained Lord!

Swift fled from that red field his savage band!

He slept—the man of blood—whose ruthless sword

"Made women childless!"—slept upon the strand,

In his wild, fearful grave (that chief abhorred);

Where, as triumphing to the rescued land,

E'en now the great sea-billow, dark and deep,

Urged by the howling winds, o'er Denmark's hero sweep!

SICILIAN LOVER'S SERENADE.

And the flere Pagus sufferly withdraw :

Mandling both friend and for-fine dring and the slain!

's Night o'er aft resumed her uncient reign,

LISTEN, love! from tree and tower
The air with melody is ringing;
While, within her moonlight bower,
The mournful nightingale is singing.
The wind that whispers through the grove,
Softly sighs, and breathes of love.

Look, my love! with lurid glare,

Ætna's fires are fiercely glowing;

Reddening all the murky air,

Burning lava-streams are flowing:

As if with feeble rage they strove

To vie with fiercer flames of love.

Sleep, my love !—from bush and brake
Fainter fall the wild bird's numbers;
Scarcely stirring lawn and lake,
On beds of flowers the night-wind slumbers:
Sleep! but let thy fancy rove
In blissful dreams of fondest love!

Rest, my love! till rosy dawn
With amber tints the orient streaking,
Melts the dew-drops on the thorn,
With ruby light thy slumbers breaking:
Then, dearest, wake, and let me prove
The rapture of requited love!

C. T. D.

Most of our living bards have, at length, begun to evince on inclina-

MODERN POETS AND POETRY.

of rhythm; but, judging from his latter productions, we may anticipate

On making my appearance the other morning, in the private room of my good friend and publisher, Mr. -, with an ominous roll of foolscap in my hand, I was somewhat startled by the salutation addressed to me-" My dear Sir, is that a volume of poems? If so, let us talk on another subject-poetry is the vice of the age, but poetry will not do now." A short "explanation," as the parliamentary reporters have it, soon reconciled us to the abrupt declaration of my worthy bookseller; and when I unfolded my MSS., and disclosed to his delighted view another of those amusing volumes, which—but having yet a character for modesty, I forbear to anticipate public opinion. Suffice it to say, we parted mutually satisfied with each other-my publisher to chuckle over his bargain, and myself to muse on the singularly abrupt commencement of our conversation. A little reflection soon convinced me of the truth of his observation, and I resolved to take the emphatic veto for a text upon which I might ground some remarks upon the present state of poetry, for the ensuing number of the 'Literary

Magnet.'

Thus, then, it seems that poetry has at length become unpopular: the market having been glutted, the demand for the article has diminished; and the supply (being regulated by the demand), is proportionably scanty. The poets, with an instinctive second-sight, have been providing against this rhyme-frost, by training their geniuses to the plodding step, or heavy march of prose; and though the Pegasus of some of them will now and then be caracoling, and taking flights above the solid ground of fact, into the region of invention, they have, for the most part, been successful in traversing the beaten path of narrative, or the rugged track of historical research. The (once) greatest poet of the day has already eclipsed his poetical fame by his reputation as a novelist; and not content with so enviable a distinction, now seeks to swell his renown by adding to his other claims that of a biographer. Mr. Southey has long been distinguished as a clear and nervous prose writer; and his merits as an historian, biographer, and critic, although somewhat diminished by his bitterness as a controversialist, are better appreciated than his poetical efforts. If we are to believe the Edinburgh reviewers, Mr. Moore's powers have been but faintly developed by his lyrical productions, and his attempt at epic dignity. They would have the world deem the fascinations of his muse as the purely evanescent beauties that adorn her person, and the scintillations of his wit as the arch smiles that play on her dimpled cheeks. We must prepare for the development of the deep (and as yet, hidden) veins of genius and wisdom, with which we are only partially acquainted, through the medium of his biography of Sheridan. Indeed, judging from Mr. Jeffrey's prophetic puff of his friend's talents, it is scarcely possible to say what Mr. Moore may not eventually turn out to be: a "mute inglorious Milton," we think he can hardly be; although a "Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood," may yet spring up in the person of the lively little Irish melodist. But indeed, who should adventure a volume of poetry in the fr. seergib sw

Most of our living bards have, at length, begun to evince an inclination to prose. I do not wish to be misunderstood. Mr. Wordsworth, it is true, has not yet disencumbered the feet of his verses from the clog of rhythm; but, judging from his latter productions, we may anticipate a volume of antiquarian or topographical researches. Mr. Coleridge writes lay sermons-so called, we presume, for the same reason that the huge jointed dolls used by artists are denominated lay-figures. Upon these theological skeletons, Mr. Coleridge throws the graceful drapery of his reflection, and garlands them with the wild-flowers of his imagination. He has, however, given us just enough to evidence the wonderful qualities of his mind, and to cause us to regret the waste, in mere "fervid colloquies," of such transcendent powers. Mr. Campbell has not entirely ceased to refresh us with the pure draughts of his Heliconbut they are but sips; while the stern beauties of criticism (why has it no personification?) allure him into the catacombs of learning, scarcely more accessible than the passages of the pyramids. Alas, for Mr. Rogers!—he is dead, and a volley of puns is fired over him, as, wrapt in a Holland sheet, he is lowered into the grave of Notoriety; there to rest, until the blast of Fame's trumpet shall revive him. We look round upon a host of other bards, and we see an amphibious breed -half poets, half prose-writers; their fishes' tails sporting in the ocean of verse, that has deluged the literary world, and their human bodies basking in the sunshine of popularity, as critics or novelists. Mr. Crabbe perseveres in versifying his narratives; Mr. Millman is guiltless of aught but verse; and Barry Cornwall has yet committed comparatively few sins in prose: but Mr. Croly is a thorough-paced critic; and Allan Cunningham is becoming a confirmed romance-writer. It only remains for Mrs. Hemans to lay down her classic lyre, and commence chronicler; and for L. E. L. to throw up her lute, and compile a history of love. Mr. Charles Lamb, the author of 'John Woodville,' a tragedy; and some "singularly original" poems, is far better known as 'Elia,' the unique essayist; and Mr. Leigh Hunt is more popular as a critic and essayist than as the author of 'Rimini.' The late Lord Byron, in the decline of his poetical glory, shewed symptoms of the general desire to shine in prose; and had he lived, the world might have been electrified by an Anastasius sort of novel from his pen. The late Mr. Shelley was metrically metaphysical to such a degree, that little expectation could have been entertained of any more prose from him, than a few touches, to heighten the horrors of the 'Last Man.' But we must not trespass further upon the boundary of the past; and, as far as regards the present, our gay "Annuals" present abundant proofs of the inclination of all the minor bards to try their skill in prose writing.

Whether the taste of the public has influenced authors in general, or authors have diverted the taste of their readers, is a point worthy of being discussed by the Royal Society of Literature; and, were this a controversial age, would form as inexhaustible a source of petulant pamphleteering as the 'Pope' question, or the 'Catholic' question. It is quite enough to know that the publishers, those arbiters of the fate of embryo authors, decide that the public have no relish, much less craving, for verse, either blank or tagged; and that man would be bold indeed, who should adventure a volume of poetry in the front of such

batteries (the one mounting fifty-two and the other forty-eight pieces of prose), as the forts of the rival publishers, Messrs. Colburn and Murray, present. It is one of the "signs of the times," that in two lists of new publications, comprising one hundred different works, in as many more volumes, there should not be included a single volume of poetry-for a collection of comic verses does not constitute an exception. This circomstance is certainly the forerunner of the extinction of the art of versification-one of the symptoms not only of the decline, but the decease of the Genius of Poetry. Let no one now predict the ruin of the commercial spirit in the rising generation of merchants, by reason of the thirst for Helicon that raged a few summers back; the torrents of rhyme that thereafter descended, effectually quenched that thirst, and extinguished the "fire of soul," that at one time bade fair to scorch up even the leaves of ledgers; the waste of waters is now collected in stagnant pools, that offend the nostrils of the present age. This, then, is the auspicious time to commence a history of poetry. Publishers, complete the series of poets to 1826, and let 1827 stand rhymeless a year of prose! not an oasis in the desert, but a spot without a flower in the "garden of letters." An art that is no more !- like the embalming of the ancients, or the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, the purple dye of the Tyrians, it is a forgotten wonder. Poems will now become relics, and bear a premium, like illuminated missals: but should one hapless bard disturb the silence of verse, the charm is broken, and the glorious vision of a year of prose for ever dissipated.

[In giving insertion to the foregoing paper, we by no means desire to have its sentiments identified with our own. So long as the poets enumerated by our correspondent continue to write as they have already written, the fashion at whose dictum they cease to be popular, is not simply a reflection on, but a positive disgrace to the age. It is unquestionably a sign of the times, that whilst the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge is comparatively unpopular, such "delightful novels" as 'Almacks' are read and purchased by blockheads without number. It is, however, a redeeming trait in the character of modern literary taste, that the prose fictions of Sir Walter Scott have been so universally admired. When men cease to write good poetry, for the purpose of producing better prose, the public are undoubted gainers by the change.—ED. L. M].

DIRGE.

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Sweet be thy slumbers, child of woe! At the yew-tree's foot, by the fountain's flow!— May the firstling primrose blow, And the blue-eyed violet grow,
By thy lonely tomb! Pallid snow-drop bloom;

Duly there, at close of day, Let woman's tears bedew the clay! There let wren and ruddock stray, And dark ivy creep—

Mixt with fern and mosses gray,

O'er thy last long sleep! hat is worse. I do not know

C. D. M.

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different works, in as mony more

o ficts of the rival publishers, Mesers. Colbura and Murray,

PARTICULAR PEOPLE.

READER! dids't ever live with a particular lady? one possessed. not simply with the spirit, but the demon of tidiness? who will give you a good two hours' lecture upon the sin of an untied shoe-string, and raise a hurricane about your ears on the enormity of a fractured glove !-- who will be struck speechless at the sight of a pin, instead of a string; or set a whole house in an uproar, on finding a book on the table instead of in the book-case! Those who have had the misfortune to meet with such a person, will know how to sympathise with me. Gentle reader! I have passed two whole months with a particular lady.—I had often received very pressing invitations to visit an old schoolfellow, who is settled in a snug parsonage about fifty miles from town; but something or other was continually occurring to prevent me from availing myself of them. "Man never is, but always to be 'cursed.'" Accordingly, on the 17th of June, 1826 (I shall never forget it, if I live to the age of old Parr), having a few spare weeks at my disposal, I set out for my chum's residence. He received me with his wonted cordiality; but I fancied he looked a little more care-worn than a man of thirty might have been expected to look, married as he is to the woman of his choice, and in the possession of an easy fortune. Poor fellow! I did not know that his wife was a precisian—I do not employ the term in a religious sense. The first hint I received of the fact was from Mr. S., who, removing my hat from the first peg in the hall to the fourth, observed, "My wife is a little particular in these matters; the first peg is for my hat, the second is for William's, the third for Tom's, and you can reserve the fourth if you please for your own; ladies, you know, do not like to have their arrangements interfered with." I promised to do my best to recollect the order of precedence with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs impressed with an awful veneration for a lady who had contrived to impose so rigid a discipline on a man, formerly the most disorderly of mortals, mentally resolving to obtain her favour by the most studious observance of her wishes. I might as well have determined to be Emperor of China! Before the week was at an end, I was a lost man. I always reckon myself tolerably tidy; never leaving more than half my clothes on the floor of my dressing-room, nor more than a dozen books about any apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour. I do not lose more than a dozen handkerchiefs in a month; nor have more than a quarter of an hour's hunt for my hat or gloves whenever I am going out in a hurry. I found all this was but as dust in the balance. I might as well have expected to be admitted a contributor to the Literary Magnet, because I could write "joining-hand." The first time I sat down to dinner I made a horrible blunder; for, in my haste to help my friend to some asparagus, I pulled the dish a little out of its place, thereby deranging the exact hexagonal order in which the said dishes were arranged—I discovered my mishap on hearing Mr. S. sharply rebuked for a similar offence; secondly, I sat half the evening with the cushion a full finger's breadth beyond the cane-work of my chair—and what is worse, I do not know

that I should have been aware of my delinquency, if the agony of the lady's feelings had not, at length, overpowered every other consideration, and at last burst forth with, " Excuse me, Mr. ---, but do pray put your cushion straight; it annoys me beyond measure to see it otherwise." My third offence was displacing the snuffer-stand from its central position between the candlesticks; my fourth, leaving a pamphlet I had been perusing on the piano-forte, its proper place being a table in the middle of the room, on which all books in present use were ordered to repose; my fifth,—but in short I should never have done, were I to enumerate every separate enormity of which I was guilty. My friend S.'s drawing-room had as good a right to exhibit a placard of "Steel Traps and Spring Guns," as any park I am acquainted with. In one place you were in danger of having your legs snapt off, and in another your nose. There never was a house so atrociously neat; every chair and table knew its duty; the very chimney ornaments had been "trained up in the way they should go," and woe to the unlucky wight who should make them "depart from it." Even those "chartered libertines," the children and dogs, were taught to be as demure and hypocritical as the matronly tabby cat herself; who sat with her fore feet together and her tail curled round her as exactly as if she had been worked in an urn-rug, instead of being a living mouser. It was the utmost stretch of my friend's marital authority to get his favourite spaniel admitted to the honours of the parlour; and even this privilege is only granted in his master's presence. If Carlo happens to pop his unlucky brown nose into the room when S. is from home, he sets off directly with as much consciousness in his ears and tail as if he had been convicted of a larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the application of the broomstick. As to the children, Heaven help them! I believe that they look forward to their evening visit to the drawingroom with much the same sort of feeling. Not that Mrs. S. is an unkind mother, or, I should rather say, not that she means to be so; but she has taken it into her head, that "preachee and floggee too" is the way to bring up children; and that as young people have sometimes short memories, it is necessary to put them verbally in mind of their duties,

From night till morn, from morn till dewy eve.

So it is with her servants; if one of them leaves a broom or a duster out of its place for a second, she hears of it for a month afterwards.—I wonder how they endure it! I have sometimes thought that from long practice, they do not heed it—as a friend of mine who lives in a bustling street in the City, tells me he does not hear the infernal noise of the coaches and carts in the front of his house, nor of a confounded brazier, who hammers away in his rear from morning till night. The worst of it is, that while Mrs. S. never allows a moment's peace to husband, children, or servants, she thinks herself a jewel of a wife; but such jewels are too costly for every-day wear. I am sure poor S. thinks so in his heart, and would be content to exchange half-a-dozen of his wife's tormenting good qualities, for the sake of being allowed a little common-place repose.

I never shall forget the delight I felt on entering my own house, after enduring her thraldom for two months. I absolutely revelled in dis-

244 DIRGE.

order, and gloried in my litters. I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another; pushed all the chairs into the middle of the room, and narrowly escaped kicking my faithful Christopher, for offering to put it "in order" again. That cursed "spirit of order!" I am sure it is a spirit of evil omen to S. For my own part, I do so execrate the phrase, that if I were a Member of the House of Commons, and the order of the day were called for, I should make it a rule to walk out. Since my return home, I have positively prohibited the use of the word in my house; and nearly quarrelled with an honest poulterer, who has served me for the last ten years, because he has a rascally shopman, who will persist in snuffling at my door (I hear him now from my parlour window), "Any order this morning!" Confound the fellow! that is his knock. I will go out, and offer him half-a-crown to change his phrase! When at school,

Order is heaven's first law,

used to be our standing round-text copy; but were I doomed to transcribe the sentiment in these my days of adolescence, I should take the liberty of suggesting the new reading of—

Order is hell's first law-

Was vernellan as worker to be do les some l'enfo o

for I feel satisfied that Satan himself is a "particular gentleman."

. Later me providing an arment rue, has wall of being a harmony and

EXPOSTULATION.

T.

Since thou wilt go as they have gone,
Who cheered my brighter day,
But when my sun of joy went down
Unheeding turned away;—
Since thou wilt join the fickle herd
Who shun the hour of ill,
I would not waste one passing word
To bid thee linger still.
I could not deem such love was
thine—
I feel such love was never mine!

II.

And think not that with vain regret
My heart will cleave to thee;
Thou, who so lightly can'st forget,
Forgotten soon shalt be.
Thou didst not win my heart—'twas one
Whom storms could never move;
Who asked—come weal or woe—alone,
But to be loved, and love!
Whose faith once pledged—whose vows
once given,
Were firm—as both were heard in heaven!

III

Such art not thou—if such thou wert,
If such thou could'st have been,
I should not mask a bleeding heart
Beneath a brow serene!
Misfortune then had lost its sting—
But no! I will not mourn!
Its own relief shall Memory bring,
And Sorrow yield to scorn.
Seek thou the world, inconstant maid!
Betray, or be in turn betrayed!

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T.D. Same part of the state of

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

orderi, and gloried in my hit foreign I wished bestim at edge error pling chairs.

NATIONAL TALES. By Thomas Hood; author of 'Whims and Oddities.' 2 vols. Post 8vo. pp. 484. W. H. Ainsworth.

We know not how it was that we omitted to make any mention of Mr. Hood's admirable, but eccentric 'Whims and Oddities.' If we remember aright, we were compelled to postpone our notices of new publications altogether, the month after his book made its appearance. We should, probably, have brought up our lee-way in the ensuing number, but that in the meantime every periodical critic, save ourselves (from Blackwood down to the meanest reptile that crawls upon the earth), had sent forth his pean of applause of Mr. Hood and his jokery; and we really hardly liked to come in at the fag-end of such an army of eulogists. Lest we should find ourselves in a similar predicament as it regards the very clever, original, and interesting volumes of novellettes he has just sent into the world, we determine to record our opinion of their merits without delay. These sketches, twenty-six in number, are, with one exception, extremely simple in their texture; being founded, for the most part, on a single incident, so developed as to admit of the application of a moral calculated to render the thoughtful reader both wiser and better than he is. The style is that of some of the most successful passages of the old translation of Boccacio, who seems to have been Mr. Hood's model throughout. Nay, so entirely does he appear to breathe the spirit and language of the olden time, that we can scarcely bring ourselves to regard his striking little pictures in any other light than that of translations; although we have his positive assurance, which we see no reason to question, that they are the coinage of his own fertile imagination. Charles Lamb is, perhaps, the only man of the present race of authors, save Mr. Hood, who could have written with the same naked simplicity and truth, without degenerating into childishness. Nor are these stories wanting in stirring and intensely wrought appeals to the sympathies of the reader, even when the incident is not entirely new. We are acquainted, for example, with few things more powerful, of its kind, than the following description from 'The Spanish Tragedy.' The story is a rifacimeto, with additions, of the raw-head-and-bloodybones sort of legend we have all of us read in our time, of a nobleman and his servant, who would have been murdered at an inn, but for the interposition of the officers of justice. . The unhappy traveller has retired to his bed, but is prevented from sleeping by the reasonable apprehensions he has been led to entertain for his own safety. To add to his accumulation of horrors, his lamp is suddenly extinguished by the wind :-

Darkness (says he) was now added to all my other evils. There was no moon, nor a single star; the night was intensely obscure, and groping my way back to the bed, I cast myself upon it in an agony of despair. I cannot describe the dreadful storm of passions that shook me: fear, anguish, horror, self-reproach, made up the terrible chaos: and then came rage, and I vowed, if ever I survived, to visit my tormentors with a bloody and fierce retribution. I have said that the room was utterly dark, but imagination peopled it with terrific images; and kept my eyes straining upon the gloom with an attention painfully intense. Shadows, blacker even than the night, seemed to pass and repass before me; the curtains were grasped and

withdrawn; visionary arms, furnished with glancing steel, were uplifted, and descended again into obscurity. Every sense was assailed; the silence was interrupted by audible breathings—slow, cautious footsteps stirred across the floor---imagined hands travelled stealthily over the bed-clothes, as if in feeling for my face. Then I heard distant shrieks, and recognised the voice of Juan, in piteous and gradually stifled intercession; sometimes the bed seemed descending under me, as if into some yawning vault or cellar; and at others, faint fumes of sulphur would seem to issue from the floor, as if designed to suffocate me, without affording me even the poor

chance of resistance.

At length a sound came, which my ear readily distinguished, by its distinctness, from the mere suggestions of fear: it was the cautious unlocking and opening of the door. My eyes turning instantly in that direction, were eagerly distended, but there was not a glimmer of light even accompanied the entrance of my unknown visitor: but it was a man's foot. A boiling noise rushed through my ears, and my tongue and throat were parched with a sudden and stifling thirst. The power of utterance and of motion seemed at once to desert me; my heart panted as though it were grown too large for my body, and the weight of twenty mountains lay piled upon my breast. To lie still, however, was to be lost. By a violent exertion of the will, I flung myself out of the bed, furthest from the door; and scarcely had I set foot upon the ground, when I heard something strike against the opposite side. Immediately afterwards a heavy blow was given --- a second --- a third! the stabs themselves, at well as the sound, seemed to fall upon my very heart. A cold sweat rushed out upon my forehead. I felt sick, my limbs bowed, and I could barely keep myself from falling. It was certain that my absence would be promptly discovered: that a search would instantly commence; and my only chance was, by listening intensely for his footsteps, to

discern the course, and elude the approaches of my foe.

I could hear him grasp the pillows, and the rustling of the bed-clothes, as he turned them over in his search. For a minute all was then deeply, painfully silent. I could fancy him stealing towards me, and almost supposed the warmth of his breath against my face. I expected every instant to feel myself seized, I knew not where, in his grasp, and my flesh was ready to shrink all over from his touch. Such an interval had now elapsed as I judged would suffice for him to traverse the bed; and, in fact, the next moment his foot struck against the wainscot close beside me, followed by a long hasty sweep of his arm along the wall—it seemed to pass over my head. Then all was still again, as if he paused to listen; meanwhile I strode away, silently as death, in the direction of the opposite side of the chamber. Then I paused: but I had suppressed my breath so long, that involuntarily it escaped from me in a long deep sigh, and I was forced again to change my station. There was not a particle of light, but in shifting cautiously round, I espied a bright spot, or crevice, in the wall. Upon this spot I resolved to keep my eyes steadily fixed; judging that by this means I should be warned of the approach of any opaque body, by its intercepting the light. On a sudden it was obscured: but I have reason to believe it was by some unconscious movement of my own, for just as I retired backwards, from the approach, as I conceived, of my enemy, I was suddenly seized from behind. The crisis was come, and all my fears were consummated: I was in the arms of the assassin!

They struggle, of course, with desperate vigour, for some time, when they plump through a spring panel, into the immediate neighbourhood of an armed body, sent to exterminate the cut-throat and his adherents. The style of this sketch differs materially from that of the shorter tales, but is no less admirable, of its kind. The versatility of Mr. Hood's talents is really remarkable: he appears to possess the

power of steering

From grave to gay, from lively to severe, with extraordinary facility; and, to say the truth, although he is a mighty comical fellow, when disposed to be humourous, we find much more to admire in his graver efforts. Some of his serious (we do not mean pious) poetry, is extremely touching and beautiful. But we must not take our leave of the present volumes, without directing the attention of our readers to the following passage in his preface, which has pleased us exceedingly:

I make no excuses for this production, since it is a venture at my own peril. The serious character of the generality of the stories, is a deviation from my former attempts; and I have received advice enough, on that account, to make me present them with some misgiving. But because I have jested elsewhere, it does not follow that I am incompetent for gravity, of which any owl is capable; or proof against melancholy, which besets even the ass. Those who can be touched by neither of these moods, rank lower, indeed, than both of these creatures. It is from none of the player's ambition, which has led the buffoon, by a rash step, into the tragic buskin, that I assume the sadder humour; but because I know, from certain passages, that such affections are not foreign to my nature. During my short lifetime, I have often been as "sad as night;" and not like the young gentlemen of France, merely from wantonness. It is the contrast of such leaden and golden fits, that lends a double relish to our days. A life of mere laughter, is like music without its bass; or a picture (conceive it) of vague mitigated light; whereas the occasional melancholy, like those grand rich glooms of old Rembrandt, produces an incomparable effect, and a very grateful relief.

It will flatter me, to find that these my Tales can give a hint to the dramatist—or a few hours' entertainment to any one. I confess I have thought well enough of them to make me compose some others, which I keep at home, like the younger Benjamin, till I know the treatment of their elder brethren, whom I have sent forth (to buy corn

for me) into Egypt.

Mr. Hood appears to afford another confirmation of the truth of the axiom, that man is indeed

A pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

He is "quite correct" when he declares, that contrast lends a double relish to our days. Gray has expressed the same sentiment, in the following forcible language:

The hues of bliss more brightly glow, Chastised by sabler tints of woe, And blended form, with artful strife, The strength and harmony of life.

Be this the motto to the volume of poems Mr. H. is understood to be preparing for publication.

CROCKFORD HOUSE: a Rhapsody, in Two Cantos. 12mo. pp. 147. Murray.

WE cannot compliment Mr. Luttrell (to whose pen this volume is ascribed), upon the piquancy of his satire. His 'Letter to Julia,' extravagantly as it was puffed by a whole host of disinterested critics, was a very vapid and milk-and-watery poem; and the verses now before us are, if possible, still more meagre and effectless. Mr. Luttrell appears to be a poet, whom not even a favourable subject can inspire; for although the theme of Crockford House is one that might have excited all the powers of a satirist of ordinary asperity, he has treated it with as much complacency as though he were merely discussing the gossiping peccadilloes of a coterie of old card-playing dowagers. A satire professing to expose the folly, if not wickedness, of gambling, might have been a spice more pungent, without overshooting the mark. But gentlemenauthors, like Beau Luttrell, had rather be dull, than offend against decorum by a single observation which the Whigs of Brookes's could construe into personality. No temptation will lead them beyond their demarcation of gentility and dullness. Mr. Luttrell has here given us some slovenly verses, on the gaming-house now erecting by Mr. Crockford, a respectable person, who, from one of the most abject of Billingsgate fish-venders, has become the proprietor of the largest and most lucrative gambling establishment in this country. Such a man is, no doubt, a

very legitimate object for satire, and worthy of being assailed with weapons of a different quality and temper from those employed by the Juvenal of Almacks. However, the rhymes, if slip-shod, are easy, and that is something in their favour. A droll history is said to be attached to the publication of this little volume; but we must not let the public too often behind the scenes—therefore we remain

With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it like a sword.

VALENTINE VERSES. By the Rev. R. Cobbold, A.M. 4to. pp. 277. MR. COBBOLD, a very weak, although we doubt not a very worthy man, happens to have had a mother afflicted with an itch for rhyming. To such a height did the malady attain on every 14th of February, that the good old lady used to tag "fifty or sixty valentines, and sometimes These verses her dutiful and uneighty," on that auspicious day. suspecting son has collected into a volume, and illustrated with a hundred plates. It is, perhaps, not too much to affirm, that the illustrations are worthy of the matter; and that neither could well have been worse than they are.

A WIDOW'S TALE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Bernard Barton. 12mo. pp. 156. B. J. Holdsworth.

This interesting little volume contains some of the sweetest poetry Mr. Barton has ever written. The leading poem is founded upon the account of the loss of five Wesleyan Missionaries and others in the Maria mail-boat, off the island of Antigua, by Mrs. Jones, the only survivor on that mournful occasion; but although it abounds in passages of considerable merit, it does not strike us so forcibly as the miscellaneous poems which succeed it; several of which are characterised by the most touching simplicity and beauty. At the head of these our favourites, we would place the 'Grandsire's Tale,' a pathetic incident, related in a style worthy the most inspired moods of its author. Among other of the minor poems which are more particularly to our taste, we may mention an exquisite little piece, entitled 'The Vale of Tears;'also, 'A Child's Dream,'-'A Sea-side Reverie,'-'To a Crocus,'-'The Dead,'-'Which Things are a Shadow;' and several of the historical sketches. We can only find room for one little specimen, but that is a gem of the first water :-

WHICH THINGS ARE A SHADOW.

I saw a stream whose waves were bright With morning's drazzling sheen: But gathering clouds, ere fall of night, Had darkened o'er the scene :-" How like that tide," My spirit sighed, "This life to me hath been!"

The clouds dispersed; the glowing west Was bright with closing day, And on the river's peaceful breast Shone forth the sunset ray :- Of that which cannot die, My spirit caught The soothing thought-Thus life might pass away.

I saw a tree with ripening fruit And shady foliage crowned; But ah! an axe was at its root, And fell'd it to the ground :-Well might that tree Recall to me The doom my hopes had found fe

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IV. The fire consumed it :- but I saw Its smoke ascend on high ;-A shadowy type, beheld with awe, But from the grave Shall rise to crave A home beyond the sky!

SPECIMENS OF BRITISH POETESSES. Selected and Chronologically arranged. By the Rev. Alex. Dyce, B.A. Post 8vo. pp. 446.

THE only merit that can be accorded the editor of this volume is, that he has totally marred a most excellent idea. A judicious selection from the poetical works of such of our countrywomen as possess a claim to the title which Mr. Dyce has been pleased to confer upon no less than eighty-eight female writers of verse, would, no doubt, have constituted a very interesting work, and one calculated to become as extensively useful as popular. Nay, we are not sure that it would have been necessary for him to have restricted his conscription to real poetesses, if he had only managed to make his selections with ordinary tact: for there are not many lady-writers of verse who have attracted notice in their time, from whose works some few lines might not have been extracted with advantage. In the present instance, however, one half Mr. Dyce's Muses are of the most obscure and talentless description; and so little discrimination has he employed in levying his contributions, even upon others whose merits we are fully prepared to admit, that if we were to form an estimate of their powers from the specimens he has adduced, we should do them no inconsiderable injustice, as he has almost invariably made choice of their least successful efforts. The biographical and critical notices, too, are, if possible, for the most part, as worthless as the verses they are meant to introduce. Of the vast number of writers embalmed for immortality in Mr. Dyce's book, there are not more than twenty, if so many, who have any title to be so commemorated. Indeed, we can conscientiously declare, that we never had the ill-fortune to meet with such an accumulation of trash as is to be found in the first 214 pages of his work. He seems to have been at great "pains and pulling down of books," for the purpose of collecting something from the pen of every female writer who was ever known to have perpetrated a rhyme. Even poor Lady Rachel Russell, who, although she indited some very tolerable letters, was never known to have written more than eight lines of verse, and those of the most miserable character, is included among Mr. Dyce's poetesses. These lines we must quote, less as a sample of her poetical genius, than as an illustration of the taste and discretion of the reverend editor:

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND.

and churacter

Miss Mittord

Right noble twice, by virtue and by birth, His country's hope, his kindred's chief delight, Of heaven loved, and honoured on the earth; My husband dear, more than this world's light, Death hath me 'reft. But I from death will take His memory, to whom this tomb I make. John was his name (ah! was—wretch, must I say?) Lord Russell once-now my tear-thirsty clay.

Of such charming poetry as this, is two-thirds of Mr. D.'s volume composed. Mrs. Centlivre (beside two good comedies) wrote one execrable prologue; she, therefore, is invested with the rank of a poetess. Nothing further seems to have been required by our compiler, than that a lady should have tagged a few rhymes: their quality being a matter of perfect indifference to him. If anything can exceed the absurdity of the selections themselves, it is the brief notices which are prefixed to

them, and which are usually wound up with some such satisfactory declaration as a be collected that any home the rivers of the and retions

Of whom I can give no account. p. 108.

To the above account (containing nothing), I can add no particulars .- p. 64. In what year she was born, who she married, or when she died, are particulars which seem buried in obscurity and oblivion.-p. 125.

Of Mrs. Greville I can give no account.—p. 214.

Of Mrs. Tighe, I have not met with any biographical account.—p. 306.

Elizabeth Trefusis. Born, —; died, —. p. 278.

Mary Barber. Born, —; died, —. p. 161.

— Madan. Born, —; died, —. p. 195. - Madan. Born, -

Nor is Mr. Dyce's criticism at all more edifying. He seems to have but two notes in his philological gamut. The following are fair specimens: whose houdes and four tolging senil, were outside a few ranged

Her effusions are by no means despicable -p. 105. A person of no mean literary acquirements.—p. 163. She was endowed with no ordinary talents.—p. 171.

Lady M. Montague, whose letters every body reads.—p. 196. She was an ingenious poetess.—p. 207.

Of the inimitable Mrs. Radcliffe, Mr. Dyce tells us: The well-known works of this lady are interspersed with pieces of poetry.-p. 334. ediffe and are at possible, for the most past, as worthless

Of Mrs. Phillips: tirw to redman tasy ed. to ... on horter or here were

The verses of Orinda appear to have been hastily composed; if they do not frequently gleam with poetry, they are generally impregnated with thought .- p. 76.

Sometimes our sapient editor condescends to be biographical; for example, the following are entire notices:

Anne Collins. Wrote 'Divine Songs,' and 'Meditations.'—p. 61.

Queen of Bohemia. Was the daughter of James I.—p. 67.

Esther Vanhrmogh. Born, —; died 1721. Swift's Vanessa.—p. 146. - Johnson. Born, -; died, 1727. The Stella of Swift.-155.

Nay, notwithstanding the wonderful researches of the reverend editor at the British Museum and elsewhere, he has sometimes been baffled, not only in his pursuit of materials for a biography, but even in his endeavours to ascertain the Christian names of his immortals; even when the said Christian names have been imprinted in legible characters upon the title-pages of their works. Thus we have, — Taylor; - Madan; - Greville; - Scott; - Cock-- Johnson; -- Holford*. With praiseworthy gallantry, he limits his biographical and critical notices to the dead: he does not even reveal the birth-days of the living. Unfortunately, however, his selections are all so unhappily made, that the fair poetesses will gain little by his introduction of their names. From the delightful poetry of Miss Mitford he extracts only ten very indifferent lines. L. E. L. he dismisses with three of the worst specimens of her poetical talents she has ever had the ill-fortune to produce. But we have already afforded our readers abundant examples of the information, critical acumen, and good taste, of Mr. Dyce; and have devoted infinitely more time to him and his worthless volume than either deserve.

He quotes from 'Wallace, a poem, by Margaret Holford.'

LA DIVINA COMMEDIA di Dante Alighieri. Con nuovi Argomenti; Annotazione d'a Migliori; Commentatori Scelte ed Abbreviate. Da Pietro Chicchetti. pp. 602. London: Arnold.

THE series of select Italian Classics, of which this volume is a specimen, was announced in our last month's publication. We have here, in one beautifully printed pocket volume (at a third of the cost of many very inferior editions of the same book), the entire works of one of the noblest of the Italian poets, Dante Alighieri; edited with a degree of taste and critical acuteness, of which we can scarcely express ourselves in terms of too high commendation. It has been a reproach to the enterprise of English booksellers, that whilst there are ornamental editions of standard British classics continually issuing from the press on the Continent, we have, comparatively speaking, so few tolerable reprints of foreign classics (more especially of those of France, Italy, and Germany), in this country. For a long time indeed, Zotti's edition of the Italian classics (tolerably printed, to be sure, but edited in the most slovenly manner possible), was the only one of the slightest authority of which we could boast. Of that announced some time ago, by Ugo Foscolo, we know nothing, save that it promises to be much too costly for the general purchaser. The specimen here presented to us of Mr. Arnold's edition, is so good, and so moderate in price, that it cannot fail of meeting with encouragement from all English lovers of Italian literature. The text of the author is more correctly printed than in any of the smaller sized editions; and the notes, which are selected and abridged with great judgment, from the voluminous criticisms of a variety of commentators, seem to have been limited to those which are calculated to be really useful, in illustrating the obscurities (and Dante is the most difficult of all the Italian writers) of the text. A novel, and (to the Italian student) most useful feature of the plan is, that the prosody of every line is carefully defined by accentuation. For the English reader of Italian, we repeat, that this will be found, by far, the best and most useful edition of Dante which has as yet made its appearance. We may mention in this place, with deserved encomium, a cheap and beautiful cabinet edition of the French classics, also printed by Whittingham, for the same publisher; some twelve or fourteen numbers of which have, we believe, already issued from the press: it is decidedly unrivalled by any English cabinet reprint of French publications with which we are acquainted.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD. By A Country Curate. Post 8vo. pp. 379. C. Knight.

We have no very great respect for clerical prigs (we do not employ the term in Jonathan Wild's definition of its import), and least of all for literary clerical prigs; even when they are as clever and vivacious as the author of 'The Living and the Dead.' It is rather too much to find a man preaching "Christ, and Him crucified," in one page, and retailing, in a style remarkable for its pertness and coxcombry, palpable Joe Millers in the next. The transition from piety to punning would not be agreeable, were the former more sincere, or the latter more picquant than they really appear to be. Some of the attempts at wit, too, are coarse and vapid: witness a great part of the essay, entitled

'My First Parish;' and more especially the account of the demise of Miss Emma Kick, the humour of which is pitched in a very low key. 'The Leading Idea,' is a smart paper, but liable, in some respects, to the same objection. The diary of the author's carriage drives with a Mrs. Ibbotson, and that very worthy but prosing old lady's anecdotes of Lord and Lady Byron, and the MS. Memoirs, would doubtless have been extremely novel and entertaining, if they had not happened to have travelled through most of the newspapers and periodicals several years ago. The story of Mr. Moore's extreme disinterestedness is all fudge: every body knows that he has been reimbursed the three thousand guineas, which was to have been the price of Lord Byron's posthumous auto-biography. Mrs. Ibbotson may have been (and we doubt not, was) a very estimable woman, but we question if her memoirs and correspondence (with which our author threatens us), will have much interest for the public. Of the fourteen papers in the present volume, the greater part are disfigured by the flippancy we have already taken occasion to reprobate. 'A Day at Olney,' 'A Glimpse of Joanna Baillie,' and 'The Sorrows of a Rich Old Man,' are among the redeeming articles of the book.

Specimens of German Romance; with Biographical and Critical Notes. By the Translator of Wilhelm Meister. 4 vols. post 8vo. Edinburgh: Tait.

THESE volumes, with all their faults, and they are numerous, will afford the English reader a better insight into German fictitious literature, than any similar work with which we are acquainted. Mr. Carlisle seems to have been imbued with a thorough love of his subject; and this enthusiasm has led him deeper in his inquiries than the editor of any of the numerous publications of the same class. It will be seen that we refer more particularly to the copious and valuable information he has communicated to the public in his biographical and critical prefaces; and even here we must not be misunderstood to apply our commendation to his style, which is often coarse and flippant, to a degree which we should scarcely have anticipated from an author of his talents and experience. Neither can we compliment him entirely on the judgment he has evinced in his selections, some of which are, in fact, wholly unworthy of his book. For this demerit, however, we can readily assign an excuse. The number of translations from the German novelists, which have been published during the last four or five years, has rendered the task of selection from the store which yet remains untranslated extremely embarrassing. The biographical and critical notices which are prefixed to each specimen, are, however, of first-rate excellence, and render the work indispensable to every lover of literature; for there is nothing of which English people profess to know so much, and really know so little, as of German literature. Of these articles, the accounts of the lives and writings of Goethe-Schiller-the Baron de la Motte Fouqué-Richter-Tieck-Hoffmann, are particularly valuable. In his criticisms, Mr. Carlisle usually evinces a great deal of vigour and acuteness. Considering the abundance of his materials, we must once more repeat, that we do not consider that he has always been happy in the choice of his specimens. What, for

instance, could induce him to include that volume of common-place. intitled Wilhelm Meister's Travels.' Some years after the publication of his Welhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,' Goethe was induced to rake together the sweepings of his study, and name the disjuncta membra after his successful work; to which, however, it bears no more resemblance, than a Hyperion to a mummy. However, there is abundant matter to interest even the most fastidious of critics in these volumes. which have our most cordial wishes for the degree of success to which they are indubitably entitled. The work is very elegantly printed, and embellished with pleasing copper-plate engravings, after designs by William Heath.

EVENINGS IN GREECE: First Evening. The Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music composed and selected by H. R. Bishop and Mr. Moore. J. Power.

THESE songs are decidedly the most unfavourable specimens of Mr. Moore's poetical talents he has ever been hardy enough to publish with his name. Nay, we will go further, and declare, that it is next to impossible to conceive anything more mawkishly and meretriciously sentimental. Had they made their appearance anonymously, they would have been damned by every periodical extant; as it is, they are as certain of being immoderately lauded: for who would dare take exception at poetry by Mr. Moore, linked to harmony by Mr. Bishop. It might appear ill-natured to quote the following exquisite piece of tinsel, but that one of our contemporaries protests that it is worthy of Sappho:

As o'er her loom the Lesbian maid In love-sick languor hung her head, Unknowing where her fingers strayed, She weeping turned away, and said: "Oh, my sweet mother! 'tis in vain-I cannot weave as once I wove-So wilder'd is my heart and brain With thinking of that youth I love!"

Again the web she tried to trace, But tears fell o'er each tangled thread, While, looking in her mother's face, Who o'er her watchful lean'd, she said: "Oh, my sweet mother! 'tis in vain-I cannot weave, as once I wove— So wilder'd is my heart and brain With thinking of that youth I love!"

The only tolerable song in the number, is the following:

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

1006 a stelling trid I saw, from yonder silent cave, Two fountains running side by side, The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave, The other cold Oblivion's tide. As o'er my lips the Lethe pass'd-"Here, in this dark and chilly stream, Be all my pains forgot at last."

But who could bear that gloomy blank, Where joy was lost as well as pain? Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank, And brought the past all back again: "Oh, Love!" said I, in thoughtless dream, And said, "Oh, Love! whate'er my lot, Still let this soul to thee be true— Rather than have one bliss forgot, Be all my pains remembered too!"

Mr. Moore must indeed laugh in his sleeve, to observe flimsy verses like those of which this publication is for the most part composed, bepraised with as much warmth as other of his efforts, really worthy of his genius, have been. As for Mr. Bishop, he is one of the most audacious musical plagiarists we ever heard of: not content with a leg, e steals the dog entire. Does he calculate on the charity or the ignorance of the musical public?

A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING, ON THE BILL OF 1825, FOR REMOVING THE DISQUALIFICATIONS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS. By the Rev. H. Philpotts, D. D. pp. 167. Murray.

This is by far the ablest controversial pamphlet that has appeared for many years. As an exposure of the political juggling and charlatanry of the most insidious and sophistical advocate of which the Roman Catholics can boast, it is overwhelming. "Out of thine own mouth shalt thou be judged," ought to have been Dr. Philpotts' epigraph; for he has drawn a series of unanswerable arguments from Mr. Canning's own speeches, which he will find it more difficult to get rid of than the lumbago, under which he is said at present to be labouring. It is not possible for an exposure to be more complete; for not an assertion has the Right Hon. Secretary ventured, in his late zealous efforts in behalf of Roman Catholic Emancipation, that is not flatly contradicted by his own previously-printed sentiments on the same question. The rage for Mr. Canning, and his liberal and theoretical friends, Mr. Huskisson and Mr. "Prosperity" Robinson, is, we apprehend, pretty well over; and we rejoice that it is. Let such, however, as still pin their faith upon the Foreign Secretary's sincerity and consistency, give Dr. Philpotts' pamphlet a careful perusal, and they will soon seek another idol. But for the powerful efforts of such men as the doctor, Old North, and the editor of the St. James's Chronicle, this extra-liberal wolf in sheep's clothing, would have ridden over the unresisting loyalty of the country rough-shod with impunity. But the public have at length discovered what manner of man he is: the wand of the enchanter has been broken, and his talisman destroyed; and Tories will no longer give ear unto his voice, charm he never so wisely.

THE WOLF OF BADENOCH. 3 vols. Edinburgh: Cadell & Co.

A VERY palpable, and what is still worse, trumpery imitation of the style of the Author of Waverley. For fear our readers should be unable to understand how a palpable copy of a really admirable writer can be contemptible, we will endeavour to explain ourselves more particularly. The author of 'The Wolf of Badenoch,' seems to have imagined that, by means of a plentiful sprinkling of Scotch slang, and gross exaggeration of the blemishes of his distingushed prototype, he might achieve a book worthy of ranking with Sir Walter Scott's admirable novels. But, alas! how grossly has he deceived himself: he has the afflatus, to be sure, but not the afflatus divinus—the contortions of the Sybil, without a spark of her inspiration. The incidents are, for the most part, not only such as never did happen; but such as never could, by any possibility, occur either in Scotland or elsewhere. The language is often vulgar and illiterate, in short, every way worthy of the narrative of which it is the vehicle.

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Adventures in the Peninsula, During the War in 1812-1813. Post 8vo. pp. 340. Murray.

A PLEASANT gossipping kind of book; containing a good deal of valuable information, but scarcely enough to warrant its publication in its present form. The author possesses little of the graphic power of 'The Subal-

tern.' His adventures, too, are communicated through the vehicle of letters, a style of narrative which is our peculiar aversion. On the whole, this volume is one of the most flimsy productions Mr. Murray has published this season.

THE NATCHEZ: an Indian Tale. By the Viscount de Chateaubriand.

3 vols. Foolscap 8vo. London: Colburn. pp. 1036.

The fame enjoyed by the Viscount de Chateaubriand as a novelist, is, in our opinion, very much beyond his deserts; and since we have perused these volumes, we have become more than ever convinced of the fact. Had the 'Natchez' been compressed into one small volume, it is extremely likely that it would have been a very readable production: as it is, it is only calculated for French tastes and French comprehensions. We never estimated the Viscount's 'Atala' as highly as some of its admirers have done; but it is, in all respects, so infinitely superior to the present volumes, that we can scarcely credit the assertion, that it is merely an episode of the 'Natchez;' which, although professing to be a production of his early youth, has evidently been amplified, since that period, to its present form. The subject of this novel (the massacre of the colony of Natchez, in Lousiana, in 1727), is, no doubt, a very excellent one; but the manner in which the narrative is diluted, and the singularly vicious and bombastic character of Monsieur de Chateaubriand's style, detracts greatly from the praise which might, under other circumstances, have been awarded to him. A great variety of very flowery apothegms are scattered throughout the work, some of which are pretty, if entitled to no more lofty commendation. It is but justice to the English translator to mention, that his version is, on the whole, a very creditable one, although occasionally disfigured by marks of carelessness and haste.

The Old Bachelor. Post 8vo. London: Colburn. Some two or three years ago, a couple of smart papers appeared in 'The Literary Gazette,' intitled, if we remember correctly, "The Old Bachelor's" and "The Old Maid's Thermometer." The idea of the first of these jeux d'esprits is here extended into a volume, tolerably pleasant, we must admit, but not quite as piquant as we are led to expect from the subject. Some of the jokes, too, are dreadfully stale: witness the old Joe, in which the hero is made to inquire at a lodging-house, the cause of the dilapidated state of the walls of the landing-place; and is informed by the hostess, that it has been occasioned by the undertakers, in carrying down the coffins of her various lodgers. She does not repair it, because she is satisfied it will soon be as bad as ever. 'The Old Maid,' which we see advertised for speedy publication, will, we suppose, be an expansion of 'The Old Maid's Thermometer,' above alluded to, into a volume. We trust, however, that the author will keep clear of such notorious prototypes as Mr. Joseph Miller.

OUTALISSI: a Tale of Dutch Guiana. Westley.

A BOOK professing a very laudable object, but full of the revolting cant, and equally abominable exaggerations, which characterise nearly all the literary productions of the African Society. Mr. Edward Bentinck, an

abolitionist, falls in love with Miss Matilda Cotton (why not Pottingen?) whose father (a planter, of course), the conscientious young gentleman causes to be arrested and sent to gaol, for importing slaves, one of whom turns out to be a woolly-headed prince, from whom the story takes its title. We wonder whether the Anti-Slavery Society pays good prices for novels of this class? because, if it does, there will soon be no dearth of them.

Scenes and Occurrences in Albany and Caffre Land, South Africa. Post 8vo. pp.-214. Marsh.

A very pleasing little volume, containing, without any attempt at fine writing, a concise and sensible description of a part of Africa which, as the seat of a British colony, has of late years excited no inconsiderable interest. The Cape settlers, after a series of painful and almost overwhelming diasters, are, we are pleased to learn, at length in a fair way of realizing their expectations, as it regards the cultivation of this hitherto unpromising district. For those persons who may have friends in South Africa, this well-written narrative will have a peculiar value.

THE ZENANA; or, a Nuwab's Leisure Hours. By the Author of Pandurang Hari. 3 vols. 12mo. Saunders & Ottley.

A VERY admirable series of lively and characteristic stories, after the manner of the 'Arabian Nights,' and not so much inferior to them as a blind idolater of their merits would anticipate. 'The Zenana' contains tales related to the Nuwab during a period of probation antecedent to his marriage with a certain fair Persian, whose adventures form not the least portion of the reader's entertainment. The stories are, for the most part, told with great naivete and humour, and illustrate, most successfully, the manners and customs peculiar to the East.

POEMS. By Henry Neele, Esq. A new edition, with additions. 2 vols. 12mo. Smith & Elder.

WITH many of the poems in these very interesting little volumes, our readers can scarcely fail to be familiar, so widely have they been circulated in the newspapers and other periodicals of the day. Mr. Neele is one of those poets, who depends upon no exaggerated representations of human feeling for the effect of his productions—who seldom, to borrow honest Sancho's illustration, "want better bread than can be made of wheat." His verses do not, it is true, abound with extraordinary transitions—that antithetical force, which is so much affected by some modern writers—but they are remarkable for much better qualities truth, tenderness, and simplicity. Several of the pieces in these unpretending little volumes are of exquisite beauty, and would do honour to the pen of any living poet, however celebrated. Mr. Neele's poetry is characterised by unusual severity of thought and propriety of diction. He is entirely free from that straining after effect, those vulgar stimulants, for which some of his contemporaries have rendered themselves so remarkable. The present edition is illustrated by a well-engraved portrait of the author, by Meyer. Be another the another was all

NATIONAL POLITY AND FINANCE. Plan for establishing a Sterling Currency, and relieving the Burthens of the People. Longman and Co.

Most of our readers have, we doubt not, perused the admirable series of papers published from time to time, under the above title, first in the 'Literary Gazette,' and subsequently in almost all the newspapers throughout the kingdom. They are here collected in a neatly and conveniently printed pamphlet; and in their present form, strike us as even more valuable and important than we considered them when they met our eye in detached portions. It is scarcely necessary for us to add our testimony to that of the multitude of persons of all political denominations who have admitted the excellence and perfect feasibility of the project so perspicuously developed in these pages. We should rejoice greatly to see the suggestion acted upon to the fullest extent. We believe we are correct in attributing the authorship of this really valuable pamphlet to the editor of the 'Literary Gazette.'

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF PUBLIC EDUCA-TION IN FRANCE. By David Johnstone, M.D. Edinburgh: 8vo. pp. 244. Oliver and Boyd.

At a moment when there are so many plans on foot for forming new universities, and inquiring into the constitution of old ones, a publication like this is by no means ill-timed. It contains, among other matters, a well digested account of the early rise and after-progress of the University of Paris; a sketch of the temporary systems that succeeded it; and an account of the Royal University of France, which is composed of twenty-six academies, answering to the Courts of Appeal, or Royal Courts.

ROSALINE WOODBRIDGE. 3 vols. 12mo. Iley.

A very common-place affair; not a whit superior to the hundreds of bad novels that issue annually from the Leadenhall Press. We do not marvel that such rubbish should find readers, but we do wonder where it finds purchasers.

A TREATISE ON CALISTHENIC EXERCISES. By Signor Vorano. 8vo. pp. 68.

This clever and practically useful little brochure is worthy the notice of "parents and guardians." It details a regular and gradual course of gymnastic exercises (adapted for females); tending to correct deviations of the vertebral column, and to increase the strength and flexibility of the muscles. The plan, which is an ingenious one, is illustrated by several lithographic outlines.

The Gold-headed Cane. Post 8vo. pp. 179. Murray. For the Faculty, the skeleton memoirs here given of Drs. Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and Baillie (the successive owners of the Gold-headed Cane), will have considerable interest: for the public in general, they appear to possess very little. Several of the anecdotes (which, "like angel visits," or fountains in the desert, are "few and far between"), are by no means new. The chief attraction of the work to us is the series of clever wood-cut effigies of the individuals referred to in its pages.

THREE MONTHS IN IRELAND. By An English Protestant. London:

pp. 284. Murray.

WE doubt very much whether this "English Protestant" is really what he describes himself to be; at all events, he writes as much like a Papist as can well be conceived. He has here given us a satire, which he intended, no doubt, should be very bitter and picquant, marshalled by a preface one hundred and fifty pages in length; the theme of both of which is the "wrongs of the eight millions of suffering Irish," and the oppressive "bigotry" and "intolerance" of the English Protestants! The author unites in his own person the bitterness of Mr. Shiel, with the affected candour of Mr. Butler. We shall not attempt to meddle with the argumentative matter of the introduction; suffice it to observe, that it is merely a refacimento of the old story. There are eight hundred lines of verse, the greater part of which are singularly spiritless and vapid, although an air of extraordinary pretension is assumed throughout. To these pointless couplets are superadded, by way of appendix, copious extracts from the evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, on the state of Ireland. The book is, altogether, a rank party affair; and what could have led Mr. Murray to publish it we are at a loss to imagine: perhaps a desire to deal impartially between Catholics and Protestants.

A VIEW OF THE WORLD, from the Creation to the present Time. With a new Art of Memory. London: W. R. Goodluck. 12mo, pp. 310.

THE WRITERS' AND STUDENTS' ASSISTANT. Being a Choice Collection of English Synonyms. London: W. R. Goodluck. 18mo. pp. 84.

These are two very excellent elementary publications. The former contains a new Art of Memory, by which the learner is enabled to fix the dates in his mind by means of words, and to overcome the difficulty of committing figures to memory: being a foundation for the study of history, chronology, and geography. Mr. Goodluck's plan strikes us as being extremely simple and ingenious. There is an appendix, applying the principle of this new Art of Memory to the study of astronomy, longitudes, latitudes, weights, measures, distances, specific gravities, financial statements, &c. The system, however, seems to be the most useful, when applied to the study of either history or chronology.

The second publication is neither more nor less than a very carefully-selected collection of the most useful synonyms in the English language; the object of which is to assist the student or experimental writer in the choice of the most appropriate and significant words. It seems, in short, a very useful little abridgment, with considerable improvements, of Mr. Crabbe's more elaborate work. Both Mr. Goodluck's publications are extremely valuable of their kind. We are glad to perceive that his 'French Genders taught in six Fables,' has already reached a ninth

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CHIT-CHAT; LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The first Number of Mr. Brockedon's Passes of the Alps has just made its appearance, and realizes, in many respects, the expectations which our previous knowledge of Mr. B.'s talents had led us to entertain. The plates contained in this portion of the work, illustrate the Pass of the Little St. Bernard (said to have been the route of Hannibal), viz.:—1. The Vale of Gresivaudan, from the Chateau Bayard-2. Roche Blanche,-3. Val de Centron and Mont Iseran-4. Colonne de Joux, and Hospice of the Little St. Bernard-5. Mont Blanc, from the Baths of St. Didier-6. Mont Blanc, and the Val d'Aosta, above Fort Roc. There are, beside, two vignettes; one of a scene in the Pass near La Tuille, and the other the Ascent of the Little St. Bernard, from the Tarentaise; with a map of the route from Grenoble to Aosta. These plates, which are engraved by Mr. Edward Finden and his assistants, are executed in the most finished style of the art: the Vale of Gresivaudan and Mont Blanc and the Vale of Aosta, more especially. To the views are prefixed two sheets of very interesting letter-press, historical and topographical. Indeed, these descriptions are so full of interest as to enhance greatly the value of the work; and to render it not less useful as a book of reference, than it is attractive as a series of apparently faithful and spirited pictorial delineations.

The pictures exhibited this year at the British Institution have not met with a rapid sale; and such as have been disposed of, are for the most part paintings of a small size. Several of the larger, and more important subjects, remain yet unsold. The Duke of Bedford, whose liberality to modern artists is the theme of universal eulogium, has purchased—'A Scene at Abbotsford,' by E. Landseer; 'The Battle of the Nile,' by Pidding; and 'The Ford, Break of Day, by F. C. Lewis. E. Landseer's noble picture of 'The Chevy Chace,' was painted expressly for his Grace. Mr. Agar Ellis's name appears as the possessor of five pictures in the present exhibition, viz.—'The Wood-cutters,' by J. Linnell; 'The Pugilists,' by E. Bristow; 'The Adieu,' 'The Forsaken, and 'Two Children, Dancers in a Dutch Ballet, all by G. S. Newton. Lord Northwick, who has manifested a considerable disposition to patronize modern art, has purchased the five following subjects, viz.: 'Dutch Boats at the Mouth of the Seine, by C. Stanfield; 'Sabrina,' by H. Howard; 'Ostend,' by J. Wilson; 'The Pulpit of the Church of St. Gudwall, at Brussels,' by D. Roberts; and 'Entrance of the Mars at Brill,' by J. Wilson. Mr. Mopurchaser of 'Cattle, by an Evening Sun,' by Reneigle; 'The Glebe Farm,' by J. Constable; and 'Alderney Cows,' by J. Ward. Mr. W. H. Cooper has purchased 'Brawn Fishers,' by H. Platt; French Market-Women,' by T. Wooden of The Soutour Woodward; 'Landscape and Cattle,' by A. B. Van Worrell; and 'The Soutour in his Glory,' by A. Fraser. We subjoin a list of various other pictures which have been sold during the present season, with the names of the purchasers: Scene on the Coast of Normandy, by C. Stanfield—Rev. W. Long. 'Part of the Hotelle de Ville, at Louvaine, by D. Roberts—Francis Freeling, Esq. 'Marchi au Bled Abbeville,' by D. Roberts—R. Vernon, Esq. 'A Mill at Gillingham,' by J. Constable—Mrs. Heard. 'Grapes,' by A. S. Oliver—E. Phillips Phillips, Esq. 'Landscape, Sunset,' by Miss H. Reneigle. — Willimott, Esq. 'A Man reading,' by G. S. Good—R. Vernon, Esq. 'Holy family,' by Mrs. W. Carpenter—E. Willis, Esq. 'Dead Deer and Hound,' by Landseer—W. E. Gosling, Esq. 'French Itinerants,' by R. Edmonstone—The Baron Hume. 'Temptation,' by H. E. Dawe; and 'Children gathering Blackberries,' by H. Platt—Countess De Grey. 'A Road Scene,' by P. Nasmyth—W. Beckford, Esq. 'Catherine and Petruchio,' by T. P. Stephanoff—W. H. Cooper, Esq. 'Fishermen,' by A. Chilsolme—Dr. Fellowes. 'Grandfather and Child,' by T. S. Good; and 'Childish Curiosity,' by J. Phillips, Esq.

Hayter—The Rev. W. L. Bowles. 'The Rhadish Stall, by J. Linnell—Lord Ellenborough. 'Sweeps Dancing,' by W. Gill—N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq. 'Cattle and Figures,' by J. Dearman—J. Walker, Esq. 'Rouen Cathedral,' by J. Crawford—W. Wix, Esq. 'Mill in Devonshire,' by F. R. Lee—William Jones, Esq. 'Florentine Girl,' by H. Howard—R. Vernon, Esq. 'Sleeping Woman,' by J. Dinham—Sir M. W. Ridley. 'Cottage Scene,' by P. Nasmyth—J. Walker, Esq. 'The Wood Boy,' by Mrs. Hakewell—William Ord, Esq. 'Mamelukes,' by A. Cooper—G. Watson Taylor, Esq. 'The Nubian Slave at the Feet of Edith Plantagenet,' by W. H. Brooke—W. Jerdan, Esq. 'Infantine Simplicity,' by T. Clater; 'Interior of a Chapel,' by J. Crawford;' and 'Mass,' by G. Cattermole—Jeffrey Wyatville, Esq. 'Wood-Scene, with Cattle,' by F. R. Lee—Wm. Wells, Esq. 'The First Interview between the Spaniards and Peruvians,' by H. P. Briggs—R. Vernon, Esq. 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' by H. P. Briggs—R. Walpole, Esq. 'La Vienne Marché at Rouen,' by F. W. Watts; and 'View at Rouen,' by ditto—Benjamin Keene, Esq. 'Richmond,' by G. Holditch—G. Revely, Esq.

By far the most successful mezzotint yet engraved has just been completed, by a young artist of the name of Cousens. The subject is Mr. Lambton's beautiful little boy, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Nothing can exceed the clearness of tone and brilliancy of effect of this charming print. To those who have seen the original picture, it is exalted praise of the artist's labours to declare that it is every way worthy of it. We had no idea that the art of mezzotinto scraping could have been carried so far.

The manuscript life of Mr. Fox, written by the late Malcolm Lang, Esq., which has long been in the possession of Lord Holland, will, it is said, be published in the course of the season; edited and enlarged by a distinguished literary and political friend.

The Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, of bibliomaniacal notoriety, is about to edite an edition of Fox's 'Book of Martyrs;' to be comprised in about fifteen volumes. This refacimento will contain—1. A re-impression of the entire text of Fox (beginning with the history of John Wickliffe), carefully collated with all the additions published during the life-time of the author.—2. Short running notes, confirmatory, or otherwise, of the facts recorded; including also, additional information, gleaned since the death of the author.—3. A collation, where practicable, of the original texts of the treatises (many of them very rare, and of a very valuable character), introduced into the work.—4. The re-execution of the wood-cuts, in whole or in part.—5. Portraits upon wood, from original paintings, of the Reformers whose lives and works are more particularly described.—6. A fine portrait of the author will be published with the first volume.

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We have already mentioned that a volume of the Transactions of the Perth Literary and Antiquarian Society is about to be published, under the auspices of Lord Kinnoul, the president. Among the articles of which it will be composed are—1. A Scottish Chronicle, from 1560 to 1625; abounding with curious and important historical facts, and never before published .- 2. Scotland's Tears, a poem by W. Lithgow, the celebrated traveller; from a manuscript in the possession of the Society.-3. 'The Buke of four scoirethre questions, tueching doctrine, ordour and maneris, proponit to ye precheouris of ye Protestants in Scotland, be ye Catholicks of ye inferiour ordour of clergie and layt men yair, cruelie afflictit and dispersit, be persuasion of ye saidis intrusit precheours. Set furth be Niniane Winzet, a Catholic Priest, at the desyre of his faythful afflictit brethir, and deliverit to John Knox ye xx. of Februar or yairby, in ye zere of the blissit birth of our Saviour 1563.' This very curious book was printed at Antwerp in 1563; and as no copy is known to be extant, excepting this in the possession of the Society, it will form an interesting addition to the yolume.

A new tragedy, from the pen of Mr. Grattan, the author of 'Highways and Byeways,' is said to be in preparation at Drury-lane Theatre. Report speaks of it in terms of high praise.

A prospectus of an Association in France, for the purpose of translating into French, and reprinting, all good national and excellent foreign works, has just fallen into our hands. The plan strikes us as being an excellent one; so good, indeed, that we hope to see it adopted ere long, in this country. The motto of this prospectus is singularly appropriate—

Rome dompta le monde, Athènes l'éclaira;

The encouragement given to literature by the French Kings is thus mentioned:—"The French Princes have always encouraged letters; Charlemagne founded a kind of academy; Chilperic was a good grammarian, though a bit of a tyrant; St. Louis encouraged learned men, and was learned himself; even Louis XI. and the Sarbonne protected printing in its infancy against the accusation of magic, made by the parliament; Francis I. wrote passable poetry; Henry IV. was not less remarkable for his wit than his courage; and the solid protection which those two Princes granted to letters, prepared the age of Louis XIV. Louis XV. was well informed; Louis XVI. still more so; he translated Walpole's Richard III., and wrote with his own hand the instructions for La Perouse; Louis XVIII., immortal by his charter, would have been distinguished as a man of letters."

Sir Hudson Lowe is said to have sent over to this country, for publication, a memoir of all the transactions at St. Helena, while he was governor of that island, and gaoler to Buonaparte.

The Rev. Mr. J. H. Hinton, of Reading, is preparing for publication, 'Theology; or an attempt towards a consistent View of the whole Counsel of God. With a preliminary Essay on the practicability and importance of this attainment.'

Professor Lee's 'Lectures on the Hebrew Language' are now nearly ready for publication.

That most conscientious of modern critics, the Deputy Licenser of Dramatic Performances, is about to publish his 'Life and Times.' The puff-preliminary informs us, that this piece of auto-biography will contain several jeux d'esprit and stories in the vein of the 'Broad Grins:' we trust they will be a little more decent!

A Lady announces, 'Tales from the German,' with lithographic sketches.

The first volume of a work, to be intitled 'Table-Talk, or Selections from French, Italian, and English Ana,' will appear about June.

A new Comedy, entitled 'The Trial of Love,' in which Mr. Liston is quite sentimental, and even tragical, has been produced at Drury-lane Theatre—without success.

At a theatrical dinner at Edinburgh, a few weeks ago, Sir Walter Scott declared himself to be the whole and sole author of the justly-celebrated Scottish novels. The announcement of the life of Buonaparte, first with his name, and afterwards as by the author of 'Waverley,' however, confirmed the general impression three months ago: indeed, the fact has long ceased to be a matter of doubt.

The 'Compendium of County Histories of England,' which has been printed piece-meal in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for some years past, is about to be published in an integral form.

Mrs. Pickersgill, (the wife, we believe, of Mr. Pickersgill, the Royal Academecian), is about to publish a volume of poetry, to be entitled, 'The Tales of the Harem.'

Mr. Thomas Moore's new Comedy will not, we are told, be produced at Covent-garden until after Easter. We confess we anticipate great things from this piece.

A new and uniform edition of the poetry of L. E. L. has just been published by Messrs. Longman and Co., who have purchased the copyright of 'The Improvisatrice' and 'Troubadour,' of the assignees of the late firm of Hurst, Robinson and Co. Each volume is embellished with a beautifully-engraved vignette title-page.

Mr. Andrew Crichton is preparing for publication, the lives of eminent individuals, who have renounced sceptical and infidel opinions, and embraced Christianity.

The copious Greek Grammar of Dr. Philip Buttman, so justly celebrated on the Continent, is nearly ready for publication; faithfully translated from the original German, by a distinguished scholar.

The opera in Paris seems to be in the same state as in England. M. Rossini was placed at the head of it. He composed good music, but there every thing good ended; the composition of the actors, or corps dramatique, was bad: and during his short reign, 20,000l. debt has been contracted, which falls upon the government. M. Paer has now the management of it.

A new monthly publication called 'The Log-book,' has recently been commenced, under the auspices of some two or three very shrewd and goodhumoured sailors, who seem not only excessively delighted with themselves, but to have a very friendly feeling towards Jacks of all denominations.

A Dr. Zimmerman has lately invented a contrivance which, if it should answer the character given of it in the German journals, will prove highly interesting and important. It is a method, by the application of which to firearms, they cannot by any possibility go off, either by accident or carelessness, or in any way, without the positive will of the person using them: at the same time, it does not impede or delay, for an instant, the use of the arm when required to act. The inventor, we understand, has obtained a patent in some of the German states, and has applied to others for the same advantage; and the details of his invention are, of course, withheld till he has secured himself against injury from imitations.

In a late number of the 'Westminster Review,' it was remarked, that in Moore's 'Life of Sheridan' there are 2,500 similies, exclusive of metaphors and regularly-built allegories. "This," says Mr. Combe, in his able and good-humoured letter to Mr. Jeffrey, recently published, in answer to the attack on Phrenology, in the 'Edinburgh Review,'—"this is pretty conclusive evidence as to his manifesting the faculty of comparison, as described in the system, p. 339; and I venture to state, from observation, that the organ is so largely developed in his head, as to be discernible at the distance of several yards, in the very form assigned to it in the busts!"

The Parliamentary Reviews for the Session of 1825 and 1826, and the Parliamentary Abstract for the same period, lately published by Messrs. Longman, are the productions of the industry of Mr. Marshall, the Yorkshire M.P. What could have induced a man of large fortune to undertake such drudgery, we are at a loss to conceive, unless he engages in the task for the purpose of drilling himself, from a raw recruit, into a polished and experienced member. As yet, Mr. Marshall has not greatly distinguished himself in the House, although, like his friend, Mr. Hume, he seems to be afflicted with the cacoethes, loquendi.

Francis Paul Stratford, Esq., Senior Master in Ordinary of the Court of Chancery, is about to publish 'The Sovereignty of the Great Seal maintained against the 183 Propositions of the Chancery Commissioners:' in a Letter to the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. James Graham announces 'The Rise and Progress of the United States of North America, till the British Revolution, in 1688.'

Mr. Southey's 'Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society,' are at length about to issue from the press.

Mr. Blackwood announces for early publication, a new novel, in three volumes, to be entitled, 'The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton.' Report ascribes this work to the pen of a distinguished editor.

A History of Bedfordshire is proposed to be published by subscription, by a gentleman of well-known literary talents, with copper-plate and other embellishments.

Mr. Britton has ready for publication, No. III. of his Specimens of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy; containing twenty engravings, illustrative chiefly of the ancient buildings of Caen, by Mr. Pugin, and J. and H. Le Keux.

On the first of May will be published (to be continued monthly), the first number of Illustrations of British Entomology; or, a Synopsis of Indigenous Insects, with their History.' By Mr. F. Stephens, F.L.S.

The last number of 'The Gentleman's Magazine' devotes two columns and ahalf of its Obituary to the biography of a child of seven years of age!

The Society of Antiquarians, with Mr. Hudson Gurney at its head, has discovered that the Jews had a synagogue in London in 1662.

Mr. John Evans is preparing a 'History of Bristol.'

A Posthumous poem, ascribed to the notorious Tom Paine, and entitled The Religion of the Sun,' is announced in a New York Paper.

A Mr. Ogle has just added another to the innumerable editions of that overpraised 'English Classic, the Spectator.'

Miss Mitford has in the press a volume of 'Dramatic Scenes.'

Mr. John Allen announces a Reply to Dr. Lingard's Jesuitical Apology.

Mr. Sweet, the well-known botanist, is at present engaged upon a work, to be entitled, 'Flora Australasia.' It will consist of the most perfect portraits of plants, with their history and cultivation, which are natives of New Holland and the South Sea Islands.

A new story, intitled 'The Lettre de Cachet,' from the pen of a distinguished female writer, will shortly make its appearance.

The first number of a new quarterly periodical, to be intitled, 'The Juvenile Review, or a Periodical Guide for Parents and Instructors, in their selection of new Publications,' is expected to appear almost immediately.

The 'Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, Bishop of Pistoia and Prato,' will be published in a few days. This work will, we are informed, contain an exposure of the abuses of conventual life in Italy.

The author of 'Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master,' is about to publish 'The Adventures of a Sparrow.'

A novel has been announced, in three volumes, to be intitled, 'The

A Chinese romance, intitled 'Ju-Kiao-Li,' or 'The Two Cousins,' is said to be preparing for publication.

Part I. of 'Illustrations of the Passion of Love,' has just made its appearance; being a curious and interesting collection of historical and miscellaneous anecdotes, brief memoirs, and curious traditions, illustrative of the attachment between the sexes in all ages, and in all countries. The book appears to be entirely free from anything approaching to indecency or immorality.

A work on the plan of Mr. Dibdin's 'Library Companion' is preparing for publication, under the title, 'The Book Collector's Manual; or, a Guide to the Knowledge of 20,000 rare, curious, and useful books, printed in, or relating to, Great Britain and Ireland.'

Mr. Bowring's volume of 'Servian Minstrelsy' has, we perceive, just issued from the press. It shall have our attention next month.

Mr. Dibdin's 'Auto-biography' (say the puffs), will positively appear in a few days. It has been waiting for the author's head—how extremely lucky that it was not for his brains!

'The Burghley Papers,' edited by Archdeacon Nares, are preparing for early publication.

A new Sunday paper, of some promise, entitled 'The Watchman,' has made its debut since our last.

'The Subaltern's Log-book, during two voyages to India, and eighteen years observation on land and water,' is announced for early publication.

A specimen has been shewn us, of a work which combines whimsicality with usefulness. It is entitled, 'Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest;' with designs by George Cruickshanks. The object of the work appears to be, to illustrate philosophical principles by common games, and to impress them upon the mind by clever and comical prints.

The first number of a new journal, which promises to be of considerable interest, to be intitled, 'The Foreign Quarterly Review, and Continental Literary Miscellany,' is announced for early publication. Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Gillies, Mr. Lochhart, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Carlisle, the translator of 'Goethe's Wilhelm Master's Apprenticeship,' and several other gentlemen of distinguished literary talent, are said to be engaged in the production of this periodical: with such aid, and a sensible, plodding, hard-working matter-of-fact man, for an editor, there will be little doubt of its complete success.

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A novel, professing to be an imitation of the style of Smollet and Fielding, to be entitled, 'Godfrey,' will shortly make its appearance.

Landseer's 'Monkeyana; or, Men in Miniature;' with Verse Illustrations by Thomas Hood, is announced for early publication. We are inclined to think that we have here, in store, a very rich treat for such of our readers as derive enjoyment from a hearty laugh; and we much doubt whether even those who have screwed up the muscles of their countenances, with a Methodistical determination never again to admit the playful influence of a smile, will not when they see in a complete state, what we only have had the opportunity of partially inspecting, be compelled to break their vow; and, with honest John Falstaff, to "laugh outright." We are ourselves, we admit, rather of a phlegmatic temperament, and usually require something picquant and stimulating, in the way of literary pabulum. It is, therefore, with sincere pleasure that, instead of a long, dry, and desultory Treatise on Political Economy; a well and closely packed bale of Love-Sighs, by some fair and despairing authoress; or a contemptible tissue of Servants'-Hall scandal, collected and arranged for press by the indefatigable author of 'Vivian Grey,'-that we anticipate, and hail with delight, the appearance of a work, in the composition of which we find united, the highly-gifted and comical talent of Mr. Landseer, and the peculiarities of that gentleman, whose 'Whims and Oddities' are already so well known to the world. The plates which we have seen are in the artist's most felicitous style, both in regard to composition and execution. The work, we understand, is to be published by Mr. Moon, of Threadneedle Street, and will appear in about six numbers, at a reasonable price, the first of which is promised early in May.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE FINE ARTS.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We learn, from the best authority (and if we may be allowed to form a judgment from the splendid pictures of which we have witnessed the progress in the studios of their respective painters, the report is by no means an exaggerated onc), that the Exhibition about to open at Somerset House will be one of the most brilliant that has delighted the public for many years.

Mr. Hilton, an artist whose productions approach nearer to the standard of excellence established by Rubens, Michael Angelo, and the most celebrated of the Old Masters, than those of any modern painter, has sent to the Royal Academy a magnificent 'Crucifixion,' nineteen feet

in height; a commission, we believe, for a church in Liverpool. Mr. Etty exhibits this year also, a colossal scriptural subject, 'Judith and Holofernes.' Judith is in the act of imploring divine forgiveness for the fearful deed she is about to perform. This composition is consi-

dered one of the most successful attempts of its author.

Mr. Leslie's only picture is one of surpassing beauty; a commission from his Grace the Duke of Bedford. The subject is, 'Lady Jane Grey refusing to accept of the English Crown.' The general resemblance to the authentic portraits of Lady Jane is preserved, as far as it could be, consistently with the dignified beauty with which this inimitable artist has thought proper to invest her. Her friends are endeavouring in vain to persuade her to accept the proffered honour. We fancy we hear the reply which history has attributed to her. This painting is one of the most successful productions of Mr. Leslie's pencil. Mr. Haydon has painted a picture for Lord Egremont, which promises to add greatly to his fame. It is entitled, 'Alexander Taming Bucepha-

hs." The moment chosen is the one at which he draws upon him the plaudits of those who have assembled to witness this performance of the feat. The ardent, lofty, and determined bearing of the young Prince, glowing as he does with exultation at the conquest he has just achieved over the noble animal, is inimitably portrayed. This splendid picture cannot fail of commanding a very large share of attention.

Mr. Newton has lately painted his chef d'œuvre, for the Duke of Bedford. It is that scene in Gil Blas where Catalina and her companion receive the Prince. Gil Blas (in which character, the artist has, we suspect, given us his own portrait), is standing modestly in the back-The Prince is lending a ravished ear to the melody of Catalina's voice, and the tones of her lute; whilst her companion is attentively watching his Highness, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the bait has been swallowed. The face of the principal female cter is exquisitely beautiful; and the minor details of the picture

are painted with a degree of truth and minuteness, which strikingly increase its effect. Flowers and fruit are on a side-table, beside which a black boy is amusing himself, by stealth, with the antics of a monkey. The costume is tasteful and characteristic in the extreme. Taking it as a whole, this picture is, unquestionably, the most successful production of Mr. Newton's pencil.

Sir Thomas Lawrence sends his usual number of portraits; and, among them, one of the most exquisite pictures he has ever produced of the amiable, talented, and beautiful Lady of Mr. Robert Peel. Sir Thomas also exhibits, we believe, portraits of Sir Walter Scott, the Earl

of Liverpool, and one of the poet Campbell.

Mr. Pickersgill, among other portraits of the nobility and gentry, has an excellent likeness of Dr. Philpotts, the gentleman to whom the public are indebted for an admirable castigation of Mr. Premier Canning. He also exhibits a full length picture of a charming little boy, the son of Sir Jacob Astley: a fit companion for Sir Thomas's lovely little girl with flowers, exhibited last year

Cooper has several subjects, in his peculiar line of art; and among them, a picture painted for the Duke of Bedford, illustrative of the death of one of his Grace's ancestors, who was shot by an assassin, in a

border fray, which he was sent to quell.

A remarkably fine picture, scarcely unworthy the pencil of Hilton himself, has been sent to the Academy by a young artist of the name of Wood. It is an allegorical illustration of a passage in one of Akenside's odes, entitled 'May-Day.'

Mr. Mulready has 'A Group of Village Children amusing them-

selves with Firing a Cannon.'

Mr. Howard has a repetition of the 'Florentine Girl,' by which he has made himself so deservedly popular. He has also sent a small

fancy picture, of great beauty.

Mr. Ward exhibits an inimitable picture, painted for the Duke of Bedford. It represents the horses of a brewer's dray drawing up an empty butt from the cellar of a country ale-house. The idea is altogether an original one, and the picture one of the most powerful productions of the artist.

A son of that estimable veteran of the Royal Academy, Stothard exhibits a clever maiden effort of 'King John signing the Magna

Charta.

Mr. Turner has sent several splendid landscapes; and among them, some, we believe, made for the 'Views in England,' and said to belong,

before his bankruptcy, to Mr. Charles Heath.

A variety of interesting subjects occur to us, as having been sent for acceptance, which we have neither time nor space to enumerate. We shall, however, pay due attention to this splendid cortege of pictures in our next publication.

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EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WE were glad to hear it asserted by Mr. Hoffland, at the late anniversary dinner of this Institution, on the authority of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that the Royal Academy cherished no unkind feeling towards the Society of British Artists; but, on the contrary, desired its success and prosperity. This is precisely as it should be; for where no rivalry is attempted, no occasion can be found for the indulgence of an invidious feeling. The avowed want of space in Somerset House, for the fair, or even partial display of all the meritorious pictures sent there annually for exhibition, together with the very unseasonable period at which the British Institution's exhibitions of the works of modern artists are opened to the public, have afforded abundant excuse, if excuse were needed, for the organization of the Society of British Artists; and the great and even unlooked-for success which has attended the experiment, has satisfied the parties that such a medium of public sale for the productions of native talent, was much wanted. Without any desire to trench upon the privileges, or detract from the importance of the Royal Academy, therefore, was this body associated; and such being the case, we consider it entitled to the cordial support of every lover of the fine arts, who has neither prejudices to gratify, nor partialities to indulge. It is upon record, that the Institution has already produced much of the benefit that was contemplated on its first establishment. There is scarcely one of its members who has not disposed of many pictures, and received various commissions, in consequence of the fair opportunity of exhibiting his works which has thus been afforded him; and it is equally certain that numerous exhibitors, not members of the Society, have derived similar advantages from its existence. There are, we fancy, some errors in its constitution, which might perhaps be amended, but these are neither numerous nor important.

The present year's exhibition of the Society of British Artists, which was opened to the public on the 9th ultimo, is certainly their best. Modern art is improving rapidly, perhaps, in consequence of the impetus which has been given to it of late by the encouragement of a few tasteful and liberal patrons. The present collection not only affords a greater variety, but more pictures of sterling merit, than we have met with in this Gallery on any former occasion. It is wholly out of our power to enter into detailed criticism upon, or even to enumerate a fourth part of, the works which have struck us as being entitled to notice. It is, perhaps, richer this year in the landscape than in any other department of art. Among the most successful specimens of this class may be mentioned, 'Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion,' (230), by Hoffland; a picture, indeed, which is in a great measure historical. The effect of the supernatural light is striking and powerful in the extreme; and the whole composition is one of great grandeur and sublimity. For the purchase of this picture there appears to have been great competition. The 'Moonlight,' (109), too, by the same painter, is a very

Mr. Linton has a large and splendid view of 'Mount Orgueil Castle,

in the Isle of Jersey,' (40), vital with life and loveliness. The distance, or, to speak technically, the air of this picture, is most admirably preserved, and the water is quite inimitable. He seems to have given his works great additional force since the private view. His 'Hell Gill, Westmoreland,' (171), is also a beautiful little specimen.

Stanfield's 'Dieppe Castle,' (210), is quite a gem, and possesses all

the requisites of which a perfect landscape can boast.

Glover exhibits no less than twenty landscapes; among others, 'Rosslyn Castle,' (88); and a 'View on the Arno,' (294); which are among the most successful specimens of his powers in the Exhibition.

Nasmyth's 'View of Bristol,' and several of Wilson's pictures, among

others, 'Calais Pier,' (148) are highly successful.

J. Cartwright has a brilliant view, entitled, 'Venice during the Car-

nival,' (97).

Among the miscellaneous subjects, we were particularly struck with the following: 'The Gleaner,' (121), by J. Holmes. 'A Man with a Hawk,' (180), by J. Northcote, R.A. 'The Will o' the Wisp,' (244), a very original conception, by D. Egerton, which reminds us of Fuseli. 'The Puzzle,' by G. J. L. Noble (we cannot, however, admire the artist's taste in female beauty). 'The Young Catechist,' (289), by H. Meyer. 'Reading the Goblin Story (433), by J. Knight. 'Suspension of Payment at a Country Bank,' (441), by Miss Sharples. 'The Money-Digger making his Will, (676), by A. Henning. This is an admirable drawing, and reflects the highest credit upon the talents of the artist, who is, we believe, a very young man. 'The Young Card-Players,' (69), by W. Gill: a very clever little picture. This artist is fast rising into notice. 'The wounded Heron,' (125), by G. Lance. 'Young Rebels Shooting a Prisoner (254), by Webster. But we have already exceeded the limits we had prescribed to ourselves, and must, therefore, be content to refer our readers to the Exhibition itself; where a great number of admirable pictures will be found, to which we have not been able even to

No. III.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

The twenty-third Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, was opened to the public on the 23d ultimo; and a more splendid assemblage of specimens of this interesting branch of art has certainly never before been submitted by the same, or indeed any other body of artists. Until elevated by the achievements of Turner, and the leading members of this Association, the art of painting in water-colours, as practised in this country, was looked upon as comparatively feeble and inefficient; and, indeed, when we bring the productions of such drivellers as Paul Sandby into juxta-position with those of a Turner, a Copley Fielding, a Robson, a Prout, a Barret, a Richter, a Stephanoff, or a Dewint, we ought not to wonder that the art was as little regarded as it was. It has, however, been reserved for the genius of these gentlemen to place it upon an equality with oil-painting, in every thing but durability. Let but some plan be devised for rendering the

one branch of art as imperishable as the other, and the only reproach that can continue to attach to the former will be removed. If we have been delighted with the exquisite beauty of a very large proportion of the drawings in the present Exhibition, we have been no less surprised at the extraordinary industry of some of the most distinguished of its contributors. Mr. Copley Fielding, many of whose productions excel in finish, and rival in gorgeous splendour, the more successful productions of Turner, exhibits no less than forty-eight subjects; the absence of the least significant of which would, it is not too much to affirm, detract from the general interest of the Gallery; whilst his more successful efforts cannot but be regarded as the brightest gems of the kind in the collection. We may concede him this praise, without the slightest apprehension of being considered invidious; since his leading rivals have each a walk, in which they are scarcely less entitled to commendation. To particularize those of Mr. Fielding's specimens which excited our especial admiration, would be to enumerate the better half of them. For beauty of subject, and Claude-like splendour of effect, nothing can surpass his 'Scene on the Waveney,' (14).

Mr. Robson, one of the main pillars of the Institution, has no less than thirty drawings in the Gallery; which, in their particular style, are not less deserving of commendation than those of Mr. Fielding. His subjects this year, however, are by no means confined to mountain scenery; although the delineation of the grand but gloomy solitudes of nature "the eternal hills, the old and full of voices,"—the lonely Tarn, with its overhanging verdure, and its misty hills melting in the distance,—is his peculiar forte. His 'Barnard Castle,' (19), is a chef d'œuvre; and his 'Scene in North Wales,' (46)—'Fall of Fyers, (73)---(of which, by the way, there is a most admirable picture by Mr. Nesfield, an artist who, although young as an exhibitor, has produced some of the noblest drawings in the collection); and 'Brougham Castle,' (191), are also quite

magnificent. It is one of the peculiar charms of this Exhibition, that its leading is exhibitors differ so essentially in the peculiarity of their styles, and the choice of their subjects, as in no respect whatever to clash with each other. What, for instance, can be more at variance with each other than the masterly drawings of Prout, when compared with those of Copley Fielding and Robson; yet where are we to look for any thing more beautiful, in the department of art to which they belong? It is the peculiar merit of Mr. Prout, that the inanimate objects of his pictures are no less characteristic of the country to which they belong, than the spirited figures which give life to his scenes. Who can look at his bold and magnificent view of the 'Ponte Rialto, at Venice, (26), and not feel the perfect truth of the representation. Every thing about it is Venetian; and we almost fancy we hear the hoarse chaunt of the gondolier, as he rests upon his oar. 'The Bridge of Sighs,' with its "prison and its palace on each hand," is no less striking and beautiful, although of a more reposing character; and The Fountain of Basle, (159), is, we can bear personal testimony, as full of truth and character as a resemblance, as it is of beauty and effect as a picture. Mr. Prout has no less than seventeen drawings in the the Gallery, nearly the whole of which are of the same high standard of merit.

Mr. James Stephanoff has several very beautiful pictures in this collection, although nothing that takes our fancy so much as his 'Lalla Rookh.' His 'Four Marys,' (316), is a triumph of skill, as it regards the exquisite delicacy of its execution, brilliancy of colouring, and other artistical requisites. There is, perhaps, too great a resemblance between the principal figure and Rubens' wife, in the picture he exhibited last year. There is also an admirable drawing, full of character and beauty, of 'A Nautch Girl dancing before an Indian Prince;' painted, we believe, for Captain Grindley (a gentleman of well-known taste and liberality), by this artist; the creations of whose pencil make us regret keenly the perishable nature of the art by which they are embodied.

Mr. Richter, who possesses a degree of tact in the choice of his subjects, which renders him secure of a hit whenever he chooses to attempt one, has a splendid drawing, entitled, 'Taming of the Shrew,' (101); which is as masterly in conception, as it is felicitous in execution. It is unkind to reproach a man with not always reaching the scale of excellence which his own genius has, in its luckiest moods of inspiration, established, or we might tell him, that he has nothing of so popular a character as his 'School in an Uproar,' and 'School in Repose,' in the present exhibition. His 'Maternal Advice,' (349), however, designed for Mrs. Haldimand, is a charming little picture. The beautiful confusion of the girl caught by her mother in the act of reading a loveletter, is quite perfect.

Mr. Barret, whose sun-set effects are so much and so deservedly admired, exhibits no less than seventeen pictures. Some of these are, no doubt, mannered a good deal more than they need be, considering the powers of the artist. Mr. B. seems to aim at being considered the Claude of water-colour painters; and to this distinction he has earned himself a title. A 'Composition,' (144), is the most successful specimen

of his pencil that has as yet met our observation.

Of Mr. Dewint's twelve pictures, the greater part are unusually beautiful. His 'Kenilworth Castle,' in particular, is an exquisite bit.

Havell's specimens are, almost without an exception, of high merit. Our favourites are, 'Sun-set View of the Harbour of Rio de Janeiro,' (51); 'Sunrise Entrance to the Grand Canal,' &c. (80); 'Richmond Castle,' (119); 'Sunset near Twickenham,' (158); 'Boulney on the

Thames,' (135).

Among the great variety of pictures which struck us as worthy of a particular mention, may be enumerated, 'Fingal's Cave,' (29); and 'Penwinkle Bay, Staffa,' (200), by Nesfield—'Lake and Town of Killarney,' (182), by Varley; 'Paper Lanthorn,' (165), by Hunt; 'Peel Castle,' (35), by Gastenau; 'Penance of Jane Shore in the Cathedral of St. Paul's,' (113), by Wild, a happy union of the historical with the architectural.

In conclusion, we may congratulate the Society of Water-Colour Painters on the rapid sale of their works, a large proportion of the

pictures being already disposed of.

Since writing the above, we have been pleased to learn, that the general opinion is consonant with our own; viz., that the present Exhibition is the best ever yet submitted to the public by this Society.

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Mr. James Stephanoff has several very beautiful pictures in this collec-

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artistical regarders that interested during our sky, a resemblance between less bottom I come, I come! when the young bird's lay Sounds soft and clear through the joyous day! When the breezes tell of the floweret's birth, And the wild-bee's hum has a sound of mirth— And the Ocean-waves, as they flow along, Are bearing glad tales of delight and song!

II.

I have come afar to your blooming isle, And have waked the floweret's sweetest smile; I have loosed the streams from their mountain-home— They are rushing in to the sea-wave's foam; And the woodland founts they are gleaming bright, When the sun-beams burst with a streaming light.

I have roamed afar o'er each mount and stream— All bright they lay in the clear sun-beam: My steps have turned to each blooming vale-Gladly they listed my joyous tale: And of mount and stream, and of grove and dell, There is more I could, but I may not tell!

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But, ah! even now, in my fairest hour! A blight is come o'er my leafy bower; For I see not those that were wont to meet My smiles with the lyre and the dancing feet; And the laughing song, and the joyous lay— They are gone, they are gone, from my home of May!

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Oh! where are the lovely, the young, and fair? With the roses wreathed in their shining hair !-The woods they miss them among their bowers— The vallies are gleaming with their wild-flowers; Even Echo is still,—for their youthful strain, Shall be heard no more on this earth again!

They are gone, they are gone, from yon lovely isle, With their laughing song and their joyous smile! They are gone to a dwelling of "fadeless bloom," Where there comes no blight—where there falls no gloom — Where the woodland breeze has a softer tone— To that joyous land are their footsteps gone.

VII.

Oh, yes! they are gone! and I leave your home,—
I go to that land where the lovely roam:
I go—for the Summer is out in your sky,
And the primrose-bloom it hath passed you by;
And the violet's breath, though sweet it may be,
As swept afar o'er your mountains free:
Ye have lost the bloom of each grove and dell,
And the lovely of earth—Farewell! farewell!

F. M.*

EVENING.

I come, I come, when the sunbeams fall,
'Neath the blue sea-wave, to their crystal hall;
When the distant shadows are dark and dim,
And I hear the breath of the twilight-hymn;
And the dove's low wail, and the vesper-star,
Call me away from my home afar.

I come when the mists of the closing day
Have veiled the Earth and the Ocean-spray,
When each bird and bee are gone to rest,
And the day-light fades in the glowing west,
And the flowers have folded their leaves of bloom,
From the darkling Night, and its hours of gloom.

I come o'er the earth—but mine hour is brief— I shed the young dew on each fragrant leaf— I lull the dark winds to a dreary rest, And the waves flow smooth on the ocean's breast, And the woods they whisper a tranquil sigh, While Echo repeats their melody.

All these are mine, and ah! more than these, But I must afar o'er the twilight seas; For the Night is come, with her starry train—The young moon is shedding her light again, And a voice is singing from yonder dell—It calls me away—farewell! farewell!

F. M.

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Where the woodland breeze has a softer tone. To that joyous land are their feetsteps gone.

tion of the term, are precisely those which I would have my will

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Ar length the desideratum of Lady Barton's existence for these few last years, is on the eve of being attained. Whether it be the effect of her management, or her daughter's, or the union of both, or the fate of which old women are liable to talk most sapiently—the first-born flower of the shades of Barton is about to be transplanted to another scene, and to decorate other happy "enamelled plains," and well-kept parks. In plain matter-of-fact prose, she is on the very point of accomplishing matrimony.

The man—but that is a very secondary consideration—his house, his establishment, his rent-roll, his style, his connexion—these are the points most eagerly marked in the inventory of his qualifications. Mr. Lennox is, sooth to say, plain-ugly perhaps—dull—heavy!—a frequenter of stables and dog-kennels ; - just standing on the outward boundary that describes the demesne of folly—not completely a fool, although not wholly dissimilar. But then he is the proprietor of a fine mansion -an unencumbered estate—a funded property not contemptible: moreover, a lover of the dashing; falling easily into the lady-like longings of his bride for new carriages, new furniture, new liveries, and sundry other inestimables, which constitute the real value of existence. He became notorious also, a few seasons since, for his public devotion to a celebrated woman of rank, and acquired a fashionable reputation on the strength of it. I must avow that I have been somewhat embarrassed by my endeavours to reconcile this marked shade in the morale of his character, with Miss Barton's previous and asserted fastidiousness. Hitherto she has, at best, played Mrs. Candour, even in her comments on the errors of the other sex. That a woman who values her pretensions so highly, can overlook so flagrant a violation of the dearest sanctions of life, or that any mother can encourage the unwise charity, is to me scarcely conceivable. How little this guilty world retains, in opposition to its interest, indignation at the crimes of its votaries !-- how soon man's faults are forgotten when he dares defy anger, and deride censure! Mr. Lennox lost neither his birth nor his fortune when he gained his notoriety; and Lady Barton, like thousands of other mothers, considers any care for a child, beyond her suitable establishment, quite supererogatory on a sliw aid 1970 nem a to nominab on't

Miss Barton is playing fascinating in a style that denotes her an accomplished pupil of a most able school. Now, fascinating manners, as far as I could ever understand the term, as used by the men, describe those manners which are adopted for the express purpose of obtaining their suffrage; and their admiration is, in fact, but a debt of gratitude. Fascination consists, for the most part, in a bent neck, and an eye turned playfully towards the intended victim, and a mouth set to a smile—and an arch or tender expression, as may suit the occasion; with an arm or a leg, played off at the convenience of the possessor. Accordingly as the man is inclined to allegro or penseroso, there is a frequent laugh or smile, as interminable as matrimony, or a Chancery suit. In short, fascinating manners, in the generally received accepta-

tion of the term, are precisely those which I would have my wife, sister, or child, avoid, as they would shun "plague, pestilence, and famine."

I enjoy the invaluable privilege, often accorded to quiet old bachelors of my standing—that of being considered nobody. The ladies never deem it necessary to suspend their discussions, because I happen to be sitting in a retired nook of the apartment, with a large volume of blackletter lore in my hand. I must confess, my attention in such a position is, however, chiefly engrossed by the living page of female character. so unsuspectingly submitted to my observation. There really is a most striking addition of self-complacency and importance in the demeanour of Miss Barton. She talks of her wedding-gown in epic, and gives directions for her wedding-cake in blank verse. She is alive to all the dignity of her situation, and tremblingly susceptible of the smallest indication of its being forgotten by others. There is an assumption of majesty in her air, somewhat contradicted by the affectation of a downcast eye, imploring you to feel how bewitchingly interesting the fair creature is. I find the sentiment of my ancient friend, Sir Thomas Browne, constantly occurring to me: "Sure there is music even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument!" Miss Barton affects to leave all minor preparations for the celebration of this important event to the inferior actors, her mother and sisters. Occasionally she vouchsafes some sweeping observation, which involves in its censure or commendation the labour, perhaps, of days; otherwise she is absorbed, she avers, in meditating upon the new and important duties in which the character of a wife will involve her. She seizes on every volume that falls in her way, containing directions for the conduct of new-married people. Jeremy Taylor's sermon, entitled 'The Wedding-ring," is become the subject of her daily study; and as she reads aloud the passages which strike her most forcibly, they afford a tolerable clue to the direction in which her thoughts travel. She delivered the following paragraph, the other morning, with great emphasis, and exuberant admiration :-

"Adam says not—'the woman which thou gavest to me:' no such thing; she is none of his goods, none of his possessions, not to be reckoned amongst his servants. God did not give her to him so; but—'the woman thou gavest to be with me;—that is, to be my partner, the companion of my joys and sorrows; thou gavest her for use, not for dominion. The dominion of a man over his wife, is no other than as the soul rules the body, for which it takes a mighty care, and uses it with a delicate tenderness, and cares for it in all contingencies, and watches to keep it from all evils, and studies to make for it fair provisions; and very often is led by inclination and desires, and does never contradict its appetites, but when they are evil, and then also not without some trouble and sorrow. And its government comes only to this: it furnishes the body with light and understanding; and the body furnishes the soul with hands and feet: the soul governs because the body cannot else be happy, but the government is no other than pro-

"That is to say," said Miss Barton, interrupting herself, "the real authority or government of the husband, consists in his having the

power to furnish the wife with all such things as are essential to her comfort, her convenience, and the rank she holds in society. This, I believe, is what Bishop Taylor means to convey; and his authority is as incontrovertible as the fact is indisputable: do you not think so, mamma?"

"Exactly," replied Lady Barton; who did not choose to endanger her daughter's happy equanimity, by any useless contradiction. "It has occurred to me, my dear, that the whole family at the Rectory must be invited to breakfast."

"Impossible, my dearest mamma!" exclaimed Miss Barton, colouring with the vehemence of her feelings. "The Rector and his Wife will surely be sufficient, without enduring the whole of his wearisome tribe. If one asks the Lord Mayor to dine, I cannot see that it follows of course that one is to be bored with the whole Common Council."

"Very true, my dear; and I give you credit for the wit of that idea," returned Lady Barton, mildly. "Nevertheless, there are situations, you know, in which inclination must yield to prudence. Your good sense will perceive the policy of extending the invitation to the whole family; because, I am sorry to say, Sir James makes quite a point of it; and may possibly limit his generosity, if opposed."

"Provoking!" said Miss Barton, petulantly. "I consider it extremely hard that, at this critical juncture of my life, I am to be con-

stantly thwarted and annoyed!"

But why pursue the labyrinth of evils and perplexities, which a brideelect loves to thread?—why detail all that is to be endured from narrow-minded papas, perverse milliners, expensive jewellers, and awkward tire-women? Why enumerate the whim and caprice which, to adopt Corporal Trim's phraseology, "orders here, countermands there?" It is the first hand at a game in which the lady seems to hold no court-cards, and despairs of the odd trick. It is almost as difficult to escape what is to be avoided, as to secure what is coveted. A whole generation of unpresentable kinsfolk hear the intelligence of the approaching nuptials; and a flood of congratulatory letters from them nearly inundates her faculties, and overwhelms every amiability of temper. It is so well understood, that all these friendly participators in her felicitous prospects expect also to be invited to witness their realization; and are, probably, even then preparing the necessary paraphernalia, that shall render their equipment no disgrace or mortification to their more fashionable relative. Poor Miss Barton is severely tried in this way. There is a whole host of the Mugginses and Higginses of this world, reminding her of their existence and affinity; and hinting at their hope of a greater intimacy being maintained between them and the family of Lennox-House, than they have hitherto enjoyed with the inhabitants of Barton-Hall. Then the dates afford a list of such unnameable places, beyond even the limits of Russell-square, with whose topography, as a celebrated character has observed, very few persons of decency can be supposed to be acquainted. And the seals!—No armorial bearings—no crests !—" the posies of a cutler's knife," perhaps, or "initials"—or "Sarah," or "Sophy;"or something denoting half the signature, within. In two or three instances, these unfortunate letters have, indeed, elicited an exclamation of horror from Lady Barton herself;

and a shriek—an absolute shriek of dismay, from her more indignant daughter. The wax never flamed for them-their security has been preserved by that unpardonable offender against all elegance—a wafer! The bride-elect recovers her composure only by the resolution of purging the unhappy manuscripts by the ordeal of fire, and vouchsafing no communication with the Goths who have penned them. Lady Barton heartily concurs in her daughter's resolutions; and I do not doubt that the butler would have received instructions to commit the offending missiles to the flames before they entered the drawing-room, if her ladyship's knowledge of human nature had not led her to calculate on the possibility of the man's indulging his curiosity by a previous inspection. dicat enduring the whole of his

The approaching union affords as much occupation to Sir James, as to the female part of his family. There is a constant reciprocation of visits between him and his lawyer. The rough drafts of the settlements are continually receiving additions and alterations, to render "assurance doubly sure." Every precaution is taken against the possible villany of the man to whom his daughter is about to consign herself; and she is furnished with an impregnable armour against any attacks of ill-humour or disobligingness on his part, by the certainty of a handsome independent income. This stipulation was a sine qua non with the young lady herself, which sufficiently testifies her admirable

prudence.

Mr. Lennox also has a legal adviser, dictating his measures, and scrupulously examining all that is done by the other party. Each thinks his own caution the best security for the integrity of the other. In a word, I should say—here are abundant preparations for future hostilities, but very little effort to maintain that unbroken partnership

of interests which should mark this closest of all unions. After all, I am aware that there is nothing extraordinary in these things. The drama at present performing in Barton-Hall is but a facsimile of what is constantly occurring amongst persons of a certain rank in life; nay, extending, in a suitable degree, through every grade of

it is no well understood, that all these friendly participators in

elleitons prospectated also to be invited to witness their conlinaand over probably, even then preparing the necessary purephernalia,

society—even to the cottage of the labourer.

. "Il render their equipment no disgrace or mortification to their STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

A lonely thing I would not be, From kindred things exiled ;-A sad and solitary tree Upon a leafless wild!

state to asserge the hingeiness and hingeiness of this

I would not be an only flower, To dwell in desert air-Or blossom in the loveliest bower, With none my lot to share!

charge.III has observed, very fee p No; even in brotherhood of grief I'd rather live and die-Mid fading leaves, a fading leaf-Responding sigh for sigh! I thouse an exclamation of horror ("on Lady Barra banall;

to world and beauty's eat a

THE MILL.

A MORAVIAN TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER*.

PART I.

How idly by yon ruined mill,
A silent stream, a voiceless rill,
The scanty currents steal;
And yet those broad embankments show
What weight of waves once dashed below,
To turn its shattered wheel.
Conducted by the hand of man,
Blue, dark, and deep, of old they ran.
What envious chance their course has led
Back to their useless native bed?

And why, too, moulders to decay
Yon arch, where wandering lichens stray,
Through which the waters seem
In pride to bear their own away,
And claim their borrowed stream?
Is it for bard or painter's eyes
That here romantic Nature tries
To spurn at Art's restraint,
Inviting me to moralize,
Or Hobbima to paint?

Yes; paint it in the sun's broad beam,
Come here to moralize by day,
But shun to muse beside that stream,
Or paint it in the moon's pale ray.
Yes; dark and swift those waters glide,
Below the pool is still.
No stream can wash, no depth can hide,
The guilt that mingles with the tide
That laves the haunted mill.

Time was when yonder wheel went round, With mirth and music in its sound,

A few copies of this beautiful little poem have, we understand, been printed for private distribution; and transcripts from them very widely circulated in the fashionable world. We have been favoured with one of the latter by an esteemed Correspondent, and feel a pleasure in thus having it in our power to anticipate other journals as to publication.—Ed. Lit. Mag.

To wealth and beauty's ear; For scarcely Olmutz walls contained A wealthier man than him who reigned Lord and possessor here; And not Morayia's circle wide Could show the rival fair who vied With Ebba's charms. How oft he smiled Complacent on that only child; Bade some assenting neighbour trace Her mother's beauty in that face; Told how that dark Sclavonic eye Recalled his wife to memory, And how the heiress of the charms, Which once had blessed his youthful arms, Should be, when he too was no more, The heiress of his worldly store.

They say that spirits haunt the gloom
Of that deserted roofless room—
They say that spirits make their moan
At midnight round the old hearth-stone,
Where once the father and his child
The length of wintry nights beguiled.
I can believe the sinful dead
May haunt it now, but they had fled
From Ebba's voice of old, when there
She raised the hymn of evening prayer.

They were a goodly sight, the sire
And that fair child, when round the fire
The circle closed; but oft was found
A third in that domestic round,
And oft in that affecting rite
Another voice was raised—
Another by that ruddy light
On Ebba's beauty gazed.

The tokens of successful war,
The ribboned medal, and the scar
Proclaimed that guest for one of those
Who face, for pay, their country's foes.
And in that belt so trimly hung,
The cap from which the horsehair swung,
And close green vest of gloomiest hue,
Experienced eyes the Hulan knew.

Hearts oft obey the eye; and these, I doubt not, Ebba's eye could please. Yet Ebba's was no heart to gain
By tinsel show and trappings vain.
But men there are by nature bred
Others to lead, by none be led:
Where'er their lot is fixed, to rule,
Senate or club, or realm, or school;
Wherever chance appoints their post,
First of a squadron or a host.

To strength, which best can give redress,
Defenceless woe complains:
And woman's weakness clings no less
To that which best sustains.
And sweet to woman's ear, the praise
Of that stern voice which man obeys.
That voice most loud in danger's hour,
Has whispers of prevailing power;
And Conrad's accents Ebba knew
Most powerful when he stooped to sue.

Into that home, some service done
For Ebba, first his entrance won:
A comrade in the neighbouring town
Made sober by his voice or frown,
And Ebba saved from insult rude,
Returned him more than gratitude.

Released from duty and parade,
Still to the mill his footsteps strayed,
Nor Ebba only watched to hear
Those footsteps fall, the sound was dear
To Ebba's sire; for none so well
As Conrad of those scenes could tell,
Which form the soldier's stormy life,
Like his, the scenes of martial strife.

Twere strange if Conrad had not sighed, Or she such influence quite defied. In two short months so well he sped, That many a jealous rival fled, And neighbours asked how that strange guest Such power o'er child and sire possessed.

"Twas strange, an officer indeed Might claim to sue and to succeed; But he to boast such power to charm! The corporal's mark upon his arm! Why he, the Lord of half the land, Had almost sued for Ebba's hand:

Sprung of the ancient Dummpkof race,
The Baron who so loved the chase.
He met with Conrad there one night,
And broke his meerschaum, out of spite;
And Ebba, when she heard it, said,
She wished that it had been his head.

Such was their talk. But slander's din
No answering echo found within;
The voice of calumny o'erstrained,
For Conrad's cause fresh influence gained:—
And when his blushing child betrayed
Her weakness and her love, and prayed,
As duteous daughters often pray
In the first act of some new play—
She almost moved the old man's heart
Of act the fifth to play the part,
Last scene, when stubborn sires relent,
Bestow their blessing and consent.

But, ere that scene the old man closed, Some obstacle he interposed. Twas this: let Conrad but obtain Discharge, and then his path was plain. He asked no dowry for the bride, His heiress could for both provide: He asked not birth in one he knew Removed above the vulgar crew; But while his aged limbs had life, His Ebba was no soldier's wife. Poor Ebba drooped, but Conrad cried, "Thanks for that word, I claim my bride! This paper makes my bliss secure, My pension and retreat are sure. Read and believe; no more I roam, And Ebba leaves nor sire nor home." Twas true. The sire consenting smiled And blessed her, his affianced child.

They form an awful line in life,
Those words which couple man and wife.
Novel and drama seem agreed,
Though I, for one, dispute their creed,
Man's happiest hours those words precede.
The happiness that goes before
Is sure at least; the other, more
Or less perhaps in its degree,
As chance decides. 'Tis more for me:

At least, towards that misty shore
And doubtful harbour, Hope ne'er bore
A happier pair upon its tide,
Than Conrad and his promised bride.

Cold Austrian forms, with slow delay,
Deferred awhile the wished-for-day.
It came at last. At earliest dawn
Conrad had heard the courier's horn;
Snatched from his grasp with eager haste
The expected scroll, with joy had traced
The lines confirming his retreat,
And rushed the morrow's bride to meet.

Sure in that spot of hallowed ground, By many a meeting known, With shadowing alders fenced around, And flowers of spring o'ergrown, His bride, his Ebba, would be found, Expecting and alone. No Ebba there to greet his view-No sign of footsteps on the dew-No trace upon the shore!— Is it a dream?—departed, fled— Buried or drown'd, alive or dead, His bride was seen no more! All search on earth was vain. In Heaven, We trust, to that old man 'twas given, To clasp his child again; as bond low off For fast his mortal frame decayed, And death, in mercy, soon allayed and a The fire in heart and brain.

And Conrad—him at close of day, By force his comrades dragged away From that vain search. When morn came round, He by the mill again was found; And statue-like, with fixed eye, Gazed on the waters hurrying by. The fragments of the scroll which bore The wished dismission from his corps, Down the swift stream were floating white; He sat and tracked them out of sight; Then rose, and sped with hasty stride Back to his quarters, to his side in or seed? The sabre girt, his gallant steed blood but Resumed the task to train and feed: And in his station, half dismayed, His comrades saw him at parade.

PART II.

releter Reidenbrugwohnstern de

In far Moravia's farthest lands,
Lie quartered the Hulans' scattered bands.
The adjutant sits in the lonely room
Of the solitary inn.

He sits and writes in gloom, By the wintry tempest's din.

"Now send me the trusty man who rides On the right of his company,

I need him when matter of weight betides; Send Conrad hither to me."

Soon to that summons Conrad came;
Like some dark portrait from its frame,
More than a form of flesh and blood—
Erect and motionless he stood.
It seemed as if the blasting stroke,
Which on his youthful fortunes broke
The toils of many a fierce campaign,
And ten long years of wasting pain,
In powerless rage had scored the brow,
Which all their influence could not bow.

"Now spare not the spur, for this letter has need Of a trusty rider and active steed; 'Tis for this I have chosen thy steed and thee, He was bred and was broken in Hungary; Such steed and such rider will carry aright This letter to Olmutz ere morning's light. But the night is stormy, and much I doubt The ford is swollen, the waters are out; Who rides to Olmutz, to-night must go By the bridge and the mill, where the dark waters flow."

O'er the tall Hulan's iron frame A momentary shuddering came, As when some firmly founded tower Shakes to the heaving earthquake's power.

"And will not morning serve the need?
Up-rooted pines the path impede—
Collected snows my course will urge
Close to the unfenced torrent's verge:
And could I cross unharmed the hill,
I cannot, dare not, pass the mill."

Reply unlooked for to command From warlike lips, acts like the brand, Which fires the mine's quiescent train:
Out broke the soldier's fierce disdain:
Enough; not even Conrad met
Untamed that flow of oath or threat;
Menace of death he knew to face,
But turned and blenched from sure disgrace.
A coward called—he heard that sound
But once, then wildly glared around—
With one instinctive grasp his blade
He clasped, relaxed it, and obeyed.

The adjutant sits in the lonely room
Of the solitary inn;
But he cannot slumber in its gloom,
For the tempest's furious din.
He thinks on the word he gave,
And the Hulan's strange reply;
And he wonders how one so brave,
Who had never feared to die—
Who at Asperne rode on his squadron's right,
Should tremble to ride on a stormy night—
Should pray like a woman to wait till morn:
And the grim old adjutant laughed in scorn.

Is it a sound of mortal strain Which breaks on his listening ear, Or the yell of the sable huntsman's train, Who follow the skeleton deer? Tis the scream of mortal pain, Or of agonizing fear; And it echoes again, again— And the terrible sounds draw near. Less shrill is the midnight blast, As it sweeps o'er flood and fell; And the charger's foot-tramps fall less fast Than that oft-repeated yell. Can the voice which whispered love of old With such prevailing power, Which rallied the flying, and led the bold, In danger's bloodiest hour— Can it sound like the harrowing scream Of the wretch who fears to die, When he awakes from his dismal dream, And the scaffold meets his eye? "Tis Conrad!—Steed and rider sink Exhausted on the threshhold's brink. "She follows me, pale from her watery grave, From her strangling fingers, oh! save me! save! She clings, she chokes me, she thrills my brain
With the scream which she gave in her perishing pain."
Thus raved he, till exhaustion's sleep
Closed o'er his senses, dull and deep.
'Tis morn. By curious interest led,
His comrades close around his bed;
With fingers on that clay-cold hand,
The surgeon takes his silent stand;
And from the neighbouring convent there
The old Carthusian kneels in prayer.
He wakes—and draws that hand away,
Whose pulses speak of life's decay.
"These scars attest thy practised skill,
When it prolonged an unblest life,
And saved me from severer ill;

Thou know'st I shrunk not from the knife.
But mine are wounds which not thy steel
Nor hostile swords can give or heal."
He called the old Carthusian near—
"Father, 'tis thine a tale to hear;
Such tale as since its earliest time

Thy dark confessional ne'er heard, Since kneeling there, repentant crime First poured the sob and whispered word.

Body and soul at once to save,

In hope of grace beyond the grave,
In dread of judgment here:
Secret and low, to thee alone
Is poured the penitential groan;
No hope above, no fear below,

Impede my tale, which all may know."

Calm and distinct that tale began,
E'en from his youth the story ran:
And when with trembling voice he came
To her, to Ebba's sainted name—
On those young hours of sunny light,
So soon involved in horror's night,
His course awhile he seemed to stay,
Like Satan lingering to survey
The paradise of love and joy
It was his mission to destroy:
Awhile his vampire wing delaying,
A moment from his purpose straying.
Awhile by memory thus subdued,
The dark narration he pursued:—

"That morn I sought the appointed spot, I said that Ebba met me not: 'Twas false-I found her there; not I, The fiend within me forged the lie: That fiend which since our race begun Has haunted us from sire to son. In bridal pomp her neck was bound With pearls, in many a goodly round. Then woke the fiend's resistless charm, With strength from hell he nerved my arm To tear those glistering rows away, And I was spell-bound to obey. She shrieked—I struck—with blow on blow, Urged by the fiend, I laid her low. The demon pointed to the stream. I bore her-dragged her there: one scream, Unheard by all but me, she gave, And sunk, and sleeps beneath the wave. Father, for many a lingering year That ceaseless scream has thrill'd my ear; The tumult of the bustling camp, The charging squadrons' hurrying tramp, The batteries' roar, the trumpets' knell, The volley and the exploding shell— I heard them not, that dreadful call Still piercing through, above them all.— Father, beyond the Mill there stands, Blasted and seared like me,

Made branchless by the lightning's brands, A solitary tree.

Twas by the forked lightning's glare, I dug my place of treasure there, To hold those precious pearls, the whole Vast price, for which I gave my soul, Witness and wages of the deed: For which this forfeit life must bleed. My days are numbered : well I know I soon must die the rabble's show; But if a thousand years were flown Before the scaffold claimed its own, The fearful night but now gone by Could never fade from memory's eye; Their long oblivion could not hide The horrors of that ghastly ride.

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[&]quot;She rose, she sprung !-look, father, here, See how the fingers of the dead Deboty and Joh

The flesh of living man can sear!"

He slowly raised his languid head,
And round the sinewy neck 'twas plain
Some strangling pressure's sable stain;
But served with surer aim to guide
The headsman's stroke by which he died.

No more: behind you distant pines
Too fast the autumnal sun declines.
When evening's shades have closed around,
Let those remain who will,
Not mine to trespass on the ground
Where spectral sounds and sights abound.
Adieu! thou haunted Mill.

MAXIMS TO LIVE BY.

BY A MEMBER OF THE MIDDLE ORDERS.

LIV.

No man is a hero to his own valet de chambre, says the French adage; and it may with equal propriety be affirmed, that no author is a genius in the eyes of his printer. One half the admiration conceded by the public to works of genius would be withheld if they were privy to the elaboration with which they are too often produced—could they but see the interlined and blotted manuscript, and the blurred and oft-corrected proof of the poem that reads so glibly in the published volume. I have heard certain literary pretenders boast of writing with infinite facility, and of sending their productions to press without a single alteration of the original text. This, however, proves nothing but their vanity, and their want of that keen perception of the beautiful, which renders men of genius so sensitively alive to the defects of their own compositions. One of the most striking characteristics of exalted talent is, the very fastidiousness which some coxcombs affect to censure. It is a curious circumstance, that nearly all our greatest poets have been remarkable for their painful elaboration in correcting their writings; yet it would be difficult to discover this fact from internal evidence. Who was more fastidious than Pope-Gray-Goldsmith? In our own day, Campbell-Moore-Rogers, are among the most elaborate of poets; yet it is not pretended that their obliterations proceed from a want of power: on the contrary, it is well known that they originate rather in the peculiar refinement of their tastes—a refinement which renders it more difficult for them to satisfy themselves than their readers. Byron has, it is true, produced, now and then, a poem at a heat; although it was not his practice to print his productions without a most careful revision. But we question, if his off-hand poems might not have been greatly improved, had they been subjected to the ordeal of his cooler judgment. The same principle applies no less forcibly to painting. I have heard an inferior artist declare, that such and such a face was finished at one sitting, whilst Sir Thomas Lawrence has been known to require two or three for a single eye. The public care nothing for such boasts; they desire to see perfection, and will not admit of haste, or any other contingency, as an excuse for falling short of it. The poet and the painter should both revise their works, until satisfied that they, at least, cannot improve them. Their patrons care nothing about the means, they only look to the result.

LV.

It is dangerous to sympathise with a friend in his abuse of either his wife, his horse, or his profession; unless the first is dead, the second disposed of, and the third discarded. There are certain things which men will allow no one to abuse, save themselves.

LVI.

Do not expect to avoid the imputation of vanity by the affectation of humility. No man ever assumes a lower rank than that to which common consent may have elevated him, unless as a hint that he desires to be exalted to a grade in which he is by no means entitled to move. Such admissions, like an ostentatious person's apologies for the scantiness of an entertainment which we are satisfied he meant to be splendid, are indulged in only to be contradicted.

LVII.

Perhaps the most acceptable kind of flattery consists less in eulogising a man's actions, or talents, than in decrying those of his rival.

LVIII.

Modern book-making seems to be limited exclusively to two processes, viz.—dilution and distillation.

LIX.

"The attempt is at least entitled to commendation," is the common remark upon all great failures, whether in literature or art. Nothing can be more absurd or misplaced than this species of praise. Where the result is not in some degree commensurate with the attempt, the aspirant deserves only chastisement for his arrogance. A person whose folly is upon a par with his vanity, will be daunted by no difficulty, how stupendous-soever it may seem to others: but we really see no reason why "fools" should be commended for "rushing in, where angels fear to tread."

LX.

There are somewhere about five hundred specifics for the tooth-ache, all of which have been found infallible at one time or other. The truth is, that there are nearly as many genera of this most painful visitation; and the remedy that may prove of advantage in one case, often aggra-

vates the pain in another. It may be useful to my readers to know, that tobacco will afford almost instant relief, whatever be the character of the disease. The cigar should, however, be sufficiently dry to yield a volume of smoke with a very slight inspiration; and the whiffs, to be efficacious, should be " few and far between." If the first cigar does not allay the pain, the second will be sure so to do. In cases where matter is supposed to be forming in the gum, it is, I know, usual to apply figs boiled in milk (the seeds of which are continually sliding into the tender tooth and increasing your sufferings tenfold); or to put you to bed to a scalding hot brick, breeched in flannel. Two or three cigars will bring the swelling to its crisis in a quarter of the time, and with less than a fiftieth part of the agony: and this effected, you will have only to make your peace with a lancet or "a bare bodkin." Where the nerve of the tooth is the seat of suffering, the cessation from pain is almost instantaneous. Ladies may substitute a pipe of stramonium for the cigar, if they find tobacco too strong for their stomachs. Sailors, who are in the constant habit of chewing tobacco, are never afflicted with But a pleasanter, and more certain preventive, may be the tooth-ache. suggested: - Dissolve as much camphor in spirits of wine as possible, consistently with its remaining in a liquid state; pour a few drops every morning into the water with which you rince your mouth, and you will never more be afflicted with the tooth-ache; although even this antidote will not secure you against rheumatic affections of the face.

LXI.

The only debt for which a man is never likely to be dunned, and which it is laudable for him to refuse to pay, is that of revenge!

LXII.

As men not unfrequently grow misanthrepical who have been neglected or despised by their neighbours, so scribblers often turn satirists, to avenge the unpopularity of their own productions. That taste must, they conceive, stand in need of reformation, which can discover no merit in their lucubrations:

"I sneer," says Tom, "at all who sneer at me:"
"Good heavens!" says Dick, "how bitter you must be!"

LXIII.

In writing a book on an abstruse subject, do not sacrifice your vantage-ground, and weaken the conclusiveness of your arguments, by attempting to adapt your illustrations to the understandings of blockheads. Men of sense and intelligence will purchase your work on account of its intrinsic worth; and fools will follow their example, because they desire it to be believed that they also are capable of appreciating its merits.

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THE BURNING SHIP.

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We were both born in the same village, and drew our nourishment in infancy from the same source. Yes—we have laid encircled in each others arms, in the same cradle; and fond affection grew with our growth. But ah! how different were our conditions in life. She, the offspring of one who could boast of rank and wealth; whilst I was brought forth in comparative poverty. Agnes was the daughter of a baronet: her mother resigned her breath in giving birth to her child; and the first tears of the infant were shed upon the cold and lifeless bosom of that being to whom she owed her existence. My maternal parent was selected as wet-nurse, on account of her excellent health, and gentleness of disposition. My father was head-gardener on the estate; and our little cottage, surrounded by a shrubbery, tastefully laid out, was situated in a most delightful and romantic part of the grounds.

Sir Edward was generous and condescending to his inferiors, as long as they preserved an unqualified respect for his dignified rank: but if any one aimed at superior station, or failed in due reverence to himself, he became vindictive and revengeful. His principles were of so aristocratical a nature that he considered it an ordination of divine authority for riches and titles to rule, and humble obscurity to be content with tacit submission. Soon after the decease of his lady, he was appointed ambassador to a foreign Court; and the first recollections which I retain of him was his return and splendid entry to the castle, in my eighth year. In the meantime, a maiden aunt had officiated as mistress, in his absence; the pride and malice of whose heart had rendered her extremely obnoxious to all around her. In the cottage of her nurse, Agnes always found an affectionate bosom in which to repose her little griefs, and the soothings of tenderness were ever ready to calm the perturbation of her mind. It is impossible to define the feelings of childhood; for, as we grow more advanced in years, the softer sympathies become deadened by intercourse with the world, and witnessing the scenes of misery which everywhere present themselves. Solomon hath said, childhood and youth are vanity: yet what would I give to possess the same innocence of heart, the same purity of thought, which I enjoyed in my early years! In our amusements, Agnes and myself were inseparable; and when removed from the haughty eye of her aunt, we indulged in those little endearments which innocence inspires. My father possessed a cultivated taste, and was well acquainted with the works of the best writers of the day. His leisure hours were occupied in reading (for, through the kindness of the steward, he had free access to Sir Edward's library, and could obtain the loan of any book he wanted), and imparting instruction to myself. At the age of six I could read tolerably well, and understand what I read; but no book delighted me so much as the affecting tale of 'Paul and Virginia.' This was my favourite volume; and often has the sweet Agnes mingled her tears with mine, while perusing its pages. She had an elder brother, but he seldom associated with us, for his aunt had centered all

her regards in him, and instilled into his mind every notion of high birth and exalted parentage. Yet he was not happy: for when he did deign to share our childish sports, I can well remember the bursts of passion which agitated him, if I did not immediately comply with his wishes, and submit to his caprice: but the last two years before Sir Edward's return, he had been under the management of a tutor, whose kindness I shall never forget. This worthy and excellent man was also a constant visitor at the cottage, whenever his duties would permit; and to his instructions am I indebted for whatever knowledge I

possess.

When in my eighth year, intelligence arrived of Sir Edward's return; and much as I desired to see the father of Agnes, still I can remember a dejection came upon my spirits, and I seemed to dread it as something which foreboded evil. He received me, however, with great kindness, as the foster-brother of Agnes; but never shall I forget his terrible look, when, with the playful familiarity of childhood, the dear girl put her little white arms round my work. It was the first time I had ever witnessed a storm of passion, and it left an impression on my mind which time can never efface. I was removed from the castle; and nothing but the persuasions of his sister and a nobleman who had accompanied him, would have prevented the dismissal of my father from his situation. In a few days afterwards, the Baronet, with his children and sister, went to the metropolis, and I was left desolate. Four years elapsed before we met again; but though nothing is sooner erased from the memory of a child than past events, yet the remembrance of the companion who shared our infantine amusements seldom quits us through life: and so I found it with Agnes. Since we had parted, I had made great proficiency in learning; could write and draw with accuracy. was I deficient in athletic exercises: young as I was, nothing gave me greater delight than skimming through the liquid element, climbing the lofty mountain, or breaking through the thick mazes of the forest. The scenery in 'Paul and Virginia' raised a desire in my mind to imitate the former; and often have I ascended the highest tree, sitting for hours on its topmost branches, and gazing towards the road where I had last seen the equipage of Sir Edward disappear. We were now in our twelfth year; the Baronet was gone abroad, taking his son with him; and Agnes, with her aunt (who had married a gouty old Colonel), took up their abode at the castle. The Colonel was an 'Honourable,' but the very reverse of his lady or her brother: he was destitute of their pride, and I was frequently permitted to pass whole days at the castle, in reading to, and amusing him. In these pursuits Agnes was generally at my side, when the absence of her aunt allowed it; and I number some of those hours as the happiest in my life. Her instructress was a mild, amiable woman, of Christian meekness and piety: she had drank deep from the cup of sorrow, and there was a pensive melancholy imprinted on her countenance. Thus passed two happy years, during which I felt my heart more strongly linked with every thing that concerned the gentle Agnes. I was yet unacquainted with the cause of these feelings; and the first time that the truth opened to my heart, was on my fifteenth birth-day. My father, whom I had occasionally assisted in his labours, gave a little fête. It was the height of summer;

the most respectable youths and lasses in the village were assembled to a dance, in the park. The Colonel was wheeled to the spot in his garden-chair, and Agnes graced the festival. The Colonel had deceived his lady as to where her niece was going, and no one esteemed her sufficiently to state the fact. The dance commenced, and Agnes was my partner. Oh! then I felt how precious she was to my heart, as her light airy form was pressed in my arms: but when I contrasted the coarseness of my apparel with the delicate texture of her dress, a pang of deep humiliation stung me to the soul. At this moment a young man, in a travelling dress, advanced towards us. It was Sir Edward's son. His face was flushed with anger; he seized the arm of his sister with a wild impetuosity, that caused her to cry out, and I immediately interfered. He raised his riding-whip, and struck me-yes, struck me to the earth! I sprang upon my feet, but was instantly held fast, and forced to the cottage, while Agnes was hurried away to the castle. Ah! then I felt what it was to love, and despair took possession of my mind. All other considerations seemed swallowed up, and I determined to fly from the place. Parents, kindred, were forgotten! and ere the dawn broke upon the cottage or the castle, I was far on my way from home. In the early part of the morning I was accosted by a gentlemanlike man, who offered me a seat in a post-chaise. This I gladly accepted, and found he was a naval officer, about to join his ship at Plymouth. The world was all before me, and he proposed my "serving my country." To my romantic mind there was a magic in the expression; and before another day had elapsed, I was entered on the books of the Amphion frigate as a volunteer. There was no time for reflection. I was wearied with my journey, sleep overpowered my faculties, and before the dawn arose, the ship was out at sea. Never shall I forget my sensations when I first beheld the expanse of ocean, without a single speck to break its monotonous appearance: blue waters all around, and the clear heaven above, while the tall ship, reflecting her image on the waves, "breasted the lofty surge." I was ignorant of etiquette, and without ceremony, respectfully addressed my friend, the lieutenant; but he repulsed my familiarity with coldness, and directed a lad to take me to his cabin, where he immediately joined me. Here he explained the nature of the service, and the distance which it was necessary to keep up between the officers and crew. He then made inquiry as to my clothes, and generously supplied me with some linen from his own stock. The ship's tailor altered one of his jackets, and in a short time I was equipped as a sailor. But ah! how many hours of bitter mortification and anguish did I undergo! I had every thing to learn, was often ill-used, and every day carried me farther away from all I loved. The frigate was bound to the East Indies, and months must elapse before I could inform my parents of my situation. Remorse preyed upon my mind: I had not contemplated leaving England, much more leaving it without letting them know where I was; but now their affectionate hearts were wrung with my indiscretion. Agnes too !---but the remembrance of the sweet girl was ever accompanied by the recollection of the blow I had received, and I determined to persevere in the profession I had engaged in. The lieutenant was my sincere friend, and I endeavoured, by every means in my power, to profit by his kindness, and testify my gratitude. At

first I was much persecuted by the seamen: but when they found me desirous of learning, and attentive to my duty, there was not a man who did not render me assistance. On one occasion, while the ship was lying nearly becalmed, one of the junior midshipmen, as he was playing about the rigging, fell overboard. I instantly dashed into the sea, and supported him till a boat was lowered down, and took us up. This act, for which I claim no merit, brought me under the immediate notice of the captain, and I was removed to the quarter-deck, to do duty as a midshipman. Every one expressed satisfaction at my promotion, and my new messmates vied with each other in manifesting their generous feelings.

After a passage of four months, we arrived at Madras; and I lost no time in writing, to acquaint my parents of my destination: but, unfortunately, the letter never reached their hands, as the ship which conveyed it was wrecked off the Cape, and every soul perished. Scarcely had we had time to refit and victual, when orders were given to proceed to the China seas, as two French frigates had been seen cruising among the islands. For six months we continued in search of them, but without success; and at the expiration of that time we returned to Madras. It would be needless for me to enumerate the many places we visited. Our stay in India occupied three years, and we were

then directed to sail for England, with despatches.

During all this time I had never heard from home; but still the fond remembrances of early enjoyments in that sweet spot, clung to my soul, and became the subject of many sketches from my pencil, some of which the captain had taken to ornament his cabin. Agnes, in all her loveliness, was always present to my imagination; prompting me to many an honourable action, and restraining me from everything which could bring discredit on my affection. To her dear image I was indebted for the respect and esteem I enjoyed from every one on board. The master's mate had been promoted to a lieutenancy, and I was appointed to fill the vacant station. Often did I rejoice in my heart at the prospect of once more embracing those who were so dear to me; and as often did the sickening sensations of distracting doubt agitate my breast.

One lovely evening, the sky was beautifully serene—the ocean, like a clear mirror, reflected the golden rays of the setting sun, and the light breeze just lulled the spreading sails to sleep, propelling the ship almost imperceptibly along, at the rate of three knots an hour*. It was one of those evenings that baffle the painter's art, and only the poet can pourtray. The first watch was drawing to a close; it had struck seven bells+, the seamen on the look-out had proclaimed "all's well!" and every thing was again hushed to solemn stillness. I was standing on the gangway, full of pensive musings, watching a bright star, just kindling on the verge of the horizon: it beamed like a ray of hope, irradiating the gloom which hung heavy upon my heart. Suddenly it expanded like the glowing meteor, and the ocean was illuminated with a red and gory tinge. I was struck with astonishment; but at the same moment an exclamation resounded fore and aft, " A ship on fire! a ship on fire!" and the horrid conviction was, alas! too evident. In a

few minutes the flames were distinctly visible, and the ship was pronounced to be about five miles distant. Never before did I witness such alacrity among our crew as in that hour of peril. The captain, and every officer and man, were on deck immediately: and as it was impossible for the frigate to approach in sufficient time to rescue the sufferers, before ten minutes had elapsed from the period of first noticing the fire, every boat was in motion towards the scene of danger. It fell to my lot to command the captain's gig, a swift-pulling boat, with seven men, who bent to their oars with all the might of brave and generous spirits. As we drew near, the destructive element raged with increasing fury; and the shrieks of the wretched creatures came mingling with the crackling of the flames and the crash of falling masts. The frigate had fired guns and hoisted lights, to shew them succour was at hand; and the boats' crews occasionally cheered, to announce that they were approaching to their rescue. The shouts were returned from the burning ship; but so wild, so fearful, they sounded like the expiring yell of agony, that still clung to hope and life. I would have dashed instantly alongside, but the old coxswain respectfully warned me of the danger of such a measure, "as the boat," he said, "would instantly be swamped by the crowds that would rush into her." We were now within a short distance of the vessel, and oh! what a sight of horror was presented! The ports were all open, and the flames pouring from them as from so many mouths, seemed eager for their prey. Numbers of poor creatures were swimming towards us, whilst others held pieces of shattered spars, with strong convulsive grasp. The fore-part of the ship was nearly consumed, and the upper part abaft was rapidly falling in. Those who could swim, we left for other boats to take up; and pulling under the stern, we lay unobserved, by the gun-room ports, while the fiery fragments came tumbling thick about us. Trusting to my skill in swimming, should it be deemed requisite to jump overboard, I instantly entered the port-hole; and the ship having turned before the wind, what little air there was, drove the greatest part of the smoke forward: yet there was an almost insupportable heat, and the suffocating vapours bid defiance to my efforts to penetrate further. feeling I could not account for-an indescribable feeling-urged me on, and I reached the gun-room ladder, at the bottom of which lay a human being, whose sufferings, apparently, were over. I passsed my hand quickly to the heart, to feel if any palpitation yet remained, and discovered that the individual was a female: she was yet living, and in a few minutes was safely in the boat. Again I returned with three of my crew, and soon had the satisfaction of rescuing eight poor wretches, who lay in a state of insensibility, and must soon have perished. Stimulated by success, we penetrated to the burning deck above; and never shall I forget the horror of the spectacle. Here all was brilliancy and light; and the devouring element, rolling its huge volumes over many a devoted victim, roared in its fierceness, as if to stifle the thrilling scream of the last death-pang. Several half-burnt and mangled bodies could be distinguished in the flames, and many others lay in a senseless state, unconscious of the awful doom awaiting them. Near the transom, abaft, sat a mother, with an infant in her arms. She seemed unconscious of any object moving near her: she saw not our approach

but her eye-balls wildly glared upon the red hue of the burning fabric. I spoke to her, shook her arm, but her eyes still continued fixed-alas! the film of death was on them! She heeded me not, but clasped her infant closer to her bosom-gave one wild, one dismal shriek, and mortal agony was over. The moments became exceedingly precious: the smiling infant (for it smiled amidst the horrors of the appalling scene), was secured; and several poor wretches were dragged to the gun-room scuttle, where they were thrown down, risking their limbs to save their lives; and the boat was completely filled, almost to sinking: yet numbers were still left behind, and roused from their stupor by the increasing heat, came rushing to the port, and plunging headlong in the sea:—it was but changing their mode of death; for the watery element, equally fatal with that from which they strove to escape—engulphed them in its dark abyss, at once their destruction and their grave. I was compelled to put some of my rescued party in the launch, and then pulled briskly for the frigate. The female I had thus saved was still insensible; but yet, as she lay extended in the stern-sheets of the boat, with her head resting on my knees, I could feel the tremulous palpitation of her heart; and Hope whispered, that she might yet recover. She appeared to be young, but her dark hair hung in thick flakes down her face, so as to conceal her features. The worthy coxswain had wrapped the infant in his jacket, which was now sweetly sleeping in the box by his side.

Several of the sufferers, restored to fresh air, speedily recovered; but it was only to lament some one whom they supposed had perished. In the bows of the boat, an elderly man raised his white head, and with incoherent language, inquired where he was. The bowman soothed him, and tried to explain his situation. "But my son! my daughter!" he exclaimed, "where are they?" Then turning to the burning ship-"Wretched, wretched man, they are lost!-lost for ever, and I yet live!" He struggled to throw himself into the sea, but, overcome with weakness, fell backward. At this moment another voice faintly uttered, "My father! my father!" A cry of ecstasy burst from the old man's lips-it was his son! The youth lay near me, and the exclamation drew my attention towards him. He started up like one awaking from a frightful dream, and glared wildly around. But, O God! in what language can I pourtray the various feelings which alternately took possession of my soul, when, fixing his look on me, I saw the countenance of Sir Edward's son. A sick shuddering came across me. The old man had called upon his daughter. In an instant the inanimate body of the young female was raised in my arms. I parted the dark tresses that obscured her face, and as the red glare shone upon it, recognised my Agnes! Yes, it was she! my arm had encircled her neck, my hand had been pressed upon her heart-but then I knew her not: and now to find her thus! Sobs of anguish, and tumultuous bursts of joy, followed in rapid succession. The men rested on their oars: the coxswain guessed the cause, but knew not the whole truth; and it was some minutes before I was sufficiently tranquil to give directions. "You have saved her, Sir," said the coxswain, and a glow of pleasure filled my heart. Sir Edward and his son had relapsed into stupor, and shortly afterwards we reached the frigate. I sprang upon the deck, to

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inform the captain whom I had brought, and then returned again to the boat, to see my only, my richest treasure, safely conducted up the side. In my arms I carried the dear girl to the captain's cabin: stole one kiss from those lips, on which I had hung with such delight in early infancy-pressed her to my heart-and then hastened back to my duty. Again I reached the ship; but all approach was now impossible, and we could only pick up those who were enabled to swim; and occasionally, by great hazard, run so close as to receive some poor sufferer from the wreck. Yet there were many who still remained; and dreading to trust themselves to the sea, hung tremblingly between two deaths. My boat was once more filled, as were also all the rest, and we made for the frigate, which had arrived within a short distance. Suddenly, an awful explosion shook the whole atmosphere, the glare of light was for a moment increased—the next, a shower of blazing timbers fell in every direction around; and the pale moon alone shed her silvery effulgence on the transparent wave. No shouts, no shrieks were to be heard: the bitterness of death was passed, and all was as tranquil as the grave. Happily the burning ruin had struck none of the boats, and we soon afterwards put the sufferers on board. The boats then again repaired to the place; but, except the shattered remnants of the wrecks, no trace was left: the swelling billow rolled smoothly on—and that gallant ship, with many a stout heart, was buried beneath its deceitful surface. Still we passed across and across, in every direction; and long after the sun had kindled up the day our search was continued; but nothing met our view, except mutilated fragments of human bodies, and pieces of blackened timber. All hands repaired on board, the boats were hoisted in, and the frigate pursued her way to England.

On getting aboard, I hastened to the surgeon, and inquired the state of Agnes and her friends. They had all recovered, and were composed to slumber. Etiquette forbade my entering the precincts of the cabin uninvited; yet I lingered near the door, and the steward gave me all the information I could obtain. Duty compelled me to attend in another part of the ship; after which I hastened to my birth, and equipped myself in uniform, for the forenoon watch. Never was I more studious in adjusting my dress; and a feeling of pride animated me, under the reflection that I had endeavoured to earn my present distinction solely by my own efforts. We had saved ninety-seven people (including passengers), out of one hundred and forty-three. The ship was an East Indiaman, on her passage out; and Sir Edward was going in her to Calcutta, to fill a high official station. No one could tell how the fire had originated, but it was supposed to have been occasioned by the communication of some combustible matter with the fodder, stowed in the orlop deck, for the live-stock; but so amazingly rapid had been its spread, that the boats were rendered useless before they could be got out, excepting one small jolly-boat, which sunk soon after it was lowered. Notwithstanding my attention to dress, it would be impossible to describe the tumult of agitation under which I laboured. Parents-home-Agnesall rushed upon my heart; and the cruel blow which had occasioned my departure, mingled with the rest. When relieving the watch, I found my friend, the lieutenant, upon deck, and to him I briefly related my situation. He had heard parts of my story before; but when I

told him all, he advised me to suffer things to take their course; to manifest a becoming spirit, and by no means to shew resentment. He said, the captain had spoken very highly of me, for my exertions and humanity, and was greatly pleased with my conduct. Praise is sweet from those who despise unmeaning flattery, and this came like a cordial

to my drooping mind.

Soon after ten o'clock Sir Edward awoke, considerably refreshed, and walked about the cabin. He talked much of his deliverer; and on being soon after joined by his children, he returned thanks to Heaven for their safety. While rising from the attitude of thanksgiving, his eye was suddenly caught by a view of his own castle, and several neighbouring prospects, which I had delineated from memory. He stood still; it revived recollections at once both pleasing and painful. Agnes joined him, with an exclamation of surprise, for she, too, had discovered the cottage of my parents. Her brother had left them, for the deck. The moment I saw him ascending, a feeling of indignation filled my breast, but it was momentary: I gave him the usual salute, and walked forward, to issue directions to the men. Shortly afterwards Sir Edward and Agnes appeared, and my agitation became almost insupportable, particularly when I heard the captain's voice hailing me, and guessed the purport of his call. Mustering all my resolution, I approached them; but who can paint the different looks of father, son, and daughter? The countenance of the first was suffused with shame; the second betrayed a humbled pride; while Agnes, her eyes filled with tears, viewed me with tenderness, mingled with reproach. Sir Edward expressed his acknowledgments in broken accents; sometimes it was stiff formality, and then it sunk to condescending kindness. There was a conflict of passions in his breast. He took my hand with coldness, and then pressed it ardently. The son had walked away, but Agnes spoke volumes to my soul. I had been treasured in her memory with fond affection. The interview was distressing to each. I would have inquired for my parents; but while the question hung upon my lips, a well-remembered face displayed itself-it was the old butler of the family. As soon as it was possible, I took the old man aside, and learned that the kind beings to whom I owed existence had been dismissed from the estate, but had since obtained a competency through the death of a relation, and were now comfortably settled. They had mourned my loss as one who would never return, and he believed they were totally unacquainted with my being alive. I briefly ran over my history to him, and only on one subject was I silent; but this was unnecessary, as he told me many circumstances which gladdened my heart. Being officer of the forenoon watch, it was my turn to dine with the captain. This I would gladly have declined; but it was impossible, without a breach of regulations. At the appointed hour, after putting on my full dress, I entered the cabin, and was seated, at the captain's desire, by the side of Agnes. Sir Edward bit his lips, but his son quitted the table, muttering something about plebeian; while the sweet girl was almost fainting with alarm. The captain had noticed a strange peculiarity at our first meeting; and, as I understood afterwards, had answered many inquiries respecting me. My friend the lieutenant had also given him some hints, but his heart was too generous to insult an

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individual because his origin was humble. He himself had climbed through every gradation to his present rank, and despised the proud aspirings of those who considered high birth as the greatest recommendation. Without discomposing himself, he directed the steward to carry the young gentleman's plate to another table. Sir Edward felt this; and rising up, demanded whether his present condition had so far reduced him in the captain's estimation, as to make him the object of insult? "Sir Edward," replied the captain, calmly, "when you have explained yourself, I shall be better able to answer you: at present I am involved in mystery." Look there!" said the Baronet, pointing to me, "the son of my gardener! Look there!" continued he, turning to his son, "the heir to the richest baronetage in Great Britain: and that," pointing to Agnes, "to my shame be it spoken, is my daughter!" I offered to withdraw. "Sit still, Mr. -," said the captain, taking me by the hand, rising at the same time with all the dignity which marked his character, "Sir Edward," he coolly answered, "it is not in my nature to taunt any one with obligations. I view mankind as united to me by the strongest ties; and whether it was a beggar or a duke, should consider I had only done my duty, in snatching a fellowcreature from destruction. But, let me ask, where would your baronetage have been, had not this young officer stepped between you and the grave? Where would your ungrateful son have been, but for his timely aid? And where would this sweet girl, of whom any father ought to be proud-where, I say, would she have been, but for the youth you despise?" He grew warm. "By heaven! Sir Edward! you would have found the sharks no respecters of birth or riches: they revel in the glorious spoils of Death; and you, long ere now, might have satiated their ravenous appetites!" The Baronet shuddered. "As for this young officer, he has been upwards of three years under my command. I have watched him silently and secretly: he is a noble fellow, and shall never want a friend while these old timbers hold together! If he has injured your daughter, say so at once, and I instantly discard him." "He has! he has!" exclaimed both Sir Edward and his son. I felt myself inspired with eloquence, and told my tale. "If," said I, "to love Miss Agnes is a crime, it is one that has produced the most happy results, and never, never, will I resign it. To that love I am indebted for my present situation; it has been the Polestar of my heart, yet never till this moment did my lips avow it. This, then, Sir, is the injury I have committed; and now it remains with you, to drive me from you, or still to cherish the obscure individual whom you are pleased to patronise." "Drive you away, my boy!" replied the captain: "no, no. I should indeed consider you unworthy of my notice, could you associate with so lovely a lass, and be insensible to her amiable disposition and beauty. But what says the fair lady? Does she, too, despise the poor but honest sailor?" A faint smile passed across her pallid cheek, as she distinctly uttered-" He has preserved my father's life!" At that moment, thrown off my guard, I caught her hand, and pressed it to my lips. Both her father and her brother saw it, but they neither spoke nor moved. "Come, come!" said the captain, as he turned round to hide the gathering tear: "let us sit down to dinner, and we'll discuss the matter afterwards. At present, thank

God, you are safe: the young folks have yet many years to pass over their heads, and a thousand things may happen." A pang shot through my breast. "Thus much, however, I will say: if ever he disgraces his cloth, I will be the first to oppose his designs; but if, on the contrary, he continues as he has begun, I will support him, by G—! with hand and heart: so, Sir Edward, you will have two opponents, instead of one." Sir Edward resumed his seat, his son returned to the table, but it was evidently with great mortification; and the dinner passed

off tolerably well.

The infant I had taken from its dying mother was the son of a female passenger, going to join her husband, an officer in the army, who had preceded her about twelve months, at a time when it was impossible she could accompany him. The little innocent did not want for nurses in the frigate, as a great many women had been saved, and all were anxious to caress and fondle the child. After touching at the island of Flores, for a supply of water and fresh provisions, we pursued our course for home; and though, from my junior station, I could not join the company of Sir Edward and his family, nor even approach the captain, unless on duty, yet Agnes took frequent opportunities of conversing with me. I did not venture to mention my ardent attachment, or request a return of her esteem, yet I had the satisfaction of knowing that we regarded each other with feelings of affection, founded upon the purest desire of promoting each other's happiness. None but those who have witnessed, can form an idea of the beauties of a fine clear summer evening, passed upon the glossy surface of the ocean. It is the season when the officers assemble on the quarterdeck, and, as they pace fore and aft, enjoy the social and unrestrained converse which is precious to the heart. The falling shades of twilight conceal the anxious look, the starting tear, as busy Memory conjures up scenes of past joys, and Hope portrays the coming future. It was at these hours that Agnes generally came on deck, and I sometimes had the inexpressible pleasure of enjoying her society. Sir Edward had relaxed in his haughtiness; but his son remained impenetrably stubborn.

At length we arrived in England. The Baronet repaired to London; but previously to his departure, I received the most solemn assurance of the constancy of Agnes. To my friend the lieutenant I was indebted for this last interview; and in his presence our vows of fidelity were pledged. As soon as possible, I visited my parents (whose joy exceeded all bounds) and found them very comfortably settled. A few weeks after our arrival, the Baronet, with his son and daughter, once more embarked for Bombay. I had one farewell letter from Agnes; and every feeling of my soul was roused to renewed exertions in my profession, under the hope of one day calling her mine. It would be a useless, though perhaps not an uninteresting task, for me to detail the events of seven succeeding years; during which I frequently endeavoured to get upon the East India station, and at last succeeded. Through the recommendation of the captains I had served with, I was at this time first lieutenant of a sloop of war, and had obtained considerable property in prize-money; but I knew it would be necessary to gain higher promotion, before Sir Edward would listen to my proposals.

Nevertheless, the prospect of seeing Agnes, afforded the most lively emotions of pleasing expectation. To this moment I can remember the delight which swelled my soul, when we anchored at Bombay, with an enemy's vessel of superior force, which we had captured, after a smart engagement; and which had been, for a long time, a great annoyance to our trade in the Indian seas. As soon as duty would permit, I went ashore, and eagerly inquired for the residence of Sir Edward. Thither I hastened, and almost the first individual that met my sight was the old butler. From him I learned that the baronet had been consigned to the tomb about nine months before; that young Sir Edward retained an important office; and that the gentle Agnes, harassed by the importunities of her brother (I afterwards heard cruelties), to become the wife of an extremely wealthy but depraved libertine, had sunk, brokenhearted, to the grave! and the old man, with many tears, placed in my hands her last letter, addressed to me, with a small box, containing her miniature and several other mementos of an affectionate heart.

I shall not attempt to describe the anguish of my spirit at this heavy disappointment. Many years have flown away since, and I am now an old post-captain; but though I have seen hundreds of beautiful and pleasing women, I am still single. My affection for the devoted Agnesmy first, my only love—remains unshaken; and I look forward to that happy union, in the blissful realms of immortality, which knows neither

separation nor sorrow!

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THE OLD SAILOR

THE CONTRAST.

Bur yesterday—but yesterday— How vast were the domains that lay, Hill, valley, field, and flood,-An ever-interposing screen The spot where now I stand, between, And that, whereon I stood: Where Nature prodigally threw Her blessings, and her beauties too!

But that I knew its natural birth, I could have deemed that spot of earth Divine-if earth had one; Its ocean-bay, so bright, so still, Wreathed round with many a fair blue hill, Breeze, bird, nor flower, remain to me; Where tower and hamlet shone; Each through its little nest of trees, That brightened in the sun and breeze.

And thou, the idol of the spot, My home awhile—thou low, white cot, That in the morning clear, When light and gladness o'er thee played— And in the evening's pensive shade, To me alike wert dear-Ay, dearer far thy lowly walls, Than regal bowers, or marble halls.

IV.

But yesterday—and thou wert mine, With all that heritage of thine, To look on, and to love: To-day-nor rock, nor rill, nor tree, The very sky above But cheats my eye,—for though as fair, It is not that I looked on there.

The city's din, the eager strife, And passionate swell of human life, Are congregated here ;— Here Wealth, and Skill, and Enterprise, Display their trophies to the skies, Their thousand temples rear ;— But lowlier spells my spirit sway—
The quiet charms of yesterday!

M. J. J.

KITTY KIRBY.

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A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

The honeysuckle of the cottage-porch,
In all its freshness, all its fragrance plucked,
And scattered wantonly.

Amberstone without the epithet of poor, pronounced, even by the rudest speaker, in tones of commiseration. Silence follows the exclamation, during which tears are seen to start to the eyes of the young and the old. It is not two years since that very name might be said to be only another word for cheerfulness; for at that period the very mention of it was synonymous with the idea of a lovely maiden, sportively innocent,

the sound of whose voice was an invocation to pleasure.

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Kate Kirby was the only child of Cicely Kirby, a widow, who had preserved two small cottages, with about four acres of land, out of the ruin of that property which, with her hand, she had bestowed upon her late husband. He had been one of those thoughtless, good-natured fellows, whom the world admits to be "nobody's enemy but their own." Every man is, indeed, either his own best friend, or his own worst enemy. Harry Kirby might be said, with and without a pun, on every occasion, to forget himself: the worst of the matter was, that he

forgot his wife and daughter at the same time.

At the death of her husband, Mrs. Kirby let out one cottage and the land, and made the other, with its charming garden and orchard, the dwelling of herself and little Kate. She possessed, also, a contented spirit; and this, with a few books and her daughter, soon reconciled her to her condition. Kate was her treasure: the laugh that ever played about the dimpled cheek of this lovely girl—(and it was the laugh of the heart, the unaffected gaiety of affection)—was her happiness. The mother's spirit caught that hilarity of tenderness, manifested thus continually in the object the fondest and the most endeared to it. The neighbours participated in the influence: and it became common, from one end of Amberstone to the other, on any appearance of discontent, to say, "Well, now! why can't we be as happy as Dame Kirby and her daughter Kate?"

It has been remarked of young women whose dispositions are distinguished for cheerfulness, that they do not love readily; but that when they love, they love earnestly. In truth, "if love will not make them serious, nothing will." Poor Kate Kirby! She was between sixteen and seventeen, when a young man, who had just turned his one-and-twentieth year, had occasion to call upon her mother, upon business. His deceased father had been trustee for Mrs. Kirby's dowry, and he had found some writings belonging to her amongst his papers. These writings were important, as being the title-deeds of her little property; but as her possession of them would add nothing to her income, she had had hitherto considered them perfectly safe in the hands of her

trustee. The act, however, shewed attention to her interests, and young Mr. Elmwood was cordially received. What his actual motives in this transaction were, I will not venture to insinuate. He had seen Kate Kirby once or twice at his father's house; for old Elmwood occasionally noticed Mrs. Kirby and her daughter, and invited them to a sort of triennial dinner, during which, with much apparent feeling, he condoled with her on the folly and extravagance of her late husband; and lamented, with probably as much sincerity as delicacy, that her handsome dowry was reduced to such narrow limits. Mrs. Kirby always returned home in tears, and she never accepted the invitation but with repugnance.

Kate Kirby was then, as I have said, in her seventeenth year. I would describe her if I could; but it was not the colour of her hair or of her eyes—it was not her face nor her figure, that constituted the truly fascinating loveliness which all acknowledged who approached her. She was fair, but I have seen fairer: her hair was auburn, but I have seen locks of a more glossy hue: her form was light and elegant, yet have I seen forms of more accurate symmetry. Her hazel eyes had light in them that I never saw outshone; and her lips had a ruddiness, and, in their smile, an expression, that I never saw equalled: while their laugh—for Kate, as I have before noticed, would repeatedly laugh outright—realized to my imagination the laugh of a Hebe in her inno-

cence, before she served at the banquets of the gods.

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Charles Elmwood was elegant in person and manners, and gay in disposition. Already he had seen much of high life, and had thereby contracted that modern affectation of indifference, and that haughtiness of general demeanour, which, perhaps, heighten the casual expression of sentiment and condescension. He was exactly one of those wealthy young men, of whom persons in a grade or two below them are apt to say, "He can be very agreeable when he pleases." It pleased him to endeavour to be as agreeable as possible in the society of Kitty Kirby, and to be in her society as often as possible. A small shooting-box, belonging to the manor which now formed part of his possessions, had stood for some years neglected on the lands of a neighbouring farm: it was immediately put into complete repair, and his residence there facilitated his interviews with this amiable girl; while in his more immediate object of rendering himself agreeable to her, he was as successful as he could wish. Poor Kate Kirby! she loved him with a devotion of tenderness which, even from the first moment, appeared like infatuation. She, indeed, loved in earnest. Nor was her gaiety of heart suddenly extinguished, in her intensity of affection. If it yielded, at intervals, to seriousness, languor, or to melancholy, it would also, at intervals, burst out with redoubled vivacity, blended with a more than customary tenderness of manner, and the very delicacy of sportive-

Charles Elmwood could not but perceive the attachment of his victim; but neither the sincerity nor the simplicity that characterised that attachment awakened in him the least commiseration. He admired the undisguisedness of heart with which a lovely being, in whose bosom had hitherto resided joy, and whose every whisper had breathed of happiness, immolated to him her future existence: but he hesitated not to

accept the sacrifice, nor deceitfully to lull the apprehensions of such an innocent one, at the instant when the confidence of love verges upon crime, and the ecstasy of mutual bliss trembles on the brink of irremediable evil. Then, even then, did he mingle with his blandishments assurances of reciprocal tenderness, and pledges of honourable engagement. Under such pledges, in the security of everlasting faith, and while sensibility overpowered both presentiment and reflection, the sacrifice was made; and poor Kitty Kirby, in full reliance on the integrity of her lover, forgot the preservation of that purity, without which the integrity of the female heart, however perfect, is lost to the

intercourse of society.

This occurred in the autumn of the year before last; and Charles Elmwood remained at his shooting-box until December. The commerce of the lovers was frequent, and wholly without that management which girls less artless than Kate would almost instinctively have understood. The neighbours—alas! what have neighbours to do with love?—made themselves very busy. Perhaps there might be a little envy in Betsy Baslett and another-but, generally, it was the consideration of friendship that made them so. The matter was mentioned in hints to Mrs. Kirby: but Mrs. Kirby was very slow in comprehending hints. At length, however, she became alarmed; and then, with a hasty openness of manner, which was at once the failing and the virtue of the family, spoke earnestly, and somewhat angrily to her daughter upon the subject. Poor Kate turned pale—she bit her lips, sobbed, and was silent: the truth, the whole truth, was often upon those very lips, struggling to come forth; but there was that in her mother's expressions and air, that forbade the utterance. It was not a moment of filial confidence. Poor Kate Kirby!-Her mother talked of virtue, which Kate was conscious she no longer possessed; and boasted of her reliance on that honour, which, unless her lover was indeed honourable, was now less than a name.

It was in the firm confidence that he was indeed honourable, that poor Kate Kirby directed her steps, that afternoon, towards the shootingbox of Charles Elmwood; yet as she went, strange doubts of that honour, for the first time, arose in her mind. Oh! how painful is that errand, when we go to ask those we love to do that which they ought to do of their own accord—to call for performance, the neglect of which on their part throws a doubt upon their love; while importunity on our side may imply selfishness and mistrust! Kate entered the lodge in She saw her fate in Charles's hesitation. She offered no remonstrance; she did not even look a reproach—she only continued to weep. Without redemption of her honour, which it was in his power alone to grant, she resolved never more to stand before her mother. "In a state of shame," her mother had hastily said, "she could no longer be hers!"-" In a state of shame," said poor Kate to her lover, "I am yours only. If I am unworthy to be your wife, yet remove me from this place: in shame I can have no home but of your providing!"

A post-chaise was ordered: a short note was written to her mother; and, by the close of the next day, Kate Kirby was with Charles Elm-

wood, in elegant lodgings in Mary-le-bone.

How different in manner, and yet how equally miserable, was the ensuing year passed by Kate Kirby and her unhappy mother!—But I enter not into detail.

It was towards the evening of a dark, wet day, in the November following, that a pale, emaciated figure, in black attire, passed along the narrow winding lane, which, with its scattered cottages on either hand, forms the village of Amberstone. Many of the dwellings were, indeed, closed for the night, but here and there a labourer, with a lantern, was coming from his cow-shed or his stye; or a woman, with a child in her arms, was looking out for the return of her husband; or some wench was lifting a neighbour's latch, with a borrowed bucket or basket, and just peeping in, to see what kept Josh or Joe so quiet at home. Betsy Baslett was thus holding the door of Dolly Hanbury's hovel half open, while a stream of light from the bright fire within, spread forward upon the melancholy figure in black, that slowly moved on, and sobbed aloud as it went.

"La! Doll!" exclaimed Betsy Baslett, "if there ben't Kitty Kirby;

looking for a' the world like a ghaist!"

"Ghaist, indeed," said Dame Hanbury, coming to the door: "an' what should bring her from her Lunnen pride and finery, just as the ghaist of her wretched mother is flitting, after a' its sufferings, to a world o' peace and rest?"

The melancholy form in black, hurrying onward, sobbed aloud and

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Mrs. Kirby was indeed on her death-bed: she was a corse upon that bed. She had sickened at heart. She was not heard to complainshe was never seen to weep-the name of her daughter never escaped her lips. The fever on her nerves was continual, but she sought neither aid nor advice, and died almost alone! A poor aged woman, who had for some years past subsisted upon a pittance from the parish, and who had been her casual attendant, now sat beside the body. About eight or nine o'clock that evening, this old woman, who had long been thought to be at times unsettled in her mind, alarmed the village with a bewildered story. She said, that a pale, ghostly-looking woman in black, had entered the apartment, and had knelt down by the bedside, weeping most grievously. She added, that she spoke to the person, who instantly stared at her frightfully, and disappeared. "I well believe it was Kitty Kirby!" continued the old woman: "an' if she be Kate, Kate is no longer o' this world, and is woefully waur looking for her abiding in any other."

This story, related on the united testimony of Betsy Baslett and Dolly Hanbury, created an alarming sensation throughout the village of Amberstone. Inquiries were made with anxiety and perturbation; but an impartial observer would probably have noticed, that in every inquiry there was a strong inclination to believe that the ghost of Kitty Kirby had actually been seen: and as no traces of her having been personally in the village were discovered, it was universally admitted that her appearance had been purely spiritual. Such impressions are often made

in a country village, upon much slighter testimony.

In the midland and northern counties, it continues to be the general practice to bury the deceased on the third day after death. The church

of Amberstone is a small ancient rustic building, somewhat remote from the farms and cottages. On the day when, according to the established custom, the funeral of the unhappy Mrs. Kirby was to take place, almost the whole of the inhabitants of Amberstone assembled at the door of her dwelling, and followed her remains in mournful procession. The clergyman, who resided in the adjoining parish, came across some fields, and took his position before the coffin, as the mourners entered the church-yard. Repeating the commencement of the funeral service without book, he led the way to the porch of the The clerk, who walked nearly at the side of the humble edifice. curate, holding the church key in his hand, stepped forward to unlock the door. It already stood a-jar: he thrust it open, and advanced. This old man, whose straight long white hair has, for many years, given a venerable aspect to the seat he occupies beneath the reading-desk, started suddenly, dropped the key, and exclaimed, "Bless us all! what is this?" The clergyman broke off abruptly his recitation; and, of the mourners who had entered the church, the females shrieked, and the men stood transfixed with grief and astonishment.

The object that occasioned this awful and melancholy interruption was the body of Kate Kirby, prostrate, with her face towards the communion table. She seemed to have been on her knees at the moment of her death, and to have fallen forward, with her hands clasped and extended, in dying. There was in her bosom a small prayer-book, which usually remained in the pew occupied by her mother.

had contained laudanum, lay on the step of the altar!

COME TO THE HILLS!

WOULD'ST thou behold The Day-God rise, And wide unfold Morn's blue-bell eyes-And star the rills? Come to the hills!

II.

From grass and brake, And Flora's crew, Would'st gently shake The precious dew Which Heaven distils? Come to the hills!

Would'st hear the voice Of the merry bird, Which says, "Rejoice!" In sound, not word-And joy fulfils?

Would'st feel thy blood Like music flow-Or crystal flood, Where no weeds grow, And frost ne'er chills? Come to the hills!

Would'st have thy mind Don buoyant wings; And, like the mind, Breathe o'er all things, Unchained by ills? Come to the hills!

Woulds't meet the maid With cheek and eye In hues arrayed Of flower and sky, Whose beauty kills? Come to the hills! May the decessed on the third thay after death. The church

TO MARY, WITH SOME POEMS.

BY JOHN CLARE.

LOVED maiden! thou that once made all That youthful dreams could pleasure call;— That sat for hours by wood and brook, And strayed on curious flowers to look; While all that met thy artless gaze Enjoyed thy smiles, and won thy praise! Oh! thou that didst sincerely love The cuckoo's note, and timid dove; And stood in raptures, oft to hear The blackbird's music, wild and clear; That chased sleep from thy lovely eyes, To see the morning lark arise; And made thy evening rambles long, To list the cricket's chittering song! Thou that at noon would'st seek for bowers, To read away the sultry hours— Where roses hung, the cool to share With thee, a blossom full as fair, Oft withering from noon's scorching look, And, fluttering, dropping on thy book-Whispering morals as they fell, Which thou, ere this, hast proved too well: Picturing stories sad and true, Beneath thy bright eyes, beaming blue;— How youthful beauty fades and dies— How happiness has nought to prize; And blissful pleasures fade away, That seem to own the shortest stay! As suns that blessed thy eyes and mine Are but allowed a day to shine; And fairest days, without a cloud, That gloomy evenings wait to shroud !— So spoke the fading, drooping flowers, That perished in thy musing hours: I know not if by thee decried, Though I could hear them by thy side. But thy warm heart, however wrung, Would not be melancholy long: If such was felt, the cheering day Would quickly chase their glooms away;

To thee earth swarmed with lovely things: The butterfly, with spangled wings, And dragon-fly, and humble-bee, Sung dreams of Paradise to thee. And, oh! thou fairest, dearest still, If Nature's wild mysterious skill Beams that same rapture in thine eye, And left a love that cannot die; If that fond taste was born to last, Nor vanished with the summers past; If seasons, as they used to be, Still meet a favoured smile from thee;— Then thou accept, for Memory's sake, All I can give, or thou canst take— A parted record, known to thee, Of what has been, no more to be: Descriptions wild of "Summer Walks," By hedges, lanes, and trackless baulks; And many an old familiar scene, Where thou hast oft my partner been; And there, enrapt in wild delight, Hast lingered morning, noon, and night; And where to Fancy's raptured thrill, Thy lovely memory lingers still; Where flowers still bloom, and look the while As though they witnessed Mary's smile; And birds still sing thy favoured lays, As if they felt thy former praise; While bees hum glad and fearless by, As though their tender friend were nigh. Oh! if with thee those raptures live, Accept the trifles that I give. Though lost to pleasures witnessed then, Though parted ne'er to meet again-My aching heart is surely free To dedicate its songs to thee. Then thou accept; and if a smile Light on the page thou readest the while-If aught bespeak those vanished hours, Of beauties in thy favoured flowers; Or scenes recall of happy days, That claim, as wont, thy ready praise; Though 1 so long have lost the claim To joys which wear thy gentle name; Though thy sweet face, so long unseen, Seems type of charms that have not been; Thy voice, so long in silence bound To me, that I forget the sound;

And though thy presence warms my theme,

Like beauty floating in a dream;

Yet I will think that such may be,

Though buried secrets all to me;

And if it be as hopes portray,

Then will thy smiles, like dews of Heaven,

Cheer my lone walks, my toils repay,

And all I ask of love be given!

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

THERE is no part of Germany, perhaps of the world, where there are so many romantic ruins of old castles and convents as on the banks of the Rhine, from Mount Taunus to the Seven Mountains. Of the vast number of illustrious families which have flourished and become extinct in this neighbourhood, there is now scarcely one of which even the name would be held in remembrance, but for the wild legends with which they have been handed down to posterity. Schreiber, in his excellent 'Guide to the Scenery of the Rhine,' has been at the pains of collecting several of these wild fictions, and publishing them in an appendix to his work. As the English translator of the book has not thought these romaunts worthy of his attention, and as only two or three of them have as yet appeared in this country, we make no apology for presenting them to our readers in the order in which Schreiber has narrated them. Two of the legends have already been abridged, in an interesting volume, entitled 'Autumn on the Rhine;' but we are not aware that any of the others have made their appearance in an English dress*.

No. I.—FREDERICK I. AND THE FAIR GELA.

THE gallant Hohenstaufen, Frederick Barbarossa, before he became Duke of Swabia, took up his abode at the castle of his ancestors, situated amid one of the most romantic scenes of the neighbourhood of Wettereau. He was at this time just twenty-three years old; but every look and action of the noble youth indicated that he would, one day or other, shine out the hero of his age. He had not been long a resident in the castle of his ancestors, when chance threw him in the way of a lovely daughter of one of his father's vassals, whose beauty and graceful simplicity soon inspired him with a passion, as honourable in its object as it was deep and overwhelming in its effects. Regardless of the disparity of their conditions, he determined to make a declaration of his sentiments, and to solicit her admission of his suit. This intention he took the earliest fitting opportunity of fulfilling; but the fair Gela (for such was the maiden's name), received his advances with reserve; and from that time forward avoided, as much as possible, the chance of encountering him in her walks, by absenting herself almost entirely from the neighbourhood of his castle. In spite of her precautions, however, the young lovers met each other unexpectedly one beautiful evening in a wood on the banks of the Rhine, into which Gela had wandered for the purpose of gathering medicinal herbs to relieve the sufferings

We ought to mention, that Mr. Planche has done several of them into very pretty songs, in his Lays and Legends of the Rhine.

of a sick sister. The young nobleman addressed her with all the devotion of honourable love, and entreated her to favour his suit. The fair-haired Gela, so far from being insensible to the attractions of her lover, regarded him with all the warmth of which a young and inexperienced heart is susceptible. She could not preserve the coldness of her manner any longer; but, holding out her hand to him, addressed him in these terms: "You will find me to-morrow in the chapel of the castle, an hour before sunrise!"

Frederick was not slow to profit by this unexpected invitation. He hastened to the place of rendezvous several hours before the specified time. Gela was true to her appointment, and came with the first blush of morning. Having conducted him to the foot of the altar, she sat herself down beside him, and addressed him in these words:—

"You love me, my lord; and I cannot conceal from you the fact that you are no less dear to me: but I well know that I can never be yours. Select for yourself a consort from among the daughters of persons of your own rank in life, and not from those of your vassals." [Frederick would have interrupted her, but she placed her hand gently upon his lips, and continued]. "I know how to restrain my love for you, but you have no such power over your inclinations. Listen to me: we are in a holy place; and should my resolution fail me, the Mother of our Saviour, whose eyes are upon us both, will, I feel assured, have pity upon me. I will see you, if it be your pleasure, every day at the same hour, and in the same sacred precincts; but in no other place, save in the presence of witnesses. Our love ought to continue pure, as it is at present," continued the lofty maiden; "for I hope, at no distant period, to make it the companion of my yoyage to eternity."

Hohenstaufen fancied he beheld in Gela something more than mortal, as she uttered these words; and he tasted, for the first time in his life, the delights of a new stage of existence. He would willingly have renounced all the glories of birth and state, to have dwelt with this paragon of virtue and beauty, in the humblest cottage on his demesne: but Gela was implacable in her determination.

The two lovers, however, saw each other from day to day in the chapel; and a year had passed away, in the indulgence of this sweet and blameless intercourse, when the Emperor Conrad undertook an expedition to Palestine, at the head of a numerous army. The fair Gela seized this opportunity of exhorting her lover not to allow so favourable an occasion to pass away, without making an effort to signalise his name by some knightly achievement. "Our love is for eternity!" said the gallant Hohenstaufen, as he clasped her in a farewell embrace. "Yes," responded Gela, as she reclined a moment upon his breast, "our love is truly for eternity!"

Frederick repaired to Palestine; and after winning for himself exalted re-

In the meantime his father died, and the dukedom of Swabia descended to him, as his heir. He would fain have flown to the arms of the fair Gelabut, alas! she was nowhere to be found: she had taken the veil only a short time previous to his return; and a letter addressed to him, in her well-known

"You are a Duke, and you ought to choose a wife of equal or superior rank to yourself. I have passed a year of perfect happiness, the recollection of which will suffice me for the rest of my life. Our love is for

Frederick was overwhelmed by this fresh testimony of the purity and disinterestedness of Gela's affection for him, and determined to render himself worthy of her love. Her letter he carried constantly in his bosom; and when, after the lapse of years he was induced, from political motives, to follow the advice contained in it, and unite himself to a woman of rank and influence, he took care to select one who would not be likely to weaken his affection for his devoted Gela. To commemorate her virtues, he built a town, which he intitled Gelashausen, in the part of the forest where they first met; and the name of this town still recalls the remembrance of the generous Hohenstaufen.

STANZAS FOR AN ARABIAN AIR.

I.

BRIGHT, bright is the eye of the wild gazelle,
And her footstep fleet and free;
And white is the pearl, when its native well
Mirrors the blush of the coral-bell
On the pomegranate tree;
But I know, I know of a brighter eye,
Of a step more graceful too—
Of a brow like the pearl in its purity—
Of a lip of a deeper coral dye
Than the rich pomegranate's hue!

TT.

Her locks are the purple clouds of morn,
When their folds, like banners, float;
And her soft celestial voice is born,
As it were, of the bulbul's note!
Her sleep is the calm of a breathing rose—
The rest of a lonely dove,
When the leaves are lulled in the light that flows
From the mellow skies above!

III.

We sat by the fount at even' close,

The star was softly bright—

And a whispered dream from the wave's repose,

Stole on the ear of night!

Sweet, sweet, said I, is that fountain's dream,

And sweet is you blue star's tender shine—

Oh! love me, maid! and my soul shall rest,

More gently lulled, and more deeply blest,

In the beam of those eyes of thine!

IV.

Wild is the bound of the antelope,

When he seeks his sunny cliff;—

When his far home dawns on the plunging skiff,

Wild, wild, is the sea-boy's hope:

But wilder, maiden! oh, wilder yet,

Shall the joy of my spirit be—

When the day that hath made thee mine has set,

And the sound of the dance and the castanet

Is under the citron tree!

C. D. M.

THE MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.

THE interest with which every thing connected with the more striking incidents of Sir Walter Scott's historical novels is regarded, will perhaps be received as an apology for presenting our readers with the following account of the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, from a manuscript in the British Museum, which was drawn up a few weeks after the commission of the horrid deed. Dr. Sharpe was born May 13, 1613, and arrived at the dignity of Archbishop of St. Andrews on December 15, 1661. It appears that the assassination of this amiable and distinguished prelate was directly recommended, sometime previous to its perpetration, by the execrable authors of those horrid publications, 'Napthali,' and 'Jus Populi;' who distinctly declared, that "no more acceptable gift could be made to Jesus Christ, than the sending the head of the venerable Archbishop Sharpe, in a silver box, to the King." This doctrine, it appears, prevailed so far with a wretched fanatic, one James Mitchell, that he made an attempt to assassinate the Bishop at noon-day, in the principal street of Edinburgh; but having failed in his adventure, was tried and executed for his offence. On the 3d of May following, eleven wretches, as bigoted and bloodthirsty as their archetype, but deficient in the courage he had displayed, with Balfour, of Burley, at their head, resolved upon the murder of this venerable prelate, which they accomplished in the following manner:

After his Grace had gone from the secret council, where, to aggravate their crime, he had been pleading most fervently for favours to them, having lodged at a village called Kennoway, in Fiffe, upon Friday night, the 2nd of May, he took his journey next morning, at ten o'clock, towards St. Andrews; and his coachman having discovered some horsemen near to Magus (a place near two miles distant from St. Andrews), advertised the Archbishop thereof, asking if he should drive faster; which his Grace discharged, because, he said, he feared no harm. They drawing nearer, his daughter seeing pistols in their hands, and them riding at a great rate, she persuaded her father to look out, and he therefore desired his coachman to drive on; who had certainly outdriven them, if one Balfour, of Kimloch, being mounted on a very fleet horse, had not cunningly passed the coach (into which they had vainly discharged many shot); and after he found that he could not wound the coachman, because the coach-whip did fright the sprightly horse, wounded the postillion, and disabled the foremost coach-horses. Whereupon the rest coming up, one of them, with a blunderbuss, wounded the Lord Primate in the coach; and others of them called to him to "come forth, vile dog! who had betrayed Christ and his church, and to receive what he deserved, for his wickedness against the kirk of Scotland; and reproached him with Mr. James Mitchell's death. Whilst he was in the coach, one run him through with a sword, under his shoulder; the rest pulled him violently out of the coach. His daughter came out, and on her knees began to beg mercy to her father; but they beat her, and trampled her down. The Lord Primate, with a very great calmness, said, "Gentlemen, I know not that ever I injured any of you; and if I did, I promise I will make what reparation you can propose." "Villain, and Judas!" said they, "and enemy to God and his people, you shall now have the reward of your enmity to God and his people! you shall now have the reward of your enmity to God's people!" Which words were followed with many mortal wounds the first being people! wounds, the first being a deep one above his eye: and though he put them in mind that he was a minister, and pulling off his cap, shewed them his grey hairs, entreating, that if they would not spare his life, they would at least allow him some little time for prayer. They returned him no other answer, but that God would not hear so base a dog as he was; and for quarter, they told him, that the strokes they were then giving were the quarter he was a dog as he was then giving were the quarter he was to expect. Notwithstanding of all which, and

of a shot which pierced his body above his right pap, and of other strokes, which cut his hands, whilst he was holding them up to heaven, in prayer, he raised himself upon his knees, and uttered only these words, "God forgive you all!" After which, by many strokes, that cut his skull to pieces, he fell down dead. But some of them, imagining they had heard him groan, returned, saying that he was of the nature of a cat, and so they would go back, and give one stroke more for the glory of God; and having stirred about the brains in the skull with the point of their swords, they took an oath of their servants not to reveal their names: and so desiring them to take up their priest, they rode back to Magus, crying aloud, that Judas was killed! and from thence made their escape. But God having, in an unexpected way, furnished probation against all who were present, it cannot but with a dutiful confidence be expected, that his Divine Majesty, who is so highly offended, will, by the same care, bring the assassinates themselves to suffer for that crime.

This simple but striking narrative will be found to accord entirely with the beautiful picture of this catastrophe, painted by Allan, and engraved by Burnett. We have no right to marvel at the merciless conduct of General Claverhouse, when any members of this blood-thirsty gang of fanatics chanced to fall into his hands. It was right that it should be meted to them, even as they meted it to others.

ON THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

How a certain disposition of certain sounds should, through the medium of the ear, raise, depress, or tranquillise the spirits, is a problem difficult to be solved; yet, in a greater or less degree, all are convinced of its truth: and, to gratify this universal feeling, Nature seems to have mingled harmony in all her works. Each crowded and tumultuous city may properly be called a temple to Discord; but whereever Nature holds undisputed dominion, music is the partner of her empire. The "lonely voice of waters," the hum of bees, the chorus of birds; nay, if these be wanting, the very breeze that rustles through the foliage is music. From this music of Nature, solitude gains all her charms; for dead silence, such as that which precedes thunder-storms, rather terrifies than delights the mind:—

On earth 'twas yet all calm around, A pulseless silence, dread, profound— More awful than the tempest's sound!

Perhaps it is the idea of mortality thereby awakened, that makes absolute stillness so awful. We cannot bear to think that even Nature herself is inanition; we love to feel her pulse throbbing beneath us, and to listen to her accents amid the still retirements of her deserts. That solitude in truth, which is described by our poets, as expanding the heart, and tranquillising the passions, though far removed from the inharmonious din of worldly business, is yet varied by such gentle sounds as are most likely to make the heart beat in unison with the serenity of all surrounding objects. Thus Gray—

Now fades the glimmering landscape on my sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds! Even when Nature arrays herself in all her terrors, when the thunder roars above our heads, and man, as he listens to the sound, shrinks at the sense of his own insignificance—even this, without at all derogating from its awful character, may be termed a grand chorus in the music of Nature.

Almost every scene in the creation has its peculiar music, by which its character, as cheering, melancholy, awful, or lulling, is marked and defined. This appears in the alternate succession of day and night. When the splendour of day has departed, how consonant with the sombre gloom of night is the hum of the beetle, or the lonely, plaintive voice of the nightingale. But more especially, as the different seasons revolve, a corresponding variation takes place in the music of Nature. As winter approaches, the voice of birds, which cheered the days of summer, ceases; the breeze that was lately singing among the leaves, now shrilly hisses through the naked boughs; and the rill, that but a short time ago murmured softly, as it flowed along, now, swelled by tributary waters, gushes headlong in a deafening torrent.

It is not, therefore, in vain that, in the full spirit of prophetic song, Isaiah has called upon the mountains to break forth into singing; "the forests, and every tree thereof." Thus we may literally be said to "find tongues in trees—books in the running brooks;" and, as we look upward to the vault of Heaven, we are inclined to believe that—

There's not the smallest orb which we behold, But in his motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim: Such harmony is in immortal souls; But whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Museus

THE SICK AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

We are indebted to a literary friend for the following translation of a pleasant jeu d'esprit, contained in one of the recently published volumes of the 'Memoirs of Madame de Genlis.' It was occasioned by the reproaches of some of her friends, who knew not that her circumstances rendered literary exertion necessary:—

T

One day a sick and sorrowing bard
Sat labouring at his task-work hard,
And, groaning, wrote in praise
Of happiness and mirthful glee:
In stepped his doctor;—vexed to see
The poet at his lays,
He prayed him to become more sage,
Would he his maladies assuage.

TT

The author answered with a sigh,
"Would that your counsel I could try!
Believe me, not for pleasure,
Nor glory, that can some inspire,
Do I endure this labour dire:
I know the charms of leisure;
To none would they more comfort give—
But I must kill myself to live!"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FALKLAND. London: Colburn. Post 8vo. pp. 264.

This is one of the most nauseous and pestilent literary abortions which modern times have produced. It is an attempt (fortunately an extremely feeble one), to imitate the seductive and prurient style and the still baser sentiment, which characterise the writers whose calculating blasphemies and thinly-veiled obscenities were so popular in France before the Revolution. We allude to the impure sophisms of Rousseau, Voltaire, and the author of that clever but infamous book 'Les Liaisons Dangereuses,' which the coxcomb of 'Falkland' appears to have studied with a gusto-an intensity of enthusiasm, worthy of a more virtuous application. As a literary composition, the thing is contemptible; for the plot, if plot it can be called, is of the most inartificial description, and seems to have been conceived, principally, for the purpose of enabling the author to work up, in the course of its development, a series of common-places, which he has gathered from the various polluted sources already referred to. Another object of his ambition, too, seems to have been, to emulate the manner as well as the matter, of some of the most objectionable passages in the writings of the author of 'Gilbert Earle;' and sooth to say, he has, on one or two occasions, so completely succeeded, that had the volume been all of the same character, we should have been disposed to attribute it to the pen of no less distinguished a person. This partial success seems to have been obtained with very little difficulty; namely, by bold and barefaced appropriations of the style and mode of reasoning of the object of his admiration-by presenting us with the picture of a cool, premeditating adultress, whose catastrophe is brought about by the fatal coincidences which occasion so much guilt and misery in the works of his archetype; namely, a brutal and brainless husband; and a "sallow, sublime sort of Werter-faced" lover-breathing all, and more than all, the enthusiasm, sophistry, and self-admiration, which distinguish the heroes of Rousseau and Voltaire.

The volume opens with a series of letters from Erasmus Falkland, Esq., to the Hon. Frederick Monckton; the greater part of which are singularly dry and unreadable. In book the first, the author weaves a great variety of prosing reflections, chiefly borrowed, with the thread of his narrative; and descants, after the manner of Lord Byron (in the first canto of 'Childe Harold,') on the miseries of satiety. His hero's father was "a great country gentleman, a great sportsman, and a great Tory; perhaps the three worst enemies that a country can have." He fell suddenly ill (as the fathers of heroes of romance usually do), and died. His mother, who was of Spanish extraction, followed him in three months. Falkland was left to the guardianship of his uncle, a member of parliament; and having been sent to school, soon "carved himself a sort of career among his associates." Before "the boy had sprung to manhood," he fell in love; but all that he deigns to tell us of his first passion is, that it was unhappy. He flies from its remembrance

to the haunts of dissipation-to use his own sentimental phraseology, to the "brothel and the hell." He soon discovers that he has talent; and that all the mothers of his acquaintance are endeavouring to entrap him for their daughters. He determines, however, to disappoint their plans, and goes abroad. Some years after his return, sated with the pleasures of fashionable life, he retires to a ruinous residence in a romantic part of the country; which, by the merest accident in the world is situated close to the estate of a Mr. Mandeville, M. P. This gentleman has a young and beautiful wife, who happens to be residing at her husband's seat, whilst he is attending to his duties in parliament. Like the husbands of the heroines of all novels of this class, he is a very stupid, common-place, disagreeable, unloveable sort of a person. The following seems to be a plagiarism, from the description of the husband of the heroine of Mr. Blount's manuscript, by the author of 'Gilbert Earle :'-" Married before she had begun the better knowledge of herself, to a man whom it was impossible to love; yet deriving from nature a tenderness of soul, which shed itself over everything around; her only escape from misery had been dormancy of feeling."—This "beautiful and pure being," however, predisposed for adultery, no doubt, by "the ascetic character of her consort" (cuckolds are always sad brutes), goes out one evening for a walk, accompanied by her child, and discovers a man asleep upon the grass, on the banks of the lake in Mr. Mandeville's grounds, with a volume of Shakspeare lying open before him! Having indulged her curiosity to its full extent, she "hurries home through the trees." "All that day she was silent and abstracted; the face haunted her like a dream!" The author must have strange notions of purity !- The next day, Falkland, on the invitation of one of Lady Emily Mandeville's female friends, dines with her ladyship; and this, too, without having the slightest knowledge of Mr. Mandeville, who is safe in London, speechifying in favour of the Corn-Laws! When Falkland takes his departure, the "pure" Lady Emily goes "instinctively to the window," to watch his retiring steps. Of course he is not slow to repeat his visit; and he has scarcely seen her half a dozen times, ere she begins to record her tender passion for him in her journal; and affords him such unequivocal proofs of her affection, that he cannot forbear (coxcomb as he is), from telling his friend Monckton, that he "holds the destinies of her future life;" and "hesitates whether to save or to destroy her." By a paltry and ill-contrived scena, the only tolerable incident of which is stolen from 'The Antiquary,' an ecclaircissement is brought about. Falkland, Lady Emily, and one or two friends, take it into their heads to visit a cliff, some distance acros the sands. heroine, however, grows too tired to fulfil her intention, and is left midway; whilst the remainder of the party proceed to the place of their destination. Shortly after their arrival, they are informed that the tide is rapidly advancing; and before Falkland can gain the bank on which Lady Emily was left, the waters entirely cut off their retreat. It was a strange time for making love, but so it seems they employed their fleeting moments. We quote a passage of the description, to shew how the author gloats over such parts of his narrative:-

Her breath was on his cheek; her form was reclining on his own; his hand clasped hers; if they were to die, it was thus. What could life afford to him more

dear! "It is in this moment," said he, and he knelt as he spoke, "that I dare tell you what otherwise my lips never should have revealed. I love—I adore you! Turn not away from me thus. In life our persons were severed; if our hearts are united in death, then death will be sweet." She turned—her cheek was no longer pale! He rose—he clasped her to his bosom: his lips pressed hers. Oh! that long, deep, burning pressure!—youth, love, life, soul, all concentrated in that one kiss!

Of course the meetings of this sentimental pair are frequent enough after this. The gentleman, however, thinks proper to tear himself away, pro tempore, and to go to London. During his absence, our pure heroine inserts in her journal numerous passages like the following: "When his letter is brought me, I keep it for some minutes unopened. I feed my eyes on the hand-writing! I examine the seal—I press it with my kisses, before I indulge in the luxury of reading it. I

then place it in my bosom!" &c.

In due time, Falkland returns to his country retirement; and although Mr. Mandeville is himself "at home," the clandestine interviews of the lovers are not less frequent than before. Falkland at length invites her to elope with him; arguing, that the "full crime is already incurred," as "the adultery of the heart is no less a crime than that of the deed." Precious disciple of sophistical sentimentalism! Upon the same principle, we suppose, to wish for a thousand pounds, and to rob a man on the highway of it, are offences of equal turpitude. She requires no great pressing upon the subject; but after a "kissing scene," which takes place in a room where several persons are sitting, some occupied with cards and others with chess, this pure being informs her Werter that she will consent to his proposition. Before their plans can be matured, she breaks a blood-vessel. From the effects of this accident, however, she soon recovers; and on Falkland's writing to her, to propose an eternal separation, she throws herself into his arms, and tells him, she is his only-wholly and for ever! A few evenings after his return to the neighbourhood of Lady Emily, a meeting takes place between them, in her husband's grounds. This scene, which is described in language worthy only of a brothel, terminates as such scenes usually do. On her return home, Mr. Mandeville, who has been presented, by an officious friend, with a portion of her correspondence with Falkland, presumes so far as to take her to task a little for her conduct. She, however, revenges herself upon the morose brute, by breaking once more a blood-vessel, and dying in a paroxysm of sentimentality. Falkland, whose uncle is a Spanish Constitutionalist, finding the game up, joins the Descamisados, and is finally killed, in company with the traitor Riego. We can only deplore that he was not reserved, with his friend, for a more fitting expiation of his offences on the gallows.

Such is the book, which we have described in the outset of this notice, as one of the most nauseous and pestilent abortions which modern times have produced. Its dullness however is, fortunately, a sufficient antidote to its baseness. The author seems to have great fears that his soul will perish with its earthly receptacle. The wish is, probably, father to the doubt. He may, however, some day or other, find to his cost, that there is such a thing as an hereafter, notwithstanding the

assertions to the contrary of his cherished and favourite authors.

SKETCHES IN IRELAND. Descriptive of interesting and hitherto unnoticed Districts in the North and South. Dublin: W. Curry & Co. pp. 411.

WE have here a very interesting, and, in many respects, a highly important volume, and one which cannot fail of securing for its author an enviable share of popularity; notwithstanding it has provoked the spleen of an English Roman Catholic publication, for fearlessly reprobating the bigotry and intolerance of certain members of the Popish clergy in the south of Ireland. Let not the author be dragooned, by any bravado of this kind, into suppressing facts, to the authenticity of which he can bear personal testimony; facts, too, which are at this time of peculiar interest and importance, in illustrating the means by which the Irish priesthood are endeavouring to obtain their darling object-Catholic Emancipation. It is impossible for us, in our narrow limits, to particularise one half the subjects of these Sketches; but some of them are so singularly felicitous, that we should be unjust to the author and our readers, if we did not attempt to enumerate a few. Among the great variety of local traditions and superstitions, which are interwoven with the narrative, may be mentioned, 'M'Swine's Gun;' 'The Death of Sir Caher O'Doherty;' 'The Well of Doune;' 'The Fannat Ghost and Jerry M'Cullam;' 'Legend concerning the Origin of Lough Erne;' 'Lough Dery before St. Patrick;' 'Fen M'Coul and the Hag with the Finger; 'St. Patrick and the Blatant Beast; 'Cormac, Son of Art;' 'Big Cornelius O'Driscol;' 'The Fall of Dunamore Castle;' 'The Strong Man of Cape Clear; 'The Waterguard;' 'The Priest's Leap;' 'O'Sullivan's Escape.' The following is one of many characteristic little pictures that are everywhere scattered through these pages :-

I cannot take leave of Glen Veagh, without calling to mind a visit we paid to a characteristic dweller of this singular and solitary scene. In a sunny nook, where a dark deep ravine expanded itself into a little grassy valley, affording room for a potato-garden and a small meadow, and beside a small garrulous brook rose a cabin, I dare not call it a cottage, for that supposes comfort, and associates cleanliness, neatness, the woodbine bower, the rose-covered lattice, with its idea,—and such a spot on Ulleswater, or Windermere, would have been blessed and beautified with such accompaniments; but here we had no such amenities,—the grunt of a starving sow, the growl of a gaunt greyhound, were the sounds that accosted us as we bent our heads to enter the narrow aperture, that served almost as much for a chimney as an entrance. But when you entered, things bore somewhat a more satisfactory appearance: there was better furniture than is generally to be seen in an Irish cabin; some old-fashioned high-backed chairs, some old carved, oaken, brass-mounted chests: a decent dresser, on which were ranged some pewter dishes and plates: implements of fishing were suspended along the walls, and a long French musket, its barrel mounted with brass, hung right over the immense mantle-piece of the chimney, that jutted out almost into the centre of the apartment. Above the gun was an old mezzotinto print of the Holy family, after Raphael; and over that again, an old armorial bearing morial bearing, on which you could observe a salmon, a lion passant, and a bloody hand, all well smoked. Beneath the canopy of the immense chimney, and beside the hob, in a comfortable high-backed chair, made of straw, in the manner of a beehive, sat Jack M'Swine, the master of the mansion. He rose apparently with pain as we entered. I thought he would never cease rising, so slowly did he unbend his extraordinary height; and with apparent difficulty, as suffering under rheumatic pains, he advanced to meet my friend, whom he accosted with all the ease of an old gentleman, and all the cordiality of an ancient Irishman.

The Sketches of Irish Character are equally admirable of their kind.

Indeed, the work is altogether so valuable, that we shall expect with considerable impatience the publication of the second volume; which, we are happy to hear, is in progress.

THE CASTLE OF VILLEROY; OR, THE BAY DIT CHIEF. By Anne of Kent. Simpkin & Marshall. 12mo. pp. 346.

This is one of a class of novels in which the Leadenhall press is wonderfully prolific-so bad, indeed, that we defy human ingenuity to produce anything worse. Anne of Kent seems to us to be a demented housemaid; who, from having been employed in sweeping down the cobwebs of some ancient country mansion of her master, has grown sentimental over her work, and has at length determined to record her feelings and discoveries in a book. The "Queen of Night" is, of course, very liberal of her "silvery beams;" and frequent demands are consequently made upon her generosity. Indeed, excepting when she is relieved by the "resplendent" or "refulgent" God of Day," she is never off her beat. A knight, and his servant of course, lose themselves in a wood; see a light; claim hospitality—and "fall among thieves." For some unexplained reason, however, their considerate host does not put them out of their misery at once, but dallies with them, as a cat plays with a mouse, until they effect their escape. There is a monstrous deal of "kissing and cutting throats," in the book; but this is altogether as it should be. The only awkward part of the affair is, that the dramatis personæ seem as much disposed to murder his Majesty's English as one another. It will, no doubt, be gratifying to our fair readers to be informed, that the Bandit Chief eventually renounces his profession, and goes into a monastery;

When the devil was ill, the devil a monk would be; When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he;—

whilst Rosaviva Villeroy (the heroine), is married, and brought to bed, in the most approved style of modern romance, without the slightest ground for any imputation on her character. The following description of the death of her mamma, who took it into her head to go crazy some years before she deceased, will afford our readers some idea of the style of the author. It should, however, be premised, that the young lady and her mother had been unknown to each other for eighteen years:—

Drawing the weeping Isadora (alias Rosaviva), close, pushed up the sleeve of her dress, and the mulberry met the view of the dying Countess, who raised her eyes to heaven, and sighed; then, by an effort, raised herself, and placed one arm around the nearly fainting girl; with the other she firmly pressed the hand of the Chief; and the words "God—bless you both! and forgive Vill——!" Here her breath failed, &c.

Two causes of congratulation will here suggest themselves to the sympathising reader: the first, that the mulberry did not happen to settle on Rosaviva Isadora's nose; and the second, that mamma did not die in enmity with Vill.; although we cannot wholly approve of her cockney pronunciation of a very respectable Christian appellative. After this, Anne of Kent makes the Chief lay the manes of his beloved Countess on the couch; imprint a fervent kiss on the cold forehead, and "weep aloud!" In conclusion, we would earnestly recommend to the Author, not to allow of quite so much dram-drinking among the cha-

racters of her next novel; for if she does, she will certainly lose her own, which is, we dare say, up to the present time of writing, a very excellent one. We question if the "Court belles," to whom she refers in her preface (her former mistresses, we suppose), would think any the better of a young woman in her teens, for not being able to relate a story without taking half a dozen wets in the course of it. If Isadora Rosaviva were to apply to us for a character, we could conscientiously pronounce her honest and industrious; but, by the Powers! we should not care to say much about her sobriety.

Moods and Tenses. By One of Us. Richard Glynn. Post 8vo. pp. 200.

The author of this eccentric little volume has acted unwisely, in having given his lucubrations so extravagant a nomenclature. He may rest assured that a name is of far greater importance than he seems to imagine. Indeed, most persons who see a book advertised with an absurd and affected title, take the liberty of inferring that its contents are as meaningless as they profess to be; and, sooth to say, are not very often disappointed. Those, however, who may have imbibed a prejudice against 'Moods and Tenses,' from a similar cause, will be agreeably surprised to find a great deal of amusing matter, and some poems of considerable beauty, scattered throughout its pages. Of this character are several of the sonnets in the series entitled 'Retrospection;' and the fragment 'Night.' As, however, we had rather make our readers merry than grave, at Mr. Gandy's expense, we shall lay before them the following clever parody:—

THE OLD HAT.

Part of the brim was gone,—yet still I wore It on, and people wondered as I passed. Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye, And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt. But still my hat, although so fashionless In complement extern, had that within Surpassing show—my head continued warm; Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all The want (as has been said before), of brim.

A change came o'er the colour of my hat.— That which was black grew brown—and then men stared With both their eyes (they stared with one before)— -The wonder now was twofold-and it seemed Strange that a thing so torn and old should still Be worn by one who might—but let that pass! I had my reasons, which might be revealed But for some counter-reasons, far more strong, Which tied my tongue to silence.—Time passed on.— Green Spring, and flowery Summer-Autumn brown, And frosty Winter came,—and went, and came—And still, through all the seasons of two years, In park, in city, yea, at routs and balls, The hat was worn and borne.—Then folks grew wild With curiosity,—and whispers rose, And questions passed about—how one so trim In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, could insconce His caput in a covering so vile.

A change came o'er the nature of my hat.—
Grease-spots appeared—but still in silence, on
I wore it—and then family and friends
Glared madly at each other.—There was one
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said—
A time may come when I—away—away—
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds—
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this my mystery.—When I will—I will!—
The hat was now—greasy, and old, and torn—
But torn—old—greasy—still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat. Women, and men, and children, scowled on me-My company was shunned—I was alone! None would associate with such a hat— Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.— She that I loved, within whose gentle breast I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death-Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat. Of those that knew me best, some turned aside, And scudded down dark lanes—one man did place His finger on his nose's side, and jeered— Others, in horrid mockery, laughed outright; Yea dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray, Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat, Mistook me for a beggar—and they barked. Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs-One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.

A change—it was the last—came o'er this hat. For lo! at length the circling months went round— The period was accomplished—and one day This tattered, brown, old, greasy coverture, (Time had endeared its vileness), was transferred To the possession of a wandering son Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze :-Once more I went my way-along-along-And plucked no wondering gaze—the hand of scorn, With its annoying finger—men, and dogs, Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growlless— And last, not least of rescued blessings, love-Love smiled on me again, when I assumed A bran new beaver, of the André mould; And then the laugh was mine, for then came out The secret of this strangeness—'twas A BET!

CRITICS AND SCRIBBLERS, A SATIRE. Shipton: Tasker. pp. 42.

There is scarcely a provincial newspaper published in this enlightened era that cannot boast, whatever else it may lack, of a pet poet of its own; born and bred within the sphere of its mighty influence. There is no great harm in this, if the worthy editor does not attempt to persuade his Apollo that he is destined to become immortal. We happen, however, to be acquainted with more than one aspirant who has been seduced, by the ill-judged praises of country critics, to neglect the useful callings for which they were originally designed, for the purpose of following the "idle trade" of a tagger of doggrel rhymes. The poor lad who is the author of the brochure before us, seems to have become

a victim to this very awkward delusion; and as his case is one of a somewhat peculiar character, we shall indulge in a few desultory remarks upon his symptoms. To begin at the beginning, then, he appears to have been, for some years past, the volunteer laureate of the 'Wakefield and Halifax Journal,' or some newspaper of equal popularity and importance in its neighbourhood; and having been persuaded that he ought no longer to "waste his sweetness on the desert air," "gives his first production to the world:" in plain English, perpetrates a volume of verse. With Sir Fretful Plagiary, the ambitious youth desiderated praise; but, as he confesses, in the present afflicting climax of his disorder, would much rather have been abused than not noticed at all. He wanted a verdict; but as literary juries do not sit to decide upon the comparative intelligence of pismires, he was, some how or other, "treated with contempt" in one quarter; and, what amounts to pretty nearly the same, "dismissed without a word" in others. Now, as the "work thus used had, in the writer's own district (the West Riding of Yorkshire), obtained the applause of all whose applause was worth having, as well as the spontaneous praise of several provincial journalists (hinc ille lachrymæ), the injustice became more apparent;" and he determined to "revenge himself upon his injurers." Lord Byron had been neglected by his critics, so had our hero; ergo, he would employ the same means of redress. With this determination, he sits himself down to what he calls "the offspring of individual resentment;" and having arranged his plan of attack, off he goes, with the following exquisitely grammatical couplet:

Sun-gleams along the mountains! bright and strong, Flashed from betwixt the clouds, that eastward throng.

He next informs his readers, that his heart

Maugre the critic's sneer, the world's neglect—
and then dashes at once in medias res, with the declaration that—

Allowed his numbers sense, as well as sound;

And M—, graced with all a critic's lore,

Read and commended.

On these hints, he published; and, adds he, with bewitching naiveté—

My book, if poor in wit, was poor in price.
This let me say, in justice to myself,
I sung not—never shall I sing—for pelf;
Whate'er my powers, I boast a nobler aim,
To sing in Virtue's cause, and sing for fame!
But fame comes not. The simple wreath I culled
Must fade away, like summer roses pulled.

The dreadful truth must out—Sylvanus Urban, mild and gentle as he is, sneered at the West Riding poetaster, in words that "were seared into his brains" (quere?), as if by characters of fire; 'Blackwood kept silence'—the 'London' said nothing: and the editors of the 'Monthly Review,' 'Literary Gazette,' 'Monthly' and 'New Monthly' Magazines, and 'Literary Magnet,' were as provokingly taciturn. To increase the poor devil's dismay, we had, we fcar, refused several of his poetical lucubrations, sent for insertion in our pages; although they

reached us legibly written, and with the postage duly paid. Here was a consummation! What should he do? Why—

A fine couplet, but scarcely applicable to the subject; inasmuch as the aforesaid censors had not (with one exception), dropped a word about him. But mark how he warms as he gets into the marrow of his subject. Speaking of Byron, Scott, and Southey, he thus expresses himself:

Still in those bards, howe'er by critics drawn, All felt a something that forbade to yawn.

It would be well if critics would limit themselves to the operation of drawing; but the misery is, that they two often quarter the objects of their censure into the bargain. So with our satirist; who, having demolished some two or three modern poets, thus proceeds:

Say, what the critics who the fame award?
WICKED or DULL they must be—and whiche'er
They prove, it drags them from the judgment-chair.
Wicked or Dull—your fate, ye censors, choose;
Here whirls a rope's end, and there bobs a noose.

Wordsworth and Hogg, the poor daft cretur (as Jamie would call him), supposes to be neglected brothers in misfortune: on them, therefore, he is lavish of his luminous praise. There is an illustrious obscure, too, who is described as being thus awkwardly circumstanced:

Though sweet, untasted; and though bright, obscure; The modest author lives without the fame His song should yield; and none inquire his name!

It may be as well to mention, that this anomalous combination of brightness and obscurity, is a "precocious" lad of the name of Mitchell; a collier, we believe, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. To balance the above sublime eulogy, however, we have a couple of pages of "satire, sharp as just," upon our amiable and excellent contemporary, Sylvanus Urban, whose venerable Magazine is entitled a 'Miscellany of old and base' The satirist then proceeds to soar, "on pinnion strong," into a luminous but ill-spelt tirade against sundry popular booksellers, for encouraging what he calls (he is as eccentric in his orthography as his versification), cokney-poets; and having talked very pathetically about "dispair," seems quite undetermined whether he shall end his miseries by cutting his throat, "like Scotland's Tannahill," or breaking his heart, after the manner of Keats.

But enough, and more than enough. We have pursued this wretched scribbler through his miserable catchpenny, in order to expose the mischief which is too apt to result from inducing young men to leave the loom, or the burling shop, for the purpose of meddling with pursuits which can only entail upon them the misery of disappointed expectations. It was not without surprise that we found a respectable paper like 'The Leeds Intelligencer,' praising the classical composition from which we have just quoted; but our astonishment was in some degree dissipated, when we read the sweetly-turned compliment paid to the

present editor of that journal, at the expense of his predecessor. By the way, talking of compliments, reminds us that our would-be satirist calls 'The Magnet' a "cheap and fair publication, as things go!" We suspect that our notice of his book will make him anxious to recall this declaration.

DRAMATIC Scenes, Sonnets, and other Poems. By Mary Russell Mitford. Post 8vo. pp. 392.

By some accident, this really delightful volume has reached us too late for us to be enabled to do more than briefly allude to its many and great merits in our present number. It consists of a series of Dramatic Scenes, several of which are extremely beautiful, and a variety of miscellaneous poems. 'Cunigunda's Vow,'—'The Fawn,'—'The Painter's Daughter,'—'Fair Rosamond,' and 'The Siege,' are among the most powerful sketches of the kind that modern times have produced: for although Miss Mitford possesses a versatility of talents which is truly extraordinary, and writes admirably on a variety of subjects, and in a variety of styles, she is, we suspect, most at home in her dramatic attempts. Indeed, of the present race of writers for the stage, she is the only one from whom any splendid effort can be expected. We must content ourselves, for the present, with quoting the following charming little poems from the miscellaneous department of the volume:—

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Blossom that lov'st on shadowy banks to lie,
Gemming the deep rank grass with flowers so blue,
That the pure turquoise matched with their rich hue
Pales, fades, and dims; so exquisite a dye,
That scarce the brightness of the Autumn sky,
Which sleeps upon the bosom of the stream,
On whose fringed margent thy star-flowerets gleam
In its clear azure with thy tints may vie;
Shade-loving flower, I love thee! not alone
That thou dost haunt the greenest coolest spot,
For ever, by the tufted alder thrown,
Or arching hazel, or vine-mantled cot,
But that thy very name hath a sweet tone
Of parting tenderness—Forget me not!

WRITTEN JULY, 1824.

How oft amid the heaped and bedded hay,
Under the oak's broad shadow, deep and strong,
Have we sate listening to the noonday song
(If song it were monotonously gay),
Which crept along the field, the summer lay
Of the grasshopper. Summer is come in pride
Of fruit and flower, garlanded as a bride,
And crowned with corn, and graced with length of day.
But cold is come with her. We sit not now
Listening that merry music of the earth
Like Ariel "beneath the blossomed bough;"
But all for chillness round the social hearth
We cluster.—Hark !—a note of kindred mirth
Echoes!—Oh, wintery cricket, welcome thou!

ON A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Look where she sits in languid loveliness, Her feet upgathered, and her turbaned brow Bent o'er her hand, her robe in ample flow Disparted! Look in attitude and dress She sits and seems an Eastern Sultaness! And music is about her, and the glow Of young fair faces, and sweet voices go Forth at her call, and all about her press. But no Sultana she! As in a book In that fine form and lovely brow we trace Divinest purity, and the bright look Of genius. Much is she in mind and face Like the fair blossom of some woodland nook
The wind-flower*,—delicate and full of grace. song.

Evening's richest colours glowing Skirt the golden West; Snowy clouds, like vapours flowing, Crown its beamy crest. I've nothing seen so rosy red, And Laura's brow demure.

O'er its pebbly channel creeping Flows the murmuring tide; Through the gloomy pine-grove sweeping Twilight breezes glide. I've heard no sound so softly clear, Nor aught so brightly pure, Nor breathed such balmy air, Since Laura's cheek with blushes spread, Since the sweet voice of Laura dear, The sigh of Laura fair.

Sweet is the balmy evening hour; And mild the glow-worm's light; With pearly dew-drops bright. I love to loiter by the rill, And catch each trembling ray; — But fancy's flashes gay? Fair as they are, they mind me still Of fairer things than they.

What is the breath of closing flowers But feeling's gentlest sigh? And soft the breeze that sweeps the flower, What are the dew-drop's crystal showers But tears from pity's eye? What are the glow-worms by the rill I love them, for they mind me still Of one more fair than they.

* The Hampshire name of the wood-anemone.

DEATH'S DOINGS; consisting of numerous Original Compositions in Verse and Prose, the friendly contributions of various Writers. Principally intended as Illustrations of Thirty Copper-plates, Designed and Etched by R. Dagley. Second edition, with considerable additions. 2 vols. post 8vo. J. Andrews and W. Cole.

THE numerous additions, both graphic and literary, which have been made to 'Death's Doings' since we last took occasion to introduce it to the notice of our readers, give it a claim to a new mention in this department of our work. Among its recent accession of contributors, we observe the names of Mrs. Hemans, Mr. Hood, and several wellknown writers; not to mention a variety of new pieces, from the pens of L. E. L., Mrs. Hoffland, N. T. Carrington, H. A. Driver, &c. We are, unfortunately, too much restricted in our space this month to be enabled to furnish our readers with any specimen of these novelties (about twenty in number); but it is but justice to the work to mention, that its improvements and additions are so manifold and important, as to give it quite the appearance of a new work.

A volume of the original Correspondence of Burks with French Lawrence,

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the penetroque at shear tan and vanished Miscellaneous.

A VOLUME which promises to be of considerable interest is nearly ready for publication. It is entitled 'Tales of All Nations," and comprises original prose fictions from the pens of a variety of well-known writers; including The Author of 'London in the Olden Time;' Mrs. Charles Gore; the Author of 'Mansie Wauch's Autobiography;' Mr. Alaric Watts; the Authors of the 'Odd Volume;' Mr. J. Emerson, Author of 'Greece;' Mr. G. F. Richardson, The Author of 'Stories of Chivalry and Romance;' &c. &c. The Tales (ten in number) are—1. Queen Elizabeth at Theobald's—2. The Heir Presumptive—3. The Bridal of Wintoun Tower—4. Lord Eustace d'Ambreticourt—5. Hans Deipenstein—6. The Abbey of Laach—7. The Last Heir of Glenkerrin—8. The Lady of Glenmoy—9. The Ring—10. The Numidians.

The author of the very clever and interesting volume of 'Stories of Chivalry and Romance' noticed in a late number of our work, is preparing for publication a History of Faerie; in which will be comprised a vast variety of traditions and anecdotes connected with the supposed existence of Queens Mab, Titania, and their subjects.

The 'Life, Voyages, and Adventures of Naufragus,' is announced for early publication.

Dr. Samuel Warren is about to publish 'The Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism; with the Origin and Progress of Methodism.'

Miss Edgeworth has in the press a volume of 'Dramatic Tales for Children.'

Dr. Samuel Burgess has in preparation a volume of selections in prose and verse, to be entitled 'Sacred Hours.'

Messrs. Hunt & Clarke have just published 'Ju-Kiaow-Li; or, the Two Cousins.' This is the celebrated Chinese novel which has excited so much attention on the Continent.

A tale, entitled 'True Charity,' is expected in the course of the ensuing month.

The Rev. W. Lisle Bowles is preparing for publication 'An Account of the Parish of Bremhill, Wiltshire; with a History of the Abbey of Stanley.'

No less than three persons, Mr. C. A. Elton, Mr. Gutch, and Mr. Gilchrist, have announced the publication of their reasons for seceding from the Unitarian community, and becoming members of the Church of England.

A Mr. Usher is about to present us with a new version of the Psalms. A pretty bold undertaking for an unfledged bardling.

We would earnestly recommend to the notice of such of our readers as are addicted to Gardening, a most excellent publication, edited by Mr. Loudon, (the author of the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening,') entitled, 'The Gardener's Magazine.' It is published every two months, at a moderate price, and contains a great variety of practical and useful papers on the subject of Gardening. It has just reached its sixth number, and we take shame to ourselves for not having mentioned its existence before.

It will scarcely be believed that a new edition of that stupidest of stupid books, 'The Memoirs of Lindley Murray,' has just been published.

A satire, entitled 'The Reigning Vice,' is announced for early publication. We know not what the author considers the "reigning vice," but we hope he does not spare the rage for personal novels, so prevalent at the present time.

A volume of the original Correspondence of Burke with French Lawrence, may shortly be expected.

No. V. of 'Constable's Miscellany' has just made its appearance; and contains the 'Memoirs of the Marchioness of La Roche Jacquelein,' The War in La Vendeé,' &c.; with an Introduction by Sir Walter Scott. This publication improves very considerably in interest: it is not quite as neatly got up as it might be, but it is a cheap and valuable periodical, nevertheless. We are glad to hear that it is improving rapidly in sale.

Mr. John Hawksworth's 'History of the Merovignian Dynasty;' being the first part of a new History of France, will make its appearance in a few weeks.

A new edition of 'Johnson's Dictionary,' edited by Mr. Todd, has just made its appearance, in three volumes quarto, price eight guineas, with considerable additions. The price of the four volume edition is eleven guineas, so that the public gained three guineas by the condensation.

The government of France has, it appears, withdrawn its odious law for the restriction of the press. This proves, at least, that the French people have some voice in their national councils.

The first stone of the new London University was laid on the 30th ultimo, by the Duke of Sussex.

Proposals have been issued for a new edition of the dramatic and other poetical works of John Marston (dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex).

Mr. J. Graves is preparing for early publication, 'The History and Antiquities of the Town and Honour of Woodstock; including Biographical and other Anecdotes.'

A second series of the 'Odd Volume,' containing, 'Mrs. Margaret Livinstoun,'—'The Elopement,'—Augustus Ehrmann,'—'Guzzle,'—'The Newhaven Pilot,'—'The Babbling Barber and the Three Sons,' will shortly be published.

The Busy-Bodies,' a novel, in three volumes, is also nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Bent has, we perceive, published a new 'London Catalogue of Books,' with their sizes, prices, and publisher's names; containing the books published in London, and those altered in size or price from the year 1800 to 1827.

The Austrian government is, it appears, exceedingly incensed with Mr. Moschelles, for having presumed to send the destitute Beethoven a hundred pounds, a short time before his death. The Austrian patrons of art pretend that their countryman stood in no need of pecuniary aid. Mr. Moschelles has, however, published a letter from Beethoven, which flatly contradicts this statement. The array of carriages that attended Beethoven's funeral was immense: posthumous honours are, however, of little avail to a man who died wanting the common necessaries of life.

It is understood that the house erected for the late Duke of York will be appropriated to the reception of several of our national institutions. We trust that the Royal Academy will not be one of them; as, however splendid as a residence, the edifice is every way unfitted for the exhibition of a large collection of pictures. The Royal Academy ought to occupy a building built exclusively for, and especially adapted to the display of its annual treasures. York-House will do very well for the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, and other bodies of a similar character; but is scarcely adapted to exhibit with advantage the few pictures, good, bad, and indifferent, which are courteously entitled 'The National Gallery.'

The Rev. W. Orme is preparing for publication, Memoirs, including correspondence, and other remains, of Mr. John Urquhart, late of the University of St. Andrews.

An improved edition is just published of 'Albut's Elements of Useful Knowledge in Geography, Botany, Astronomy,' &c., with eight engravings.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Southampton, has lately issued from the press, under the title of 'Selections,' some of the greatest beauties of those two most eminent divines, Howe and Hopkins.

Shortly will be published, 'Mrs. Leslie and her Grandchildren; a Tale.' embellished with an elegant frontispiece, from a design by Wright.

Early in May will appear, 'The Memoirs of the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, Historical and Biographical;' by Miss Emma Roberts. Report speaks highly of this work, the aim of which is, to illustrate this dark but most interesting period of history, by concentrating the information conveyed to us in the early English chroniclers, and other authentic sources; and by connecting the biographies of the great characters of this era, with the history of the times in which they flourished.

Mr. J. F. Stephens, F.L.S. &c., has issued proposals for publishing, in monthly parts, embellished with coloured figures of the rare and most interesting species of 'British Entomology; or, a Synopsis of Indigenous Insects, containing their Generic and Specific Distinctions, with an account of their Metamorphoses, Times of Appearance, Localities, Food, and Economy, as far as practicable.' Mr. Stephens also announces to publish, by subscription, in one thick octavo volume, 'A Systematic Catalogue of British Insects; being an attempt to arrange all the hitherto discovered Indigenous Insects, in accordance with their Natural Affinities: containing also the References to every English Writer on Entomology, and to the principal Foreign Authors; with all the published British Genera to the present Time.'

H. T. de la Beche, Esq., has in the press, 'A Tabular and Proportional View of the Superior, Supermedial and Medial (Tertiary and Secondary) Rocks; to contain a list of the Rocks composing each formation, a proportional section of each, its general characters, organic remains, and characteristic fossil, on one large sheet.

Godfrey Higgins, Esq., of Skellow Grange, near Doncaster, author of a treatise entitled 'Aoræ Sabbaticæ,' has nearly ready for publication, a work called 'The Celtic Druids.' It will consist of one volume quarto, and be elucidated by upwards of fifty highly-finished lithographic prints of the most curious Druidical Monuments of Europe and Asia, executed by one of the first French artists in that branch of the graphic art.

A new work is in the press, by the Rev. T. Morell, of Wymondley, entitled, 'Elements of the History of Philosophy and Science, from the earliest authentic records to the commencement of the eighteenth century.'

Mr. William J. Thoms announces a series of reprints, accompanied by Illustrative and Bibliographical Notices of the more curious old Prose Romances. The work will appear in monthly parts; and the first, containing the prose 'Lyfe of Robert the Devyll,' from the edition by Wynkyn de Worde, in the Garrick collection, will be ready on the 1st of May.

Meetings of the Royal Society of Literature will take place on the 2d and 16th of May, 20th of June, 7th and 21st of November, and the 5th and 19th of December. The general meeting was held on the 26th ult.

A precocious young lady (only fifteen years of age), whose name is Browne, is about to publish a volume of Miscellanies.

Mr. Cole has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, the last and most matured production of the eminent and immortal Martin Luther, being the labour of ten years; we mean his 'Commentary on the Book of Genesis.' It will extend to six volumes octavo, and will, we apprehend, be more curious than readable.

We are very happy to hear that Mr. N. T. Carrington, the author of 'Dartmoor,' is about to publish a volume, entitled 'Lays and Legends of Devon.' The great beauty of the poems already published by Mr. Carrington, leads us to anticipate a volume of considerable interest and power.

The second series of 'Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland,' will be published in the course of next week.

The author of 'French Genders Taught in Six Tables,' has a little work in the press upon French Verbs, arranged on a new plan.

The University of Gottingen counts, at present, 1,460 students; of whom 352 study theology, 652 the law, 284 medicine, and 172 the philosophical sciences. The University of Munich had, on the 23d of December last, 1,342 students.

Mr. Sass's Conversazioni are announced for April, May, and June.

A curious biographical work, entitled 'The Modern Jesuits,' has just been translated from the French, by Emily Le Page. This book has been twice republished in Paris, notwithstanding the efforts of the Jesuits to procure its suppression. It contains a singular exposure of the machinations of the Papists in various countries of Europe, and is altogether a very interesting and even important volume.

Early in May will be published, in one volume, 12mo., 'The Every Night Book, or Life after Dark.' By the author of 'The Cigar.'

A 'Life of Morris Birkbeck,' written by his daughter, may be expected in a few days.

On the 1st of June will be published, part I. of 'A Natural History of the Bible; or, a descriptive account of the Zoology, Botany, and Mineralogy of the Holy Scriptures: compiled from the most authentic sources, British and Foreign, and adapted to the use of English readers.' Illustrated with numerous engravings. By William Carpenter; author of 'A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures,' &c. &c.

A translation of some of the most popular Fairy Tales, from the German, is in the press. They will be illustrated by Cruickshank.

Mr. Isaac Taylor, jun., author of 'The Elements of Thought,' has in the press, 'A Concise History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times; or, an Account of the means by which the Genuineness and Authenticity of Historical Works especially, and Ancient Literature in general, are ascertained.'

Dr. Burgess is about to publish a volume of selections in prose and verse, to be entitled 'Sacred Hours.'

In consequence of the very favourable reception given to Mr. W. C. Ross's large historical picture of 'Our Saviour Dispossessing the Demoniacs,' exhibited in the year 1825 at Somerset House, and in 1826 at the British Gallery, and in expectation that it may shortly be sent abroad, he has been induced to commence a lithographic print of it, for publication in about three months.

Mr. Clark is preparing for publication a series of Instructions in Landscape Painting in Water Colours, illustrated by fifty-five Views from Nature, Descriptive Objects, &c., mounted separately, in imitation of drawings.

Since the introduction of printing presses into Russia, from 1553 to 1823, there have been published in the Russian and the Slavonic language (which is the mother of the former), 13,249 original works and translations.

Professor Beck states, from an authentic account lately published, that from 1814 to 1826, there have been printed in France, 33,774 books; and in Germany, within the same period, 50,303.

A fête was given at Rome, on the 8th of March, in honour of the sculptor Thorvalsden; that day being the anniversary of his arrival in the Eternal City.

The Emperor Nicholas has settled a pension, for life, of 3,000 roubles, on the Russian poet Nicolaus Iwanowitch Gueditch, for his translation of Homer's Iliad into Russian hexameters.

'The Literary Gazette,' in allusion to the impurity of that portion of the Thames from which the Grand Junction Company draw their supply of water for the western part of the metropolis, tells us, that Chelsea Reach was so named, because its waters are calculated to make you sick!

William and Mary Howitt, the authors of 'The Forest Minstrel,' have a work in the press entitled, 'The Desolation of Eyam; the Emigrant, a tale of the American Woods; and other Poems.' The first, and principal poem, relates the story of a clergyman and his wife, who, when the village of Eyam, in Derbyshire, was visited by the plague, in the seventeenth century, prevailed upon the inhabitants to draw a boundary, beyond which they were not to pass. Although seven-eighths of them perished, the resolution was adhered to, and the plague, consequently, prevented from spreading. We consider the subject admirably adapted to the powers of W. and M. Howitt; and, judging from the many charming fugitive poems we have seen from their pens, we may safely anticipate a very interesting volume. It is pleasing to turn from the glittering and antithetical poetry of some of our modern bards, to the quiet and heart-soothing repose which characterizes almost all the productions of these able but unambitious writers.

The Rev. J. A. Ross is preparing a translation from the German, of 'Hirsch's Geometry,' uniform with his translation of 'Hirsch's Algebra.'

Mr. Martin announces for publication, in May next, a mezzotint engraving from his splendid picture of 'Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still.' The extraordinary popularity of his admirable engraving after his picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast (proofs having already reached a high premium), will probably induce his admirers to be early in their application. Judging from the proof exhibiting at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, the plate is likely to be one of great beauty and interest.

From the manner in which our modern booksellers are now proceeding, we may anticipate that every populous street, and every fashionable edifice in London, will be done into a novel. Mr. Ainsworth announces a new work, to be entitled 'May Fair;' Mr. Colburn, 'The Opera;' Mr. Clerc Smith, 'The Guards;' Messrs. Saunders and Ottley, 'The Club-Houses,' &c.; the whole of which are novels of the personal class.

Some Account of the Science of Botany; being the substance of an Introductory Lecture, delivered in the Theatre of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, by John Frost, F.A.S. and L.S., of Emanuel College, Cambridge, &c. &c., is about to make its appearance. It is dedicated, by permission, to the King.

A series of Medals are in course of publication by S. Parker, of the great men of the reign of George IV. The first specimen was the effigy of his Majesty himself; Mr. Canning and Sir Walter Scott are the last completed. They are a bronze, and the likenesses are extremely well preserved.

The King of the Netherlands has just afforded a decided proof of his anxiety to patronize modern art, by allotting 20,000 florins annually, from the treasury, for the purchase of the best pictures by native artists. Hear this, ye precious patrons of the British Institution! who are not ashamed to expend the sums ye have collected by the exhibition of the productions of native genius on comparatively worthliest pictures, possessing no claim to your attention beyond the pedigree with which Mr. Segur, the picture-dealer, may have invested them!

SCOTCH MARRIAGES.

THE WAKEFIELD CASE.

The Wakefield case deserves public attention, not merely from its singularity, nor from the sympathy which is due upon the one side, and the execration upon the other, but from the grave considerations and principles, of importance to the community at large, which are involved in that part of the proceedings connected with it,

now pending in the House of Lords.

The aim of the succeeding paragraphs will be, that of endeavouring to shew, that while it may even deserve to excite regret that the sentence passed upon the two Wakefields either could not have been made, or, in point of fact, was not made, more heavy than it is; the question, on the other hand, of dissolving the marriage at Gretna, if legal, or of declaring it illegal, by authority of an Act of Parliament, is one very serious in its nature, and very doubtful in its character. All persons ought to be anxious, either to see the marriage dissolved, or to have the satisfaction of hearing that, in point of law, as well as of justice, no marriage has been effected; but the attainment of the natural wish of every rightly-informed and sympathising individual, at the view of an act conceived at least amidst so much villany, is surrounded, in point of principle, with difficulties the most serious, if not inextricable, and therefore distressing!

Views distinctly opposite, however, to these, are not a little prevalent with the public. To some, the abduction of Miss Turner appears but a venial offence, or even no offence at all; and, to others, the marriage, or pretended marriage at Gretna, seems no marriage at all; or one which, from one assigned cause or other, it is the most easy thing in the world to pronounce null and void. It is the present purpose

to reply to each of these three several notions.

And, first, of the offence: and, here, the opening question is, against whom has an offence been committed; against the daughter of Mr. Turner, or against Mr. Turner himself? In point of conscience, there is no doubt that an offence has been committed against the daughter of Mr. Turner; but the offence, for the commission of which the Wakefields were tried, and for which they are now suffering punishment, was an offence against Mr. Turner; and this is a point which must never be lost sight of throughout the whole inquiry. It is, under this latter, and both as to reason and fact, only true aspect, of no importance to the character of the conduct of the Wakefields, what was the conduct of Miss Turner; whether it was weak, or whether it was light: whether it sprung from too devoted an attachment to her father, or at least from too inconsiderate an exhibition of that attachment; or, whether it really marked a forgetfulness of all that was due to her father and herself! The offence for which the Wakefields were tried, and of which they have been convicted, was an offence against the father of Miss Turner, whose daughter, an infant and an heiress, was fraudulently

taken out of lawful custody, for the purpose of procuring her marriage without the lawful consent of her father. Here, the father is grievously injured, or at the very least, unlawfully used; the conduct of the daughter is of no importance to the inquiry; the facts are beyond dispute; the offenders have been convicted in due course of law; and the only doubt which can be entertained upon this part of the subject is, whether or not the punishment which has been awarded is adequately severe. The principal in the crime (Mr. E. G. Wakefield), has himself furnished a commentary on this first proposition; for he has said, that "if any man were so to use a daughter of his own, he would shoot him through the head!"

To many persons, in the meantime, and especially, perhaps, among the female sex (that tribunal of so much natural authority upon an affair of the present description), the act of the Wakefields is far from appearing in that odious, and even atrocious light, which is here represented, which Mr. E. G. Wakefield himself confirms, and which so eminently belongs to its true picture; but the source of that erroneous judgment seems to exist, either in an actual want of acquaintance with the real and distinguishing facts of the case, or else in their want of due attention to those facts, in which the whole essence of the question lies.

The ladies, to speak plain, are a good deal inclined to look with their characteristic mercifulness upon the performance of Mr. E. G. Wakefield; but, then, the reason is, that the affair, in the view which they take of it, differs in nothing from an ordinary elopement of an unmarried female, in the company of an unmarried man, for the no very extraordinary purpose of getting married. Then, as to the offence against the father, the same offence, as the ladies mistakenly think, is committed every day, in novels, in comedies, and in real life; and however ill taken by the honoured parent himself, seldom to the, great displeasure of the damsel concerned, or to the great scandal of the lookers-on—more especially to such as are of the female sex. The lady ran away with and obtains a husband, for better for worse; she obtains the husband of her choice; and the ordinary chances of happiness, perhaps, lie straight before her. The gentleman has been loving, and has been enterprising—two qualities of the first recommendation.

But the affair of the Wakefields differs, in every particular, from what is thus far supposed. Here was no elopement of a lady with a man to whom she had become attached; and whom, upon account of that attachment, she had resolved to follow—though in contempt, perhaps, of prudence, and in disregard to filial obedience. Here was no project of elopement by a man previously attached to the female, and courting her to such a step through the dictates of a headstrong affection. If Miss Turner had been a young lady without worldly prospects, or with very moderate prospects; or if, being, as she was, and is, the sole heiress of a man of considerable fortune—Mr. E. G. Wakefield had planned his means of marriage with her, the impulse of love—everything—in that case, would have worn the ordinary and more pardonable features: but, in the actual case, a base, cold-blooded, and mercenary scheme, is laid and acted upon, to entrap the person of a young female—a school-girl, and absolute child. Not through any admiration, either of her virtues or

her charms-not from the temptation of the slightest personal acquaintance with her ;--but solely because the legal consequences of a marriage with her might afford to her husband the reasonable prospect of becoming the possessor of a greater or less proportion of her father's wealth! The frightful scheme was nothing less than that of sacrificing all that concerned the happiness of the child and of the parents, to the enriching not the punishment

of a selfish and mercenary adventurer!

The private history of the transaction appears to be simply this:—That Mr. E. G. Wakefield wanted money; -that his local and family connexions introduced to him the name, and the name only, of Miss Turner (for, of her person he was ignorant—he would not have known her if she had been in the same room with him, till his mercenary artifice procured the interview, and, as it may be called, the introduction); and Miss Turner happened, and only happened, to be the particular female victim fixed upon for filling the bandit's purse! It is said (truly or untruly), that, among the intercepted letters, the production of a part of which was so important to the conviction of the two brothers, there is one in which (writing some short time before the abduction of Miss Turner, and before Miss Turner had been thought of for the sufferer), Mr. E. G. Wakefield remarks to his correspondent to this effect:—That money he wanted, and money he would have; and that by means of marriage, be the female whom she might. Indeed, the singleness of the mercenary motive—the total absence of every other inducement, has never been disputed by the defendants, nor any other explanation of their conduct so much as suggested in their behalf by their counsel. And is this an act, then, to which the female world should bow; or, is this an act to which, in point of law, or in point of reason, should be given the description of an ordinary elopement? If Mr. Wakefield, enamoured even of a portrait, or even of a description of Miss Turner, had found his passion too strong for subjection; and (looking at the accident of her probable fortune as nothing, or as no more than an unlucky impediment, or objection), had acted the part which had been proved, some apology might have followed in reason, and some commiseration upon the sentence of the law; but, in the case as it has actually occurred, there is nothing upon which to hang one sentiment of mercy. oitable in the same same and the mercy.

Comparing it, too, with cases of the more ordinary elopement of unmarried persons, it is important, though not so immediately obvious, to acknowledge, that the law makes a just distinction between infant heirs and heiresses, and infants of another class-whether we look to the just rights of parents, or to the interests, through life, of the infants themselves. Not only has the man of wealth, compared with others, a deeper feeling, in the indulgence of which he is entitled to protection, in the disposal by marriage of his infant heir or heiress; but the existing prospects of such infants hold out peculiar temptations to the species of robbery which has been contemplated in the case before us. It is plain that a child who is laden with a bag of gold, or of diamonds—or for whom, if carried away, a rich ransom may be expected, lives in ore danger, and is entitled to more protection than a child that is empty-handed, or with the possession of whose person no question of riches is connected. The poster labs was agreed in blide emissed bas

The crime, therefore the crime against Mr. Turner, at least-the crime of which the Wakefields, at the Lancaster assizes, were accused, and were convicted is a crime of the most frightful die. The law under which, thus far, every thing has been done for their punishment, is clear, and is just; and error (if error there has been any), can only exist in reference to the comparative mildness of the sentence pronounced. But when we come to the question, whether or not, legally speaking, Mr. E. G. Wakefield and the daughter of Mr. Turner are man and wife; or to that other-whether, being, in law, man and wife, the marriage ought to be dissolved, through the extraordinary interposition of parliament: then, in spite of the heartiest wishes against the perpetrators of the enormity hitherto reviewed, and in spite of an anxiety to arrive at the belief, either that there has been no legal marriage, or that the legal marriage can properly be dissolved ;-in spite of all these feelings, the satisfactory conclusion is, perhaps, difficult. But of that hereafter.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ndred pounds, searcely a third

Somerset House is one of the best, if not the best, that has ever been submitted to the public. That this improvement is owing, in a great measure, to the strong diversion of the public taste which has lately been created in favour of British art, will scarcely admit of a doubt. It can no longer be averred with truth, that there is an indisposition to patronise native genius in this country. The laudable example set by a few spirited individuals, has at length led to a demand for the works of the English School of Painting, more extensive than has ever yet been known in England; and whatever may have been the case hitherto, there are now few artists of distinguished talent who do not find a ready and advantageous sale for their productions.

We shall endeavour, at some future opportunity, to explain why the higher departments of historical painting have not experienced a proportionate share of the encouragement which is now so lavishly bestowed upon other branches of the art. For the present, however, we shall content ourselves with a few remarks on the respective merits of the leading pictures in the present exhibition.

12. Judith and Holofernes, by W. Etty. This is a work which belongs to the very highest class of the art; nay, we may go still further, and affirm, that it is the noblest picture in this unusually rich and gorgeous exhibition. It approaches, in fact, nearer to the most exalted productions of the noblest of the old masters, than any effort of modern art that has fallen under our observation for many years. It is impossible to imagine anything more splendid than the colouring: nor is the composition less entitled to our commendation. The point of time chosen by Mr. Etty is, the moment when Judith, standing in an erect posture, with the uplifted sword in one hand, and the other grasping a lock of the sleeping chieftain's hair, is in the act

of appealing to heaven for strength to consummate the deed. The Herculean figure of Holofernes is strewn, in all the listlessness of sleep, upon a couch beside her. The light, which is wonderfully managed, proceeds from a lamp upon a table. Perhaps the figure of Judith is a little too colossal, inasmuch as it appears to detract from the grandeur of that Holofernes: certain it is, that it is somewhat overcharged in the drawing. Mr. Etty has also made quite a mistake in displaying so much of the person of Judith. So far from the costume (looped, as it is, above the knee) being correct, it is well known that the Jewish maidens were scrupulously particular, in so arranging their attire as to cover every part of their persons. But these are minor defects, in a picture of such surpassing grandeur, both of conception and execution; and as such, we have no desire to dwell upon them. Mr. Etty has manifested considerable self-denial and enthusiasm for his art, in choosing such a subject, and representing it upon so large a scale; as (to the shame of modern patrons of art be it spoken), his picture is not very likely to meet with a purchaser. His splendid 'Combat,' was purchased by a brother artist for three hundred pounds, scarcely a third of its intrinsic value.

No. 249, seems to have been composed of one or two of Mr. Etty's studies. It is finely coloured, but the subject has little to com-

mend it.

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No. 438, Hero and Leander, is a charming production, both for richness of colouring and effect. The moonlight, especially the reflection on the water, is admirably managed. The figure of Leander strikes us as being a little too robust; such painters as Mr. Etty are sometimes too

fond of displaying their anatomical knowledge.

178. The Crucifixion, by W. Hilton, belongs to the same high department of art as Mr. Etty's chef d'œuvre. It labours under the disadvantage of having been painted with the view of being copied upon the compartments of a window in one of the churches at Liverpool; and as the effect has been in some measure adapted for this specific object, the powers of the artist have been, to a certain degree, cramped and limited. The subject is finely treated, the expression powerful. and the effect, almost throughout the piece, sublime. The group of mourners at the foot of the cross is highly successful; and the soldier who is running (on the left-hand compartment of the picture), quite inimitable. We know of nothing in modern art to compare with the fore-shortening of the arm of this figure—it seems to protrude from the canvas. Our Saviour occupies too inconsiderable a space on the canvas, and is a little too ashy in colour, considering that the point of time represented is immediately subsequent to his dissolution. The extremities of the Virgin, too, partake too much of the same disagreeable hue; the unpleasant effect of which is increased by the proximity of Mr. Etty's gorgeously-coloured picture.

85. Lady Jane Grey prevailed upon to accept the Crown. By C. R. Leslie, R.A. A picture calculated to please alike the cognescento and the public at large. Lady Jane Grey is the personification of grace, modesty, and loveliness. The kneeling groupe, whose backs are turned upon the beholder, is admirable, contrasted with that of the principal person: we question, however, if they do not occupy rather

too prominent a place in the picture for secondary objects. Beautimi as is the execution of this piece, we confess we prefer Mr. Leslie, in his attempts to realize his exquisite conceptions of the genteel comedy of 'Don Quixote.' Lady Jane Grey is a commission from the Duke of Bedford, whose munificent patronage of modern art cannot be too highly enlogised. Mr. Leslie is, we are told, to receive five hundred guineas

for his picture, to got add to gain

124. Boys firing a Cannon, by W. Mulready, R.A. Considered as a study conceived for the purpose of affording the artist opportunities for the display of his high and peculiar powers of execution, exquisite finish, and correctness of design, this little picture will bear an advantageous comparison with the best productions of the Flemish school. The story, however, is but indifferently told; and this makes us deplore that so much admirable painting should have been wasted on its development. This picture was purchased by Mr. Peel, at the private view, for five hundred guineas.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PORTRAITS.—No. 134, Mrs. Peet. The most splendidly-coloured portrait Sir Thomas has ever produced; a picture, in short, vital with light and loveliness-the very magic of art. As a resemblance, too, we can bear personal testimony to its merits. This enchanting portrait occupies the point of attraction-what is technically called the bulk-head of the great room; and so it ought-

it is a thing to dream of, rather than to describe.

117. Portrait of the Earl of Liverpool. By far the most successful of Sir Thomas's full-length male portraits. That nothing can be more characteristic of the man, seems to be admitted on all hands.

The attitude of this 75. Portrait of the Countess of Normanton. portrait, which is a full-length, is graceful in the extreme. The singular delicacy of the complexion is the more strikingly obvious, from the juxta-position into which this picture is brought with the coppercoloured full-length portrait of the Duke of Wellington, by Jackson.

146. Portrait of Sir Walter Scott. In the upper part of the face, whilst a resemblance is strikingly preserved, a dignity is superadded, for which we may look for in vain in the original. The lower part of the physiognomy we do not much admire. Mr. Leslie's portrait is a much more faithful likeness. The good and more faithful likeness.

314. Portrait of John Nash, proves how much intelligence Sir Thomas can infuse into a portrait, without detracting from the re-

166. Rembrandt's Daughter, by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A. Mr. Turner seems determined to convince the public, that his talent is confined to no particular branch of the art. We have here his first attempt at historical painting, and a very singular and meritorious production it is. Of course we allude principally to the drawing, for in general execution the picture has little to boast of: it appears, in short, a sort of parody on Rembrandt's 'Joseph and Potiphar's Wife,' in the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The landscapes from the same pencil are all of the highest order; especially 47, Port Ruysdael, the water of which is exquisitely managed; 300, Mortlake Terrace, instinct with the brightness of

Claude; and 319, Scene in Derbyshire—a bit of unrivalled richness and beauty. We are glad to perceive that Mr. Turner has, in a great measure, abandoned the unnatural style of colouring, of which we have of Don Quixote. Lady Jane Grey is a .nislqmoo ot bad vitneupen oot

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64. Sides All, by J. Ward, R.A. A great deal of admirable painting, lavished upon a subject not merely uninteresting, but positively vulgar. Three fine dray-horses are straining at the top of their strength, to draw up, from the cellar of a village public-house, an empty beerbutt. The position of the horses is such, that they seem to have lost hold of terra firma entirely. To those of our readers who have frequently seen a single horse so entirely master of an empty butt as to be almost able to run away with it, it may appear singular that Mr. Ward should have required the laborious exertions of no less than three. The landlord is standing at his own door, with his hands in his pockets, superintending the operation. The details are all admirably given. For this picture, Mr. Ward has received from the Duke of Bedford the liberal price of five hundred guineas.

128. The Monkey who had seen the World, by Edwin Landseer, R.A. Perfectly exquisite in its way. The self-importance of the travelled gentleman, finely contrasted with the querulous and admiring curiosity of his unlettered relations. One monkey is inspecting his tail, another is taking a pinch of snuff from his snuff-box, whilst a third is fingering

the lace upon his doublet. A margin or man fine alternation of the lace upon his doublet. 136. Portrait of the Hon. J. Murray, with a Gamekeeper, &c.,

is also a picture of first-rate merit.

159. Alexander returning with Bucephalus, by R. B. Haydon. This picture, which was a commission from the Earl of Egremont, is powerfully conceived, and not less powerfully executed; and deserves to rank among the most successful productions of its author. The figures are splendidly grouped. Perhaps neither Bucephalus nor his rider are quite as prominent and important as they might have been: perhaps, too, the mother who is kneeling, and holding up her child, is a little too theatrical.

105. A Frost Scene, by W. Collins, R.A. Considering the high reputation of the artist, and the liberal price he has received for the picture (it was, we believe, a five-hundred-guinea commission, from Mr. Peel), we think he might have done more justice to his own fame and his liberal employer. Whatever reputation its truth and effect might have given to a younger painter, it can add but little to that of Mr.

Collins.

[We shall resume our notices of this interesting exhibition at some future opportunity]. Add to the state of the

course we allude principalvi. to the drawing, for in general executivating ting year and slave disease tothe formows on the brownt, a sort of parpyly grand quart and being sown; and the supplier about in the possession of sweet diord is leavening fast its feeble, sleader hold, the that of pure to the district the state bowl of pure gold sitely Lipadi especially, detail 201 of vasages, 1166 which even death endeafferinsitely managed; 310 Morticker higher through this daily vale of tems; of the first physical through this daily vale of tems; especially

* From Bernard Barton's! Wildow's Tale, and other poems.

THE VALE OF TEARS*.

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In visions which are not of night, a shadowy vale I see,
The path of pilgrim tribes who are, who have been, or shall be;
At either end are lowering clouds, impervious to the sight,
And frequent shadows veil, throughout, each gleam of passing light;
A path it is of joy and griefs, of many hopes and fears;
Gladdened at times by sunny smiles, but oftener dimmed by tears.

II

Green leaves are there, they quickly fade; bright flowers, but soon they die; Its banks are lav'd by pleasant streams, but soon their bed is dry; And some that roll on to the last with undiminished force, Have lost that limpid purity which graced their early source, They seem to borrow in their flow the tinge of dark'ning years, And e'en their mournful murmuring sound befits the vale of tears.

III.

Pleasant that valley's opening scenes appear to childhood's view, The flowers are bright, the turf is green, the sky above is blue; A blast may blight, a beam may scorch, a cloud may intervene, But lightly marked, and soon forgot, they mar not such a scene; Fancy still paints the future bright, and hope the present cheers, Nor can we deem the path we tread leads through a vale of tears.

IV.

But soon, too soon, the flowers that decked our early pathway-side, Have drooped and withered on their stalks, and one by one have died; The turf by noon's fierce heat is sear'd, the sky is overcast, There's thunder in the torrent's tone, and tempest in the blast; Fancy is but a phantom found, and Hope a dream appears, And more and more our hearts confess this life a vale of tears.

V.

Darker and darker seems the path! how sad to journey on,
When hands and hearts which gladdened our's appear for ever gone,
Some cold in death, and some, alas! we fancied could not chill,
Living to self, and to the world, to us seem colder still;
With mournful retrospective glance we look to brighter years,
And tread with solitary steps the thorny vale of tears.

VI.

Then wasting pain and slow disease trace furrows on the brow,
The grasshopper, alighting down, is felt a burthen now,
The silver chord is loosening fast its feeble, slender hold,
The fountain's pitcher soon must break, and bowl of purer gold;
Oh! were it not for that blest Hope which even death endears,
How weary were our pilgrimage through this dark vale of tears!

. From Bernard Barton's 'Widow's Tale,' and other poems.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Late in the evening of a summer's day, in the year 1527, two travellers were seen approaching Florence from the south. As they descended the hills, and the Etrurian Athens, with its fair white walls, lay before them, bathed in the glorious light of an Italian sunset, whose magic hues still hovered over the tops of the distant mountains; while the woods that skirted them stood out with their deep and solemn shadow, in rich harmonious contrast against the glowing sky,—the elder of the travellers, whose bearing rather than his dress proclaimed him the superior, reined in his horse, and sat motionless, absorbed in the contemplation of the scene before him. The other checked his steed likewise, rather, it should seem, from respect to his companion than from admiration of the landscape; for he cast an indifferent eye around, and then began muttering an Ave Maria, that the time might not be altogether thrown away.

"By St. Anthony, this is a glorious sight!—what thinkest thou,

Giascopo ?!" hocedara in pradition homopataro de tor altre en actual actual opure la bo Arcuse

"Aye, Signor, it is well enough," replied Giascopo; "but I think that as it is a good half league to Florence, we had better prick on our horses, or the gates will be closed."

"You are right," said the other, rousing himself, and putting his

horse to speed.

They reached the city just in time to gain admittance that night. The travellers alighted at the first inn, and seated themselves on a bench before the door, where two or three of the better sort of the citizens were eagerly discussing the affairs of the republic over their wine-cups. The street in which the inn stood, presented an animated and pictorial effect, as the eye rested on the long perspective of houses, built after the old Italian fashion, with their deep embayed windows, fantastically carved, and now gilded with the last rays of the setting sun; the groups of citizens in their picturesque dresses, some sitting before their doors, singing to the accompaniment of the lute—others in passionate discourse on the rival factions, whose discord at that time set all Italy in a flame, presented countenances and attitudes worthy of a Raphael.

"Your Florence, Signori, wears a different aspect from some of the cities I passed through in my way hither," said the elder traveller, at

length breaking silence.

"You are a traveller, then, Signor!" said one of the persons addressed. Perhaps you can tell us whether it be true that Charles of Bourbon is to be joined by the Regent of Naples, in his attack upon Rome."

"I have heard so."

"Shame," rejoined the other, with flashing eyes, "that one who bears so noble a name should league with felons and murderers in laying waste his native land!"

"Felons and murderers!—these, methinks, are strange names to apply to the followers of Charles, among whom may be reckoned some of the noblest in Italy.

How meary were our pulgrimage x12ugh this durk vale of tears . .

* From Bernard Barton's 'Widow's Tale,' and other porms

"You cannot deny that the Duke has such in his service: and as to

his nobles, I hold them little better in espousing such a cause."

The cheek of the traveller was flushed with crimson as he involuntarily grasped the dagger beneath his cloak; but he stifled his emotion, and said calmly—"A large number of your fellow-citizens, then, Signor, are like to fall under your evil report. It is said that the Emperor has as many well wishers as the Pope, in Florence."

"He lies most foully, who says so!" said the Florentine, starting

fiercely from his seat. The and to agod end nevo

"Gently, good Antonio," said a third, who had hitherto remained a silent listener, "this cavalier does but repeat what he has heard, doubtless,

without giving it credit." and men't reduce a direct section as

The traveller's eye glanced at the speaker, as if he suspected a snare in the moderation of his words. He was a man advanced in life, with a watchful eye, and a cool, wary countenance; which did not greatly please the inspector.

"You are right, Signor," he rejoined, with an air of indifference. I

meant no offence, but your friend is somewhat fiery."

"He is young," said the other. "You and I, who have seen more years over our heads, can talk without quarrelling, though we may differ in opinion."

But the traveller seemed to have no inclination to accept the implied invitation to a prolonged discussion. He arose, and adjusting his cloak, ordered his servant to bring out the horses, and bade them good evening.

"There goes a spy of the Ghibeline faction; but I will watch his motions," muttered Antonio between his teeth; and snatching up his sword, he followed in the same direction. For some time he kept the horsemen in sight, till his progress was impeded by the crowd following in the train of the Gonfalonier, who was returning from council, in state. Before he extricated himself they were gone. Still, however, Antonio, who was a youth of fierce passions, and hated the opposite faction with an intensity known only to the parties in a civil discord, kept up the chase till the night was far advanced. While he hesitated whether to continue the pursuit, or return home, two persons suddenly issued from a low door near the church of the Annunziata, near which he stood, and remained for some time in deep consultation. The street was dark, but the lamp burning in a niche before an image of the Virgin, discovered to Antonio's eager gaze the countenances of the elder traveller, and a person whom he knew to be in the service of a nobleman suspected of a correspondence with the Emperor. Presently the former drew a purse from his bosom, and gave it to the other, who took it hastily and disappeared. The stranger turned also to depart; but Antonio sprung forward, and crying "Traitor!-Spy!-Ghibeline!" -attacked him so vigorously, that the other, taken by surprise, had scarcely time to draw his sword before Antonio's furious outcry attracted several persons to the spot; who, on hearing the exclamation, joined in the fray. The stranger planted his back against the wall, and defended himself with such superior skill, that had the odds been less against him, must speedily have secured the victory. As it was, he began to feel exhausted by so unequal a contest; when an auxiliary aperson of a youth, who, shocked by the unfairness of the neared in the

combat, ranged himself on the side of the stranger, and bestowed his blows with such right good-will, that the assailers, in their turn, began to give ground. Amid the confusion caused by the raised voices and clashing swords, they did not heed the approach of half a dozen men, clothed in crimson, and carrying halberds, till their swords were struck, and they themselves arrested in the name of the republic. "The city guard, by St. Peter!" exclaimed the stranger's ally. "Follow me, Signor:" and with a dexterous jerk, he threw down the man nearest him, leaped over the crossed halberds of the guards, and fled with the speed of lightning. Both ran till the cries of the pursuers died away in the distance. They stopped to take breath; and the youth suddenly faced round on his companion, and said, with a look of recollection:—
"And now, Signor, that we are safe, will you tell me what you were fighting about."

"A proper question, after risking your life," said the other, laughing:

"I think you should have asked before."

"I had not time; but, Signor, you are hurt."

"A mere scratch, which I will speedily cure. I am a stranger in this city—can you direct me to the house of one Bertuccio, a notary?"

"Bertuccio!" ejaculated the youth, -- "what would you with him?"

"I have business."

"Oh, if you have business, well: but if you seek a kind Samaritan to bind up your wounds, you will not find one in Messer Bertuccio."

"You know him, then?" says od open as good

"Ay, Signor—so well, that I wonder how any one should willingly seek him; seeing that I have dwelt in his house some years, and long for nothing so much as to run away from it."

"You are his relation, or perhaps his apprentice?"

"Neither, by the blessing of Heaven. Some years ago, when the Emperor's troops laid waste Perugia, I was left sprawling amid the ruins of a sacked town, as neither worth killing nor carrying away. Messer Bertuccio was then journeying in Perugia, and his wife would have him take care of me; which he was willing enough to do, while the price of the jewels about me answered the charge twice over, and his wife lived. She is dead, and I"——

"And you," said the stranger, who had listened to him with deep interest—"are you, who have given this night such proof of a gallant spirit—are you content to waste your youth at the desk of a pitiful notary, when all Italy is in a flame; and when valour may win a prize

worthy an Emperor's crown?"

"Content!" said the youth, with a cheek of flame, and dashing from him with violence the ink-horn at his girdle, which had revealed his profession to his companion—"is the eagle content to perch with the carrion crow? No; but I am content to herd with swine, till Messer Bertuccio can no longer say I owe him ought; and then I will, with my sword, carve out a fortune for myself, that the noblest in Italy may envy. Signor, this is the house you seek."

They entered a long narrow passage, on one side of which was a door. The youth pushed it, and admitted his companion into a room about eight feet square; one side of which was occupied by a desk, black with age, and heaped with papers. The floor was covered with huge piles of

parchment; and by the faint glimmer of an old lamp, suspended from the ceiling, Messer Bertuccio was discovered poring over a deed. He was a little old man, so pinched with age and avarice, that he resembled an aged ape. At the noise of their entry he raised his head; and fixing his sharp, rat-like eyes on the youth, said, in a querulous tone—"Well, Signor Cesario, what more brawls, anon—there's blood upon thy face!—I would it were from thy heart. I warrant I must to the Podesta again: thou hast cost more scudi than thy brains are worth. Ha! a stranger hast thou brought: some bravo, to murder the old man, for his gold!" And instinctively shaking his hand, grasped a dagger that lay beside him.

"Messer Bertuccio, do you not know me?"

"Sanctissima Maria! ora pro nobis!" said the old man, crossing himself with a look of affright. "The Signer Adimari in Florence?—Ha, Cesario! why dost thou linger here?—wouldst learn the old man's secrets, that thou mayest rifle his strong box? Ha!"

"Tush!" said Adimari, "there is no cause to fear, Messer Bertuccio: I will answer for this youth; he has done me good service to night, and I will reward him accordingly: but of that anon. Cesario, my friend, leave us now: my business requires dispatch—I will speak with thee

by and by."

The conference between Adimari and Bertuccio lasted till midnight. During the whole time, Cesario paced up and down the passage with impatient steps. Once or twice he caught the sound of his own name; and this, coupled with the demeanour of Adimari, awakened in his youthful bosom hopes and feelings he could not crush, and yet feared to indulge. When the door opened, and Adimari's voice was heard inquiring for him, his heart's tumultuous throbs almost deprived him of sensation. Adimari smiled as he looked on Cesario's burning cheek and flashing eye. "I would wager," said he, "that thy thoughts anticipate my purpose. What sayest thou, Cesario, to quitting the pen for the sword, and serving with me under the valiant and renowned general, Charles of Bourbon?"

The youth grasped Adimari's hand, in gratitude too big for words. Adimari again smiled. "Be ready then to quit Florence with me tomorrow; and keep this,"—dropping a purse into his hands, as he left the house—"thou wilt find more wants than there are pieces."

"Has he given thee gold, good Cesario?" said Bertuccio, advancing towards him with trembling steps, gloating eyes, and withered shaking

hands, extended as if to clutch the glittering bait.

Cesario looked on him for a moment with unutterable scorn. Then taking out a few pieces of gold, he flung the purse to the miserable dotard. "Take it, Messer Bertuccio—and farewell. Now I owe you

nothing."

On the following day, before the sun had risen above the horizon, Adimari, accompanied by Cesario and Giacopo, was far on his way to the head-quarters of the Duke of Bourbon's army. Adimari had been employed by the Ghibeline party to negociate with those nobles of Florence who were disaffected to the republican government; and not feeling himself safe in the Florentine territory, did not relax his speed till they were out of it. By the time they reached Bracciano, the army had

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moved forward, and encamped near the abbey of Farfa. It was a brilliant and enlivening spectacle to see the extended line of tents, far as the eye could reach; the venerable and majestic abbey, with its magnificent woods flanking in the back-ground; the parties of soldiers, in their various costumes, galloping about the fields, their arms glittering in the sunshine; and to hear their cries of joy ringing in the clear air, as they saw the coveted prize-"the Eternal City!" rising before them, in its time-hallowed magnificence. In the midst of the field was the tent of the Duke of Bourbon, distinguished by the Imperial eagle, and white standard, waving proudly over it. The royal leader was surrounded by officers of high rank; but it was impossible to mistake for a moment the noble form of that graceful Prince whose refusal of the proffered hand of a Queen had driven him into rebellion against his sovereign, and well nigh cost him his life. Charles received Adimari with his usual graciousness, and appointed him to an honourable post in his own regiment, which he was to lead in person to the assault. In an army composed, like Charles's, of adventurers of all nations, felons, and banditti, there was little discipline observed. In defiance of the Duke's injunctions, large bodies of the soldiery scoured the country in every direction; carrying off the cattle, maltreating, and sometimes murdering the inhabitants, and burning whole villages in mere wantonness. On the evening preceding the assault, Adimari went in pursuit of a party who had strayed beyond their limits; and Cesario's yet uncorrupted heart, sickening with the mad riot of the camp, found relief in attending him. As they were returning by the Campo Santo, Cesario lingered to enjoy a scene so new to him, till his companions were out of sight. The moon had risen with a brilliancy unknown in these northern climes, and by her light he could distinctly see the sentinels pacing the ramparts of the Castle of St. Angelo. The wild uproar of the camp, softened in the distance, rose occasionally on the air, as if to make the stillness that succeeded more apparent. Cesario rode slowly on, plunged in those blissful reveries of youth, when fame, and happiness, and glory, seem not phantoms, to lure us to destruction, but visions, "palpable to feeling as to sight;" when he was roused from his dream by rough voices, demanding his name, and what he did there. Four horsemen had approached, unheard on the soft turf, and surrounded him, before he was aware. "A spy of the Bourbon, by the keys of St. Peter!" said one-" I will knock him on the head, and leave his bones to whiten, for an example to the rest;" and he raised his carbine: but Cesario recovering from his surprise, discharged his piece, by way of answer, and attempted to dash through them. In an instant his arms were seized and pinioned—his eyes bound; and one of the men taking his horse's bridle, the whole party returned to Rome at full speed. When Cesario was set at liberty, he found himself in a guard-room, filled with soldiers. At the upper end, before a stone table, sat an officer, whose commanding front and stately bearing announced one high in authority. This was the renowned Orazio Baglione, whose valour had nearly made him master of his native Perugia, and then in the service of the Pope.

One of the soldiers who had captured Cesario began to relate his adventure; but hardly had the word "spy" escaped his lips, when the

boy, wresting his own pike from his hand, felled him to the ground, saying, "Noble general, he lies most foully—I am no spy, but a soldier."

"Ha!" said Baglione, "thou art a bold youth;" 'tis a pity such a one should be a Ghibeline. How long hast thou served Charles of Bourbon?"

"I have never served at all yet," replied Cesario; "and by faith, I think I never shall, seeing that I have met with such a mischance at the onset." The tone of boyish petulance in which he spoke, contrasted so oddly with his previous boldness, that Baglione and the soldiers laughed aloud. Cesario looked fiercely from one to the other, guessing that he was the object of ridicule, though unconscious why. "By your leave, Signor," said he, "it is neither the part of a soldier nor a nobleman to insult an enemy, whom accident has placed in his power."

Baglione, too generous to be offended at his hardihood, instantly composed his countenance, and questioned him in a more conciliatory tone. "Well, good youth," said he, when Cesario was silent, "I like thine ambition well; it is an honourable one, and shall be gratified, if thou art content to follow Baglione, instead of the Bourbon. In other words, wilt thou flesh thy maiden sword in defence of thy native land, or league

with traitors in subjugating her to a foreign power?"

Cesario's face glowed like fire, but he spoke not. His early education in Florence had early enlisted his prejudices to the Guelphic faction; and the riot and debauchery of Charles's camp were such as to fill his youthful mind with horror. His pride, too, was gratified by the question of the famed Baglione; while, on the other hand, he considered his honour pledged to Adimari and the Duke of Bourbon. The penetrating eye of Baglione read in a moment what was passing in his mind. Without pressing him farther, he committed him to the charge of an officer, with orders to use no more constraint than was necessary

to prevent his leaving the city.

As soon as the first faint streaks of light were visible in the east, the cries of the people, mingled with the shouts of the soldiers and the roar of artillery, told that the assault had begun. Cesario followed the officer into the streets, which were filled with the populace; some prostrate before the numerous images, or swelling the train of the Pontiff, as he proceeded in grand procession, carrying the Host, and attended by all the Cardinals in Rome to the church of the Vatican, to implore the protection of Heaven. Cesario rushed to the walls with the instinct of a war-horse, at the sound of the trumpet; and in a short time found himself, to his great astonishment, fighting zealously by the side of that very Baglione whom but the day before he expected to meet as an enemy. Bourbon, conspicuous from his white mantle, was foremost in the attack, encouraging his men, by gesture and example, to fix the scaling ladders, which he was the first to mount. Scarcely had his foot pressed the step, when a discharge from the ramparts dashed him breathless to the ground. The besieged uttered a cry of triumph, and for a moment his troops fell back in dismay—the next, the charge was renewed with redoubled fury. The assault continued three days. On the fourth, Cesario was sent by Baglione to the castle, with a

message to the chief engineer, Antonio Santa Croce. As he was returning, there was a cry-a shout of mingled triumph and despairthat seemed to rend the skies: flying parties of their own troops, and women running hither and thither, with their screaming children, told the appalling truth—the city was carried! From the quarter of Trastavere, a body of the German auxiliaries, headed by the Prince of Orange, came rushing like a whirlwind, carrying death to whatever opposed them. The soldiers deserted the walls, and thronged the streets, disputing every inch of ground with desperate valour. The yells of the combatants—the deafening roar of the cannon—the maddening shrieks of females, in the grasp of the licentious soldiery, piercing the ear with horrid clearness, through all the infernal uproar-the streets and squares heaped with the slain, and running with blood-all the ghastly sights and sounds of a city taken by storm—struck horror and dismay to the bosom of Cesario. All hell seemed open to his view. Still he fought like a young lion at bay, dealing no second blows; and himself, as if by a miracle, escaping almost unhurt, till he reached the square of the Vatican, where the Pope's guards were in vain attempting to defend the entrance to the church. Over gory carcases, the dying and the dead, Cesario forced his way into the nave, just in time to strike down a Huguenot soldier, who, with a cry of "Down with Antichrist and his supporters!" aimed a furious blow at the head of Baglione. Hand to hand the death-struggle was maintained, till the Pontiff made his escape by a secret passage, to the castle of St. Angelo; and then Baglione, making a desperate sally from the church, Cesario lost sight Bear not, Adimeri, my friend, to whom I owe all my presentmid to

The conflict raged till night with unabated fury. To add to the horror of the scene, the enemy, after rifling the houses and churches, set fire to them. Amidst the tumult and the smoke, it was impossible to distinguish friends from foes.

Faint with loss of blood, and parched with intolerable thirst, Cesario crawled towards one of the public fountains. The fire from a neighbouring palace shed a lurid glare upon the ghastly faces of numbers who had expired in a vain attempt to reach the waters. One miserable wretch had fallen in, and the stream was polluted with his blood. Cesario turned, shuddering, away, and sat down on the steps. Suddenly an appalling shriek from a female voice struck on his ear; and a young and lovely woman, with hair dishevelled, and garments torn and bloody, rushed from the burning palace, followed by a soldier. With frantic agony she clasped Cesario's body, and implored him to save her. Before he could reply, the savage sprung upon his victim, with the howl of an infuriated wolf. Inspired, for the moment, with superhuman strength, Cesario disengaged his right arm, and plunged his dagger in the ruffian's heart; then throwing the insensible form of the lady across his shoulder, he made his way back to the church of the Vatican, striking indiscriminately at all he met. It was nearly deserted: with one wild effort, he reached the high altar and the secret door. There nature failed at once, and he sunk, with his burden, to the ground. In the fall, his foot touched the spring, and they fell, together, into the subterranean passage!

Two years after the sacking of Rome, a splendid festival was held in the Colonna palace. A thousand lamps poured a flood of light upon the gorgeous room, where countless throngs of gallant nobles, and bright dames, moved gaily to the sound of the softest music. But who is she, the fairest where all are fair ?- the jewels on whose brow were dim to the eyes that flashed beneath !--whose cheek and lip but mocked the roses twined in her clustering hair !- who half smiling, half blushing, all loveliness, listens, with downcast eye and half-averted face, to the youth at her side, in manhood's earliest prime-who gazes on her with eyes radiant with love and joy? It was a daughter of the illustrious house of Colonna, and Cesario Baglione-he who, in calling her his bride, had fulfilled his youthful boast, and won a prize of brighter worth than the crown of the imperial Charles.

In the midst of the marriage festival, when all was revelry and joy, a servant approached, and whispered the bridegroom. He started, and changed colour. His lovely Olympia spoke to him with an air of alarmed and timid tenderness: but he heard her not, and quitted the

In an unfurnished chamber, half-lighted by a single torch, a stranger stood muffled in a dark mantle. As Cesario approached, he stepped

forward, and dropped it——it was Adimari!

"Signor Cesario Baglione," said he, "I come to claim your protection. The league between the Pope and the Emperor has made me a beggar and an outcast; and there are many in the court of Rome who seek my life." derent a men man bally from the cherch

"Fear not, Adimari, my friend, to whom I owe all my present bliss!"

said Cesario, rushing to embrace him-" wait my return."

He hurried to the festal hall. In a few brief sentences, he explained all to his bride-" But for Adimari, my Olympia, I had never known thee!"

It was enough—Olympia went to throw herself at her father's feet, and never rose till he had promised his powerful intercession with the

At that time nothing was refused to Colonna. A few weeks saw Adimari reconciled to the Church; and Cesario whispered to his friend, as he presented him to his bright Olympia-" Did I not prophecy truly when I said, I would carve out for myself a fortune the proudest in Italy might envy ?"mag had believed ab ried way as now reard as

of an industried walk Inspired, for the moment, with superinteens through, threatio discongreed his right gem, and phaged his dagger in the curren's beart; then throwing the meansible form of the lady across his about der, he made his way back to the church of the Vatican Milling indiscriminately at all he met. It was mearly described towns one wild effort, he reached the high alter and the secret door, of here nature sailed at once, and he soult, with his burden, to the guermais the fall, big foot touched the spring, and they fell, together, into the

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latinged Speancher had sale anobab-cobie; sid, to me ode his behal It is long since I heard the dear welcome that always salutes my ears on returning to my home! I know not whether, in the course of my life, any absence from it has been so prolonged as the present. It is true that the circumstances by which I am surrounded prevent that feeling of weariness which would make one chide the "slow-footed time." These are halcyon hours with me; but in solitude, and especially at twilight, my memory lingers on the scenes of my infancy and youth with indescribable fondness. Our house !- I see it now-"in my mind's eye, Horatio!"—a large old-fashioned square building; once white but grey at length with age: magnificent with Corinthian pilasters, supporting either side of the capacious entrance, and dividing the principal front into three compartments. The hall is superb in dimensions, and lofty enough to give echo to every step that presses its stone floor. Opening upon this, are five sitting rooms of various sizes and appellations; three of them used by ourselves as dining and drawing-rooms, the third a sort of study—by which I mean a receptacle for various miscellaneous books, drawings, writing-desks, MSS., work-bags, ingenious toys, and divers other anomalous articles. The dignity of the two remaining apartments has dwindled into mere usefulness; the saloon being converted into a store-room—memorable as the scene of numerous feats of epicurism that marked my childhoodand the breakfast-parlour into a china-closet, memorable also in its way as a kind of Bluebeard's chamber, never to be approached by those lively beings whose every motion carries destruction to things frangible. I need not ascend to the first-floor: our accommodations on all sides were of the most spacious description, and the galleries were long enough to frighten the house-maid at night, who never performed her evening perambulations unaccompanied by the cook, a stout, muscular personage-bidding defiance to man, as she said, but not overmuch inclined to encounter a ghost or the devil, between which incorporeal beings there certainly existed, in her pericranium, some inexplicable confusion of essences. The attics were uninhabited; no wages would hire a domestic to sleep there. They were left, therefore, to a tenantry of rats, mice, and bats, and others of a genus who live not with the fear of hobgoblins before their eyes.

Our external accommodations were as little circumscribed as our internal. Our grounds, if I may distinguish them by so imposing a denomination, were most delightfully extensive. Our orchard answered very well for a park: the green-sward was kept in most trim order; and the fruit-trees, powdered with their shower of blossoms in spring, and laden with their golden produce in autumn, afforded no unpleasing spectacle. Our flower-garden was rich in the beauty and variety of its decorations: it was under the especial care of an old worn-out labourer, whose occupation at the Hall formed the crown and glory of his age. He had so long considered himself an appurtenance of the family, that complete dismission from its service would, I think, have nipped that age which bloomed, like his own evergreens, through "a frosty

but kindly winter." His ranunculus-bed-what a rainbow of colouring !-with what pleasure he stood gazing on it, resting on his spade, as if he analysed each separate tint of each peculiar leaf. This was, indeed, the star of his garden-diadem: he had various and beautiful specimens of the auricula, but dear as these were to his care, they dwindled into positive insignificance when brought into comparison with his beloved, his darling ranunculuses. No parent ever cherished a highlygifted child with more affection, or watched its progress with more tender and anxious caution, than Joe, the gardener, manifested for his queen of flowers. Rose, lily, tulip, and carnation, tempted his constant affection in vain: he gave a proper portion of his labour to all, but the assiduity of his heart belonged entirely to his brilliant cluster of ranunculuses. His affection was evidently exclusive, but his cares were scrupulously given when they were required. Hence the garden would have furnished a coronal for Flora; and every air that swept over it bore a gale of perfume on its wings. A shrubbery surrounded it, occasionally diverging into a serpentine; and, on the eastern side, continuing to the river, it was bounded by fine old trees, whose dense foliage afforded shelter equally from the summer sun and the wintry blast. Occasionally art had checked the luxuriance of nature, in order to admit a vista of a landscape unparalleled, perhaps, in the richness and diversity of its scenery. There was a fine fruit-garden, intersected by a path of smooth green-sward, sheltered by espaliers and nut-trees—an object of admiration to all those who paced it on a summer's evening, when the setting sun, or the pale rays of the moon, streamed through the dark green shade of its intertwined archway of boughs. In a word, no one disliked the Hall, who had once been a domesticated guest there.

Then, the inhabitants of my home—those dear-ones from whom I gathered my earliest impressions; who watched me-shielded meshared alike my infantine sports and the evanescent sorrows of my childhood! My father, on the verge of seventy, is a tall, slender man; but unbent by the weight of time and care, like an oak, unshrinking from the tempest, and grappling the earth more firmly for every blast. His dark eye still occasionally flashes in those gusts of temper, which no trial has been able entirely to subdue. Impatient, irascible, but then so relenting withal, and so softened by the very turbulence of his emotions, the evening of his days bears traces of all that the morning must have been. I have heard my mother say, that, in his prime of manhood, he was as impetuous, restless, ambitious, and aspiring, as any scarlet-clad man of the sword might be. Far from being subdued by the drudgery of mercantile transactions, he appeared to gather fresh fire from his contact with them; and the fetters which bound his spirit down to the ordinary avocations of mankind, produced perpetual sparkles of energy and hardihood, from their collision with his daring temperament. He ought, perhaps, to have acquired a large fortune, for he had all the enterprise and perseverance necessary to ensure success. He proved quite the contrary result; and retired from the world, in the bosom of his family, to the shades in the midst of which he was born.

My mother—her years considered, where is there, in appearance, anything comparable to her? I think the term duchess-like would best describe her tall, stately, well-proportioned figure. She has acquired

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just sufficient en-bon-point to diminish the effect of the devastations of age, without gaining that clumsy rotundity of person which so much impedes agility, and destroys all grace of motion. The easy, undulating, swan-like walk, for which she was distinguished in her youth, she still possesses in all its original perfection. She is, indeed, the timeworn picture of a very beautiful woman. Her complexion has not been impaired by indisposition, nor by yet more destructive efforts to improve it: its clear pink and white is even now rarely equalled in the young; and her large bright eye, beneath the heavy lid, receives additional lustre from the brilliancy of the colouring of the cheek. A few evidences that the hand of time has passed over her, destroying the smoothness of the surface of that cheek and forehead; but her teeth, in admirable preservation, give an air of extreme youthfulness to that still handsome mouth. Her nose—long, sharp, and almost aquiline, does indeed bear some testimony to the former existence of that shrewishness of which my father sometimes jocularly complains, as a characteristic of her former days. I think she must have been rather inclined to play Catherine;—there is a piquancy about her whole voice and manner even now, and a perpetual buoyancy of spirits, a continual ressivenescence of mind, rarely distinct from the à la Catherine temperament. However this may be, she has been an admirable wife to my father: unshrinking amidst the violent gales that have assailed the vessel of his fortunes—his constant companion—his cheerful comforter—his unwearied fellow-traveller. She has heen an exemplary mother withal; and her children have reason to bless her to their last hour of mortal existence, for the unbending energy that procured for them, in the midst of her own severe abstinence from all selfish indulgences, the most excellent education to be obtained even in this land of literature: and never can her child enlarge sufficiently on that increasing conjugal devotion which augments in proportion to the time-worn petulance of its object—that extenuation of all his faults, on which even his children are too prone to enlarge, and comment, and ponder-that indefatigable attendance on his personal comforts—that unwearied forbearance, or if provoked sometimes beyond patience, that complete forgiveness, and that decided oblivion of all that might tend to weaken regard, and diminish affection. Ah! here indeed is that true, and tried, and longstanding attachment to which Middleton alluded, when he says-

The treasures of the deep are not so precious As are the concealed comforts of a man Locked up in woman's love.

Ah, happy husband, si sua bona norit!—But why that if? In his

inmost heart he does know and feel them.

The vivacity for which my mother was distinguished in her youth, has been little impaired by time or affliction. It is a common belief amongst the lower classes, that she who possesses abundant animal spirits, will meet with trials in her pilgrimage through life that will require their utmost exertion. They might cite my mother as an illustration of the truth of this superstition, if I may call it so. Happy has it been for herself, her husband, and her family, that through adversity of no ordinary description, her cheerfulness and activity of mind and body did not desert her. Full of hope, she always expected a gleam of

sunshine to break from the most cloudy sky; and the very extremity of her calamity was to her a source of expectation of relief My father's courage quails at the least attack; and, as he soars into the seventh heaven at an unexpected occurrence of good, how slight soever it may be, so he sinks "as low as to the fiends," on a proportionably small access of evil. There have been epochs in his life in which, without the aid of his wife's fortitude and unquenchable ardour of hope, he must have sunk beneath the storms that passed on him. Happily, he has at length weathered them, almost, I may say, piloted by her hand; and has attained a tranquil haven in his age, where he sits at the head of his own hearth-stone, the happier, perhaps, for "all the dangers he has passed."

My sisters—but they deserve a paper to themselves.

THE TOMB-STONE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.

T

AMID this holy field of dead,
I bid thee hail, thou mossy stone,
That rear'st to meet thy time-worn head
To yonder Heav'n—fair Evening's throne!

TT.

Alas! to thee the friend no more

Delights his tribute grief to bring!

No more the maiden strews thee o'er

With flowers, the earliest of the Spring!

TTT

And of thy sculpture, once so fair, Remains that gloomy skull alone! The name hath vanished—nought is there, Save wintry weeds that shade the stone.

IV.

Yet thee I seek—I ask release

From all the cares this vain world brings:

Altar of Hope! Jehovah's peace

Floats o'er thee, as on seraph-wings!

It did not desert her. Tell of hope, the nimps expected a gloom of

G. F. R.

ALLEGORICAL STANZAS.

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I saw a form of beauty, 'neath the shade
Of stately cedars leaning: at her feet
A wild brook sung its low song, clear and sweet;
Then wandered gracefully through the dim glade.

II.

Her face—the earth holds nought which may compare With its expressive, noble loveliness:
Like evening sun-beams fell each silken tress,
Kissing her regal neck and bosom fair.

III.

Her radiant fingers swept a golden lyre, Producing tones of such deep melody— So spirit-like—they seemed of Heaven to be;— Such heavenly visitings alone inspire!

IV.

The evening stars shone mild in the clear blue Of Summer's shadeless heaven; and the morn Came with fresh voices, and with flowers new born: Still there I listened, mindless how time flew.

V

Another evening set, 'mid hues that shone
Like roses in gold vases, rich and bland:
Then Darkness wept like Sorrow o'er the land!—
I turned: the lyre remained—the lyrist gone!

VI.

Bending, I struck the strings, 'mid many fears— The magic tones within my soul still rung: But, oh! so tuneless were the words I sung, My tortured spirit spent itself in tears!

VII.

Say, have you met the lady I adore?

Long, long I've waited 'neath the cedar shade,

Where first I saw, first heard that peerless maid:

But, ah! she comes to me—to me—no more!

C. S-N.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

(A SKETCH.)

This is the home of awe, the mariner said:

For three long years in this, our pillared dome,
Have I lived on; and many a sight have seen,
Of tempest wintry, and of summer calm—
Gales equinoctial, and all sounds of strife,
Among the elemental wars have heard.
Aye, sometimes, when the Northern tempests rush
Like bitless steeds, along the hilly sea,
In this lone watch-tower prisoned; whilst the winds,
As if in mockery, whistle round the walls,
Sad sounds and fearful sights afflict our souls.

Three months have scarce elapsed, since from the North, With ruinous havoc, came a sudden gale. Hoarse roared the vaves, and up the rocks they climbed, As if the spirit of the deep arose,

These lofty citadels of strength to scale,
And wreck its vengeance on our guiltless heads—
Who from the jaws of death, perchance, had saved
Its desolate victims.

So, all night and day, The winds kept up their song—the sea its roar: Till, driven like birds that seek an unknown clime, Full onwards to the Head, with fatal speed, A fleet of merchants, laden with the spoil Of Eastern realms, came driving on the blast. Brief hope had they to live the tempest through! Full forty feet above the highest mast-Full forty feet—like walls, the billows rose: And far, along the leaden-coloured sky, Like snow-flakes wafted, with a boiling sound, The spray scoured on, scarce suffered to ascend-A courier, sent upon the stormy waves, To herald conquest, or to threaten doom. The winds were warring in the pitchy air, And this tall light-house in the conflict, rocked As rocks the nest upon the lofty elm, When from the huge metropolis of trees The gale shakes forth its screaming 'habitants-So shook our lonely dwelling in the storm. Loud pealed the thunder !-with an earthquake's voice The land sent forth its challenge to the sea, In horrid echoes.

Then needed brightest—pale the beacon-fire
Gleamed through the atmosphere. The sea-birds feared;
And, faithless to their rocks, their pinions spread
Upon the airy torrent, to our dome
With madness steering. Unto man they came,
Refuge and shelter from his care to seek,
Who most them wanted; then around the fire,
Tossed with destructive fury, lifeless all,
The little wanderers fell; and on the roof
Lay harmless victims to the murd'rous winds.
Meanwhile we trembled, from our gaping walls
Fearing to look abroad.

But soon were heard,

By fits, along the gale, the sounds of death—

Voices commingled with the thundering peals—

Voices of men upon the brink of fate—

Deep supplicating sounds and piercing cries—

Loud shouts of hope, and shrieks of wild despair!

The morn rose heavily from out the East: The lingering light scarce dared to pierce the gloom, Or feared to show the havoc of the night. Along the waves, or lifted up the cliffs, Here spread the remnants of full many a bark, That lately on the sea, a wondrous sight Of living beauty, like a fairy rode; And with them, bound to plank or shattered mast, Uprose the forms of men! some with the flood Yet combating with more than mortal strength, And uttering cries that to the very soul Pierced—cut off for ever from our aid? And here and there a head or arm appeared From the white summit of the ridgy wave-As if the melancholy wretch had died With suppliant hands and eye to Heaven upturned!

But there was other cause for loud lament
Than these sad signs of sorrow. By you rock
Which like a pillar rises from the sea;
And which the hand of Industry hath turned
To useful purpose; spreading out thereon
A scanty garden—lay the noblest wreck
Which mariner e'er saw.

And pomp of war; and on her broken prow,
That for ten years had stemmed the stormiest tides
Of east and west; and from her shivered mast,
From which, in pride and panoply of power,
Her ensign waved derision on her foes;

And from her sides, which once the thunder armed, Came mingled sounds of terror and of hope.

There stood her crew—a suppliant hecatomb
Of noble victims. Midst them was a form,
Not reared for scenes like this—a female form,
In white arrayed: and in her arms she bore
A lovely infant, which a few short weeks
Had scarcely numbered with the sons of men.
And she was beautiful—surpassing fair—
And full of youth—poor hapless, hopeless girl!
Out to the winds she held her weeping babe;
And still she cried—that, if her boy were safe,
She would resign her spirit to the Lord,
And sink to death unmurmuring.

So all day

We saw that crew; yet help for them was none.

Vain were our efforts! In our hearts we prayed
That the stern rock would give its triumphs up,
And, sinking, suffer the fierce sea to bear
The vessel nearer: but secure it stood,
And night again its curtain round them drew;
And though we heard their voices, we were soon
Cut off from prospect of that awful scene.

Morn came again, but with a calmer brow.

The storm had died—the winds, ashamed, were still;

And the thick clouds like routed armies fled.

The Sun looked forth, and o'er the sea shed down

A sudden flash of brightness. But too late—

Too late—that help arose! The wreck was gone!

Her crew that, as the lions of the sea,

Had braved the hunter, and had sought the prey,

Upon the wilderness of waters slept—

Ev'n 'neath that waste deceitful, and their names

Unknown, went down to an unhonoured grave!

Where was that form of beauty? She was gone!
And in you cave, as if the pitying day
Had found a vault sepulchral, with her babe
Pressed to her bosom, on the floor she lay;
And the hoarse murmurs of the waves within—
The hollow echoes, and the dying winds,
Were chaunting o'er her a funereal dirge,
Too sorrowful to listen! So she died—
And by rude hands and foreign rites interred,
Beneath the green turf, in our chapel-ground—
The mother and her infant rest secure.

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THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

I had a dream which was not all a dream .- Byron.

THE parlour of a village inn is a legitimate place of debate, an allowed senate-house, where orators are freed from the tax of denominating their opponents "honourable gentlemen," and "gallant generals;"-where opinion flies freely, unencumbered by the weighty trappings of etiquette, unarrested by "Order!" unshocked by "Question!" It rejoices the heart of a good-natured man to hear the liberal sentiments, the daring speculations, the shrewd doubts of rustic politicians: to see how an honest yeoman will, for a time, divorce his thoughts from the price of barley, and grapple with the policy of the Emperor Nicholas;—to remark how a sleek-haired grazier will leave fat oxen for a spirit-nerving discussion of the patriotism of the King of Spain. We remember being present at such a meeting—a meeting at which no subject was left untouched. Of course the liberties and beneficial agency of the press of England met with their due attention: opinion, however, became divided in the discussion; and one of the loudest talkers was absolutely dumb-foundered by the question, "What is the nature of the press?" from a sententious and caustic opponent. The man of words was lost—had the query been a cannon-ball, it could not have silenced him more completely. We feared that this question terminated the debate; and we had at length set down to the inquirer the loss of much edifying remark, when we perceived a little gentleman, hitherto silent, in a corner, begin to bestir himself for action. It was curious to behold the effect which the query had produced upon him. It had awakened him from the stillness of smoking -from that delightful animal torpitude requisite for the true enjoyment of tobacco. Our readers have, doubtless, heard of the practice of the boa, on the intrusion of its victim into the cage: they have heard how the monster gradually breaks from the almost passiveness of deathhow it removes fold from fold-erects its terrible head-lights up its eyes-rustles its scales, and glances for a moment, ere it strikes the palsied prey before it. The above quiet little gentleman was the boathe above query was his game. With fatal but calm determination did he lay down his pipe—with a growing energy did he return to his pocket a little seal-skin pouch—with a quick, electrical touch did he throw his palms upon his knees; and with full, confessed, and impressive strength, did he, pressing his elbows to the arms of his chair, swing round his whole front to debate the matter.

"You ask, gentlemen (every man is a gentleman in the parlour of an inn), the nature, the attributes, the agency of the press of England. Let us endeavour to describe them by a parable."

Token of assent was glanced from the eyes of the whole company,

and the orator thus continued:

"We will suppose a large track of ground is marked out, whereon is to be erected a magnificent edifice—an edifice, in the glory of which the

Babylonian structure is to be forgotten—which is to outvie the temples of Greece, the mighty works of Rome. The ground is cleared, the labourers commence. Rude are their materials-unskilful are their hands; yet, in the eyes of the workmen, there gleams a fire and a benevolence; and on their brows sit a strength and a perseverance, that prove them to be labourers in a goodly cause-artisans for the whole human race. At the commencement of the work, the countenance of royalty appears graciously beaming on the labour; nay, a king may almost be said to have laid the first stone. However, as the work proceeds, the face of majesty becomes clouded and darkened, and he stamps at, in anger, and even grievously punishes, those mechanics whom he first delighted in. Notwithstanding, the work proceeds; and although the edifice be of coarse material, and of savage shape-although it be constructed of merely mud and hurdles, and fashioned rudely, as the hut of the Laplander, still through its chinks there emanates a fire by which the eyes of men see their way through many heretofore darkened roads, and find, in the untrodden paths, gems of treasure almost equal with their souls, with many springing hopes and innocent delights. Their road once passed, each passenger gains a nobler self-opinion; and, like the modern youth that visits Italy and Greece, returns with an elevated opinion of his kind. Although this edifice be skirted round with thorns and weeds, still there are many pleasant flowers, beautiful to the sight and reviving to the sense, to be gathered from among

"The structure, even in this uncouth state, attracts the gaze and draws forth the applause of all men. Some few, indeed, in cowls, and bearing rosaries, exclaim against the labourers, as evil workers; and, sometimes by open violence, and oftener by stealth, disfigure the edifice, and strive to hold their garments before the eyes of those who would look upon the beacon light beaming from within. These, however, although they retard, cannot destroy; and day by day the structure gains some new ornament—some eye-sore is cleared away—some principle of strength obtained. Years roll on, and every one improves and beautifies the edifice; awakening the wonder and blessings of the people, and torturing the lonely and selfish heart of the monk; until the cloisters are crumbled to dust beneath the consuming rays of intelligence and truth. It is true some few, who have helped to add to that light, expire among the blazing faggots of the bigot—some few wear about their limbs the fetters of the tyrant—some groan and beat their breasts in dark and noisome dungeons, for giving to the world a wealth inestimable !- yet, in despite of gleaming swords, of noosed ropes, of stakes and racks, and all the dread machinery of guilt and tyranny, still do the labourers toil on, recruiting new members as the old decay.

"Let us look at the edifice of the Press, as it at present stands, decorated with the toil of centuries: let us behold it at a distance. What a glorious and majestic edifice!—how proudly its ten thousand spires and turrets rear their heads, as though they were based upon a rock of diamond! It stands an exquisite world of Parian marble—the shrine of Purity and Freedom—a shrine towards which the foreign bondman looks with tear-dimmed eyes—a shrine which keeps a constant terror knocking at the hearts of foreign tyrants—a shrine from which they

turn their heads, and hide them in their ermine, lest they be sight-blasted by the mighty glare. Far around the edifice are beheld scenes of wealth, of happiness and freedom; fields of an eternal green, in which, under the friendly shadow of the pile, thousands labour rejoicingly, or feed, in rumination, their immortal part; silvery rivers glide about; the yellow corn is thick upon the ground, and the fleecy wealth of England bleats from the hills. The King receives honour from the edifice; the good man bows to it, as his refuge and his hope; the villain flees from and execrates it. The English Press stands at once the wonder and the admiration of the world. There is no shore, however distant, to which its brightness is not visible—there is no honest tongue that does not sound its name with astonishment and with praise.

"We have looked at the Press from a distance, and we have seen it beautiful in its general aspect, and harmonising in all its proportions: we have not discerned a single speck, to break upon the virgin purity of its walls—we have seen no weed, fat with poison, shooting up around it: all has been an unbroken view of splendour and general good. Let us

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"It must be owned that in so close a view, we lose much of that attraction which fixed our eyes in such intense gazing, and filled our breasts with that exquisite glow, which nothing but mighty objects can excite,—which none but free and fearless bosoms feel. In the distance, we behold the mighty edifice, combining regularity with wonder; its pillars, its capitals, its cones, all unintruded upon by the least image of detraction. Is it so on a close inspection? Alas, no! Here are a thousand huts, and bulks, and stalls-tenements of mere lath and plaster-like worts upon a fair face, projecting from the structure: yet, like those excrescences, they are a part and parcel of the edifice; -the same spirit which built the gigantic pile put forth the fragile cribs; even as the same blood which passes through the heart of a giant, nourishes his smallest pimple. Here, too, are weeds and rank grass shooting up, which, afar off, we never dreamt of: here are numberless objects ungracious to the eye, and loathsome to the thought, which before were lost in the delusion of distance. Neither are the walls of the edifice itself free from smutch or blot. In almost every part it is specked and stained; few, indeed, are the places in which are seen no flaw, either inherent or acquired. We should have added, that among the mighty pent-houses affixed to the building, there were some painted in gaudiest colours, but equally ruinous with the duller sheds. We can scarcely believe that the mere heap of marble and pasteboard—the strange jumble of columns and deal-scaffolding—the very Babel of architecture, combining the grandest and most lasting objects with the unsightliest and most perishable, now revealed to our senses, exciting mingled feelings of wonder and contempt—is the self-same structure which, afar off, so wholly subdued and enchanted us.

We have seen, however, but the outside of the building: we have as yet only beheld the external mixture of orders and materials, as opposite, and as capable of contrast, as the exposed wares of the Israelite trafficker, the jacket of a harlequin, the coat of a senator, the robes of a courtezan, the golden petticoat of a queen, the forfeited vest of a mechanic, the gown of a barrister—all hung up on parallel pins,

awakening the rude jest of the vulgar, and the serious smile of the

"Let us enter the mansion—let us take a view of its multitudinous inmates. Along the various passages we meet with thousands, from the puny, smutch-faced, squeaking child of seven years, to the slow, spectacled practitioner of seventy: but all these are "fellows of no mark or likelihood,"—the mere engines, the working tools of the regal wits, ensconced in the thousand chambers of the pile. It is these recesses which we must pierce, in order to gain anything like a true character of their inhabitants.

"At length we have touched the private spring; the door is open! What do we see? In faith, a goodly sight. Here is a man, whose features are lighted up by the glorious cause he is now toiling in: his eye flashes, his brow is suffused with blood, fresh and pure from his heart; his lips are firmly pressed; his hand, although it grasps a light and fragile substance, seems, as it were, strong to equal some matchless feat of old: even his knees fitfully compress and fall from each otherhis very toes are animated. You ask, what can so engage and work upon his feelings? what can thus stir up and excite him, as though all the hopes, the fears, the motives of his life, were at that moment at stake?—that thus gives him a form, a look, and action, possessed by the elder worthies of the earth? Let it be answered—and loudly answered-Liberty! Liberty; the heritage of the wild horse and the ostrich—the wealth of the eagle and the "small, gilded fly,"—the privilege of the meanest fish of the deep! Liberty; which is held by the frog of the marsh, but denied to yonder sallow, care-worn emigrant, closeted with the champion of his wrongs, and of the injuries of thousands of his nation. Although the change come slowly, come it must: every drop of freeman's ink, falling on the blood-drenched marble whereon a tyrant builds his seat, wears fatally the stone-every movement of a freeman's pen is a spur, a pricking on, to the else sickened heart of the enslaved. We have, indeed, viewed a most ennobling spectacle—a sight worthy of the age, and of man in his highest state of mental and moral cultivation. Here we have beheld the common rights of humanity advocated with a firm, unbending, and a dauntless spirit. Let us proceed to chamber the second.

"What have we here? Never start back, although your eyes may be dazzled by the diamonds of a nobleman, sitting opposite to the man of the quill. On the table you may observe a checque on the rich man's banker. Let us look over the shoulder of the writing man at work. You may observe, Sir, on the paper are twenty stabs at the reputations of honest men, whose only fault is saying "Aye!" when some bend their backs, smirk, and simper, "No!" But warring with men alone is tasteless, insipid sport; therefore, to give a higher seasoning, a pungent relish to the sport, the hireling turns out women. Here are wives, mothers, and daughters, murdered for a breakfast. A bodily misfortune is also a delightful subject for his eloquence—a glass eye is an absolute treasure. What, you say, women blackened and maltreated by——! Aye, Sir! even so.

Let us now take another chamber. This, we perceive, we may term a Royal room. Here everything is regal: the very ink-stand is sup-

ported by the imperial arms the very pens from the wings of the crown swans—the very paper from Majesty's stationer—the very spaniel at the feet of the scribbler, of King Charles's breed. On the mantelpiece we see Nero fiddling, and Heliogabulus at his banquet: we also have Canute and his truth-tellers, in alto relievo. The writer is a dealer in select phrases; all his literature is the 'Court-Newsman?' the extent of his information, a correct knowledge of all the Christian names of all the Princes and Princesses in Germany, with those of their buried grandsires and grandmothers. We had forgotten: he knows something more than this. He is a tolerable critic on a chalked floor. and the gentlemen's lappets at a levee-day; and his great boast is, that his labours are perused by footmen and house-maids at palaces. He is like a fiddle that hath but one chord: a single sound is all that he is susceptible of, and that is the word 'King!' by that monosyllable he lives and dies—is warm and cold. He knows not true loyalty; he cannot, uncovered, stand boldly up, at the idea of Majesty; he cannot stand erect, like a man, but squats upon his hams, and thrusts his head between his legs, like a baboon. His back is supple as a willow-wandfirst "lend him a thousand pounds," and, like Falstaff, he will jump for a wager. He was never known to laugh at a single speech in 'Tom Thumb,' from innate reverence of his Majesty King Arthur. He shuts his eyes, shakes his head, and heaves a groan at "Divine Right;" and "I believe in Legitimacy,' is his only creed. He takes his hat off as he passes Charing-cross; and has torn from out his 'History of England' the portrait of Oliver Cromwell. He looks upon the writer in the first chamber as a lost man, and a sanguinary rebel—a modern Jack Cade, or a Robespierre. He only walks on his legs from the example of other mortals, nature surely having intended him to crawl.

"We will proceed to unlock another door. Here we meet with a more grateful scene. Here is a poor, oppressed man—one who hath felt the heavy mace of power and wealth upon his shoulders, until it hath almost broken them in—narrating his manifold grievances, which, bruited to the world at least, may hold him from farther injury. Here is also humble worth, whose tale of want, of principle, or of daring, be-

coming known, meets with some degree of sympathy and aid. "In the next chamber we have a deeply-played drama. Here sits one who hath ventured largely in the gaming-market; that is, he hath ventured all his assurance. He hath proposed to cut a canal, to build a factory, or to launch a ship. A bargain is struck between the trickster and the penman: straightway, the canal will be the finest and the broadest, the factory the most stupendous; the ship the fastest, that ever run, stood, or sailed, since men first dreamed of cheating one another. Perhaps in this chamber we may see upon the table a snuff-box set with brilliants, the present of a foreign potentate, for work done by the man of ink: to this may be added a bottle from a choice pipe of Bacchus, the gift of the self-same bending monarch. In this chamber, the price, of stocks either mounts or sinks with the occasion. There is, to be sure, a great display of integrity, and of intercut words, in the official magician: he is the very creature of principle, the eldest son and hope of Infallibility. His words, like flashes of lightning, once sent forth, can neither be withstood nor compromised. Within his person are

combined a myriad—he is a very Briarean "WE!" He boasts that he is whole and unflawed as the diamond; to which, however, he bears but one resemblance—he is only to be bought at a good price. He never sells his honesty as a bargain, for fear of bringing down the market. As the Indians believed the horsed foreigners to be man and steed—one animal—so to uninitiated imagination does he appear a mystical association of humanity, aye, and of divinity. The ignorant would feel surprised and disappointed, were they to see him, and find he had neither a glory round his hat, nor wings coming out at his coat. However, save to a chosen few, he is never viewed—he hath always caput inter nubila.

"In the next chamber we have the black, whose bleeding shoulders and furrowed features excite a generous indignation in the mind of his champion; who, with a beating heart and stedfast mind, is fighting the good battle of humanity against prejudice, guilt, and diabolic blood-sucking, heart-crushing interest. There is a living spirit in the ink dropt in such a cause, and the pen is plucked from the white wing of

Mercy.

"It is a galling and a withering sight to behold, in the next chamber, creatures—" creatures clothed in fine linen," the "cowled darlings" of the edifice, taking hire for a crusade against the negro; enlarging on the probable high price of sugar; and, "after mature deliberation, ending with a pun, dislocating a word against the breaking of joints, and chuckling an accompaniment to the deep groans of fellow-man. "What! say you, 'and is this done in ———?" Is it done? aye, in England, in merry England! There are creatures stained with every vice, black themselves, internally, to the very lungs; who, drunk with crime, hiccup their taunts in the very faces of scourged and fettered man. May the Fates steep the cart-whip in the blood of such—

then wreathe the scourge for their most fitting laurels!

"It is impossible that we should enter every chamber of this intricate and stupendous edifice. Indeed, an intrusion into some of its recesses might, from the tainted air gathered within them, be attended with imminent danger to the adventurer. There are, also, a great many so small and insignificant, that they do not allow even their constant inhabitants the privilege of standing upright, although there is always sufficient room for turning. In some of these recesses, the principal tenant stands, as it were, upon a pivot—is, indeed, a sort of human turn-stile; pitch but the smallest coin of the realm at the engine, and you will stir it from its seeming fixidity. Men sit, in many of these cribs, like squirrels in cages—they can never move straight-forward; and all their action is moving round, to the jingling tune of the bells of interest. Even in these nooks, these paltry prison-combs, the deadliest venom is concerted; and a "conserve" of wounded hearts is a most precious store for the republic of vice and infamy. Here sits a pigmy incubus, pointing briars to lay under the pillows of those "of the other side." There a snail-shaped imp of mischief prepares his slime; whilst another agent, a carrion-fly, is buzzing abroad for subjects to blow upon, and to make ready the fair features of innocence and principle, for the full process of slander and deceit. Yet even with these nauseous wakers there is a pretence of gentility and fine honour: the incubus boasts of its own

delicacy and regard for the public weal; the snail calls its slime a wholesome medicine, for cleaning the bowels of the country from the secretions of atheism and rebellion; and the bloated fly buzzes of its honest perseverance and its great research, even to the fire-sides and bedchambers of the community. Some say that the wealth of a militia-Agamemnon has drawn these reptiles into life, and now keeps up their avocations.

"This is a sickening picture; and, doubtless, you feel inclined to exclaim, 'Let the edifice be razed to the earth!-why should such evilhave a sanctuary?' But let us, as we proceed, behold the labours of honest strength and unshackled intelligence; let us keep our minds untouched by prejudice, and to oppose the small bladders of vermin which we looked upon above, to wholly neutralize, and destroy the shafts and missiles prepared by private malice for a few,-we shall behold inexhaustible magazines of arms, of every weapon and ingredient of strength; to combat tyranny, bigotry, and crime-to arouse man to a proper consciousness of the great part given to him to play by his Creator. We shall behold bolts forged to annihilate the thrones of despots, and the fastnesses of monarchism; we shall look into the great mirrors of Truth-mirrors which, set up in England, have been gazed upon by the remotest nations-mirrors, to shatter which, despots have vainly plied their slings: they may haply hurl the stone of tyranny into the forehead of mere animal strength, but spirits pay no respect to diadems. In hundreds of chambers we behold the following of a mighty work, and preparations for a yet mightier task. Here Self-interest shews not his tight-skinned paunch and leering eye; but Public-Good walks with the front, the strength, and the tread of an immortal-of one whose calm yet determined look, and open brow, prove him to be the noblest of the sons of human-kind. The mind is almost stunned with the continual and complicated works of the labourers: it strives to follow and to separate every movement and event; but wonder supersedes watchfulness, and curiosity is absorbed in growing admiration.

"In speaking of the ten thousand tenants of the edifice, we have as yet merely individualized a few. In addition, however, to the constant inhabitants, there are hosts, very clouds of visitors and men of passage. In the halls of the building, you meet men of nearly every denomination and worth. An enviable few are there, rich in the love of history, philosophy,of every wealth within the grasp of mind; and who add to such qualifications the profoundest thinking; and oh, most excellent accompaniment! the most upright souls; the champions of the oppressed, the terror of the wronger. These men fill the proudest stations tenable by human nature. Passing from these select sons of Principle and Talent, we jostle against many whose ability, unsustained by rectitude, is a deadly mischief, when it should have been a good. We now meet with hundreds of smatterers, of mere word-carriers, who are deep in technicalities, and passing rich in select sentences. It is the duty of many of these to enshrine a broken leg in the amber of feeling and eloquence; to set off a murder to the best advantage; and to twang a moving strain on the halter of a suicide. These are the dove-tailers of phrases, the true joiners of venerable epithets. They are the historians of the feats of oxalic acid—the chroniclers of the victims of the Thames and the

Serpentine River. They make more of a broken heart than the owner; and the destruction by fire of the warehouses of the sugar-bakers, is the meridian sun of their glory. They are also the roads into which, after dinner, churchwardens pour their leaden eloquence. There are no men who, like them, can so well supply the deficiency of valuable accomplishments by the most unblushing confidence. Perhaps we ought to have given precedence to the multitude of individuals who are nightly enlightened by, and charged with, the wisdom of the senate. These are mostly men of sound parts and excellent service; and not to be confounded with some of the above schemers, who, when Adversity keeps holiday, generously imagine a terrible seduction by an officer of the

guards, just in order to keep the peccadillo in fashion.

Although the edifice be of such work and beauty to the nation, there are yet many who delare that it ought forthwith to be demolished. Heads with wigs upon them, are shaken at the enormities committed in the structure; and subtle cobweb legalities are spun round the pens at work within. The labourers are made the victims of nice distinctions: if one of them, looking from a loop-hole, observe a pickpocket in his vocation, and cry, "Stop thief!"—it is an offence at law, and forthwith the prison yawns for him. A few reverend magistrates look grievously at the edifice, and sigh for the days when monasteries were the only printing-offices, and calm, passionless gentlemen, in cowls, were not only editors but devils. Snug senators, who cry "Patriotism!" and button up their pockets, frown angrily at the building: the Dracos of parishes groan heavily, and execrate it.

"Let it not be thought that, in our description of the building and its tenants, we have indulged in unwarrantable bitterness; that we have discoloured its fair columns with the bile of spleen; and with assiduous detraction darkened personages who should be displayed as so many "bodies of light." We have only endeavoured to particularise the chaste and classic, from the tawdry and the fragile; to assort the men of brain and heart, from the creatures without either one or the other; but who, as it were, by sheer instinct, crawl, flatter, buzz, and annoy. From this vast conclave of swans, we have only sorted those who are specked with black—from this glorious Hesperian tree, under which a nation sits in greatness and in liberty, we have only culled that

fruit which has a worm at its core.

"We have approached the edifice: we have placed our finger on the blots, the shreds, the hangings, which deface it. We have shewn that, however bright and proportionate it may seem afar, a nearer and a more prying view discovers its faults and its incongruities; a closer intimacy with its inmates teaches to assort the worthy and the profound, from the unprincipled and the superficial; to particularise the defenders of nations, of the glorious cause of freedom, of man in his highest, as in his lowest, most despairing, and enslaved condition, from the instruments of heartless party, and of butterfly fashion—from the scourgers of the slave, the blackeners of womanhood, those advocates of courtezans, the bottle-born companions of noble-blooded villains, who dive to the lowest depths of the gamester's vortex, and after, read the "dying speech" of a sheep-stealer, with unblushing faces—of the aiders and sworn agents of tricksters of the Alley and the Exchange—of men who have neither

heart nor motive-whose breasts are vacant as their heads-and who swear and lie to the ringing of the metal which buys them-from the petty, vindictive libeller, who spits his venom, which is lost in its own insignificance. We have divided men who advocate a just authority, and who, in the very strength and fearlessness of their opinions, do honour to the state which rules them, from the base, cringing, spring-wire backed herd, who think royalty best served when they imitate the figures of the showman, and become each a moral Punch. We-"

At this moment, the "small, still voice" of Susan, summoning us to tea, deprived us of the benefit of the sentence begun by the little gentleman: for, in lieu of being ensconced in the parlour of a country inn, we found ourselves seated in our sober two-pair, with the newspaper still depending between our thumb and finger-" It was but a dream !" However, we have studiously considered the many positions made by the little gentleman: and although we may confess that sometimes they appear somewhat harsh and caustic-although they discover too much passion, proper for the age of the speaker (for he appeared to us well stricken in years, with a long, thin, pale face, large overhanging brows, an irritable under-lip, and a sprinkling of grey hair)yet we can in no way disjoint and parcel out his expressions; and therefore must even venture to present them wholly as we heard them. We are aware that the act is hazardous: epithets may fly about—mouths may curl up—shoulders may rise—gentlemen may swear they see their profiles touched above—we are content—let it be so. As Juliana says, "We cannot help one's dreams." was to a full be well and the same and to all has guilding out to morn them are a complete three voltability do to Jal ...

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OH! what is Fortitude? Is it to bear With heart of stone the ills we cannot fly? To struggle sorrow into mute despair? To freeze the very founts of feeling dry; And stand with brow erect and tearless eye, Mocking the tempests that around them close? Oh, no! for Fortitude could ne'er deny This one sad solace of our nature's woes; Or shut from human heart the dearest of its throes!

Is it, of many a treasured joy bereft, To mourn life's better part of comfort dead? And, trembling for the little all that's left, To think on youthful prospects quickly fled— As rainbow tints o'er skies of April shed; Yet lose all grief in thankfulness to find The storms that spent their fury on our head, deprin of the gain Have left improved the all they left behind: Nay, this is even more—it is to be resigned!

Tis the leafy month of June.

TELL LAND TOPRISH WEST CHARLES THE BOTTON OF THE BOTTON OF THE POST OF THE POS "Tis Summer!—I know by the morning's breath— By the forests wearing a brighter wreath— By the lark's sweet hymn, as she mounts on high, To welcome with joy the dawning sky;— By the breeze's voice, and the woodland song, And the streamlet's hum, as it flows along!

II.

'Tis Summer !—I know by the noontide's glow, When the Sun looks down on this world below— By the cloudless sky, and the sunny ray, So bright and clear at the noon of day; By the wild-bee seeking the clear sunshine-I know, I know, 'tis the summer time!

III.

Tis Summer !—I know by the evening's ray— By the farewell light of departing day— By the flowerets shedding a sweet perfume, Ere they close their leaves from the darksome gloom !-By the distant song of the nightingale, I know she is telling her Summer's tale!

IV.

Tis Summer !-- I know by the starry night-By the silver shine of the clear moonlight— By the stilly hush that hovers around, But faintly broke by the wave's low sound-By that hour, more sweet than the day-light's close, I know 'tis the Summer's moonlight repose !

MELROSE ABBEY.

WHAT spirit fills this holy place? Is it Religion's mystic torch That sheds a more than mortal grace On fractured arch and ruined porch?

Untold thy strongest charm remains-A poet found thy secret powers; Rebuilt thee by his heavenly strains, And wrapt in glory all thy towers.

Beneath this sky-like dome have prayed The heroes of the stormy ages, and here their noble dust is laid Comingled with the saint's and sage's.

Now see we but what he hath told: His spirit fills this mighty shrine Restores the lost, renews the old ;-His immortality is thine!

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TARDY ADVISERS.

"It is very strange that people cannot speak in time!" we often hear said, in a tone of mingled irritation and complaint, as some important hint or prudent suggestion arrives on the heel of the misfortune which it might have prevented. Some of our kind friends are particularly adroit in this method of putting our patience and equanimity to the test. Either from a well-grounded despair of doing any good by advice, or from a love of enjoying the pleasure of dictation without its perils, they invariably wait till the event is past, and then play off upon us the accumulated stores of their sagacity and experience. An accident or misfortune having once occurred, becomes an occasion that must not be allowed to pass without a suitable "improvement." You must be informed of the causes which led to it, the means by which it might have been escaped, and the rules affecting all similar cases, in all possible situations. You may also depend on it that your advisers have invariably steered their own course by the charts which they now lay down to you. Really, if the wisdom of such counsellers could but arrive by some earlier delivery, what calamities might not be averted what errors escaped—what amazing advantages obtained! In its present form, however, its utility very much resembles that of a country engine at a fire, which is brought to play just as the building is consumed. It is likewise extremely unfair, inasmuch as it deprives one of the opportunity which the recipient of gratuitous advice should always enjoy-of doing exactly the contrary, for the sake of independence. But with such dictators you have no escape; but must permit them to enjoy, without deduction, the triumph of their assumed wisdom and foresight. Certainly the art of ingeniously tormenting has few more successful varieties.

There are several classes of these tardy counsellers. The first may be said to deal solely in incontrovertible positions—taking you up exactly on your own ground. Your misfortune is rarified, in the alembic of their brain, into a general axiom; and in this form it is obligingly propounded to you, with all the self-gratulation of some recondite discovery. Should you be tossing, for example, in a raging fever, you will probably be informed, that it was highly imprudent to neglect the cold which brought it on ;-or, after losing half your fortune in jointstock shares, it will be demonstrably proved to you, that you did wrong to embark in those schemes. Meet one of these sages as you gallop home, dripping at every point, from a morning ride, and he will tell you that the appearances of the weather were decidedly inauspicious that morning. Or, if you have lately met a repulse, deceived by the language of fair eyes, and perhaps a sympathy for moonlight—you will learn, that you have certainly been too hasty in making your advances. However dearly, in short, you may buy your experience, you are not supposed to receive any benefit from it, till it has been formally propounded to you by these considerate friends. Comaggied with ron sain

The second class deal in opinions far less provokingly true; but being advanced too late to be tried, are equally efficient in contributing to the pleasure and satisfaction of their authors, and to your annoyance. They consist in hints for altering what is unalterable-for effecting improvements in what is finished—and in suggestions on what might have been, for what never now can be. If you have lost a law-suit, you will not be long in learning from these sage advisers the means by which you might undoubtedly have gained it: you should have subpænaed other witnesses-urged points of law which you omitted-challenged jurymen whom you allowed to sit—and entrusted your cause to almost any counsel than those whom you employed. So, also, if you have lately built a house, it will be all admirable, excepting, perhaps, in the rather awkward defects of standing a furlong or so too high or too low on the hill; of having a wrong aspect, and being built with materials that will not endure. In like manner, after recovering from a tedious disorder, you will be sure to hear of some expeditious route, some sovereign remedy, by which you might have been cured without delay or suffering. In short, whatever may be the occasion, provided you are only gone too far to avail yourself of such suggestions, you will be certain of learning how much better you might have done than you have done.

But there is a third class, even more tormenting than either of those above-named. It consists of friends who possess some important fact, which they take the earliest opportunity of communicating, when it is quite certain the time is past of profiting by it. There is an unaccountable propensity, indeed, in these facts to arrive too late; their authors are generally as incontinent of their knowledge after the event, as they were incommunicative of it before. The case of my unlucky friend T- is precisely in point. He had lately purchased a horse, "warranted quiet in harness;" but he had scarcely driven him a week, when, on some slight provocation, he started off; and after grazing a turnpike-gate, and threatening the brains (if any) of a group of children, assembled at hop-scotch, ended his career against the buttress of a stone-wall, where every thing, of course, went to pieces. "It is well you sustained no greater injury, my dear sir," said a sympathising dandy the next day, sitting on the edge of his bed, and playing with his cane. "Why, I think this is enough," replied the bruised man, writhing in his bed. "Yes, but perhaps you don't know that your predecessor was killed on the spot." "My predecessor!" he exclaimed. "Ah! I supposed you did not know it, from seeing you drive him with such a short curb. Why, I heard by accident, a day or two after you bought him, that he had been forfeited lately as a deodand."

My old acquaintance Dr. P—— had, like many others, this singular love of hoarding his knowledge: while there was a chance of its being of any use, nothing could prevail on him to part with it; but after that it was very much at your service. I was one morning going down to our river fishing. It was a fine likely day, with flying showers, and a westerly wind. "Yes, yes;" said the worthy professor of canon law, in his deliberate way, as he rested on his spade, in his little garden—you will have rare sport to-day: you have read Izaack Walton, I see, to some purpose." However, it did not prove so; for though I tried the

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river perseveringly for several miles down, I was not rewarded by so much as a nibble. To complete my misfortunes, I got thoroughly drenched by a shower; and the dog of a rat-catcher, who passed by, assaulted my commissariat, and robbed it of my entire day's provision.

In this state I was sauntering home in the evening, cursing Izaack Walton and the whole piscatory art, when the Doctor again met me. "Now it is quite impossible," said he, "that you can have caught any thing." "Impossible!" I said, with some surprise, drawing back my empty basket, into which he was going to peep "Well, my dear fellow," he rejoined; "I should certainly have thought so; as I heard from Sir Thomas, last night, that his people had been yesterday

dragging the river."

He highly incensed a party of gentlemen in the same way. It happened that the D coach, which daily blew its horn through our quiet little village, had the misfortune to overturn, a short distance after clearing the street. The passengers on its roof were tumbled, with lucky precision, into a dirty pool by the road-side; where they found themselves suddenly enveloped in mud and weeds, and surrounded by a party of screaming ducks. The Doctor had been prowling about that morning for news, as the horses were changing; and taking, afterwards, a round through the fields, he came up to the spot just on the heel of the disaster. "Overturned! overturned!" he exclaimed, bustling up to the party, who stood in piteous plight, among a scattered host of boxes and parcels. "Why yes, sir, appearances are very like it;" replied a stout gentleman, shaking his head in vain, to expel the muddy water from one of his ears. "Well, to be sure," said the Doctor, placing his finger on his nose, "I do remember now, noticing distinctly, when you started, that one of your wheels wanted a linch-

To these specimens of delayed advice, must in justice be added, the exasperating reminiscence of "I told you so!" On this point many of our friends have really no conscience. Upon the slightest grounds—on a look—a tone—a question doubtfully proposed—a pinch of snuff mysteriously taken-nay, even over-silence itself-they have no hesitation in putting in their claim as our advisers. Their practice resembles that of some navigators, who, having touched a single point of an unknown coast, and there stuck up a rag on a stick, regard the whole as their own. If it were not for these apocryphal claims to a previous foresight, the fame of some hundreds of politicians would dwindle into a span: and, in like manner, a man who fails in any serious enterprise of life, always finds so many friends who "told him so," that if he does not hang himself in his garters, for his stupidity, he must be one of the most incredulous of men. If he is successful, indeed, his case is often little better. "You will do me the justice to recollect I told you of that," cries one friend; "and that I predicted this result," cries another; till at length, like the unhappy daw in the fable, he is plucked of every feather.

Surely the complaining moralists who have painted human nature in such atramentous colours, from its intractability to advice, could never have taken these abuses of it into their consideration. Had they done so,

they must have seen that the causes of its doing so little good were not all on one side. Sometimes its adoption is evidently quite out of the power of the recipient; and in instances when it is otherwise, there is the same excuse for his rejection of it, as for a patient who has been unnecessarily drenched with medicine, if he empties his phials out of his window.

THE LIMERICK BELLS.

The remarkably fine bells of Limerick Cathedral were, originally, brought from Italy. They had been cast by a young native, whose name tradition has not preserved, and finished after the toil of many years; and he prided himself upon his work. They were purchased of him by the prior of a neighbouring convent; and, with the profits of the sale, he procured a little villa, where he had the delight of hearing the chime of his bells from the convent-cliff, and of growing old in the

bosom of domestic happiness.

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This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm of a fallen land, the Italian was a sufferer among the many. He lost his all; and after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amidst the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent, in which his bells had been hung, was razed to the earth, and they were carried away as plunder. The founder of them, haunted by his memories and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered, before he again found a home or a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne.

He sailed for Ireland, and proceeded up the Shannon. The vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the Old Town. He sate in the stern, and looked fondly toward it. evening so calm and beautiful, as to remind him of his own native skies, in the sweetest season of the year-the death of the Spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amidst the general stillness, the bells tolled from the Cathedral. The rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked toward the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat. Home-happiness-early recollections, friends-family-were all in the sound, and went, with it, to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned toward the Cathedral, but his eyes were closed; and when they landed, they found him cold !

AGNES ST. POL.

It was towards the evening of one of those resplendent days, so much admired by travellers over the southern provinces of France, and which are frequent even at that season of the year when northern climes are rendered dreary by the chilly hand of winter, that the beautiful and romantic banks of the Loire were traversed by a small band of well armed horsemen, bearing the livery and banner of the young Duc d'Orleans, whose conquests in the field were ever rendered yet more glorious by a generosity and humanity worthy of the sacred order of knighthood, which he adorned. A few paces in advance, was observed the stately form of their renowned leader, attended by his faithful squire, whose skill in music, and in chaunting the romantic legends of Thoulouse, where he had passed the greatest part of his youth, made him the more immediate companion of his noble lord, on his journeys of pleasure, as well as on his warlike expeditions. He was singing a Provençal song, a favourite with the beautiful Agnes St. Pol, when he was suddenly interrupted. "Hold thy lay awhile, good Clement, and try if thou canst distinguish the banner of you troop of horsemen, that seem turning from the regular route, as if anxious to avoid a meeting," said the Duke: at the same time directing the attention of his squire to a distant body of troops, whose well-polished breast-plates and morions glistened in the rays of the setting sun; and who were deviating from their route, apparently for the purpose of avoiding our little band. "Not at this distance, good, my lord;" replied Clement, adjusting his maridore—"but, an' you wish it, a nearer view will soon inform me." So saying, he put his horse into a gallop, and made a circuit, to obtain a closer survey. Not long did he continue the observation, but hastily returning-"An' my eyes deceive me not," exclaimed he, "you troop is part of the lawless band that follow Pierre de Craon; and their leader should, by his haughty bearing, be the traitor himself. Methinks 'tis no good deed sends him this road; therefore 'twere well to stop his march."

"Thou sayest well, good Clement;" replied the Duke, setting spurs to his gallant steed, and beckoning his followers to increase their speed—
"for never yet was that banner raised without mischief befalling either to gallant knight or fair lady—but, hark thee awhile! Do I not hear

the cry of a female in distress?"

"Indeed, my lord, thy ears are ever as active to hear the sound of woman's plaint, as thy sword to avenge her wrongs: and now we approach nearer, methinks I see a lady's veil floating beneath the banner."

At these words, the Duke again put spurs to his horse; and motioning his vassals to follow, flew like the greyhound towards the hostile band. On approaching near enough to be distinctly heard—

"Hold, monsters!" cried he, "nor dare so far to infringe upon the sacred laws of chivalry, or abuse the honour of knighthood, as to turn the arms of war and manly strife against a weak, defenceless woman!"

"May I crave to know who honours a poor knight like me with such

a gentle and courtly title ?" contemptuously replied the leader. "Were ye not beneath my scorn, I would soon chastise such boyish insolence, and send ye back to your mother's care, somewhat the worse for having assumed a bearing and rank so far above your puny efforts to supto my tent, retrieved my challenge, and arging a renowal of our m

"The weaker courser oft times carries himself the proudest-but ever places the life of his rider in jeopardy!" muttered Clement: but his master, incensed at De Craon's scornful address, responded fiercely .-

"Insolent dastard! instantly deliver thy victim, or prepare to receive from my hands a punishment, the laws of thy country ought long

since to have bestowed on thy treasons."

So saying, the Duke retreated a few paces, that his opponent might have time to prepare himself, as well as by a larger sweep to increase the force of his own attack, and couching his lance, returned to the charge. The first shock unhorsed his adversary; whose lance having struck the Duke's shield near the centre, was shivered to pieces. The Duke of Orleans sprung from his saddle; and both knights drawing their swords, renewed the combat with increased ardour. The result, however, proved favourable to the Duke, who succeeded in disarming his enemy, now almost fainting with the loss of blood; and removed his helmet, which discovered the harsh and rugged features of the villainous Pierre de Craon; who, with a demoniacal smile still playing on his lip, exclaimed-

"Tis thy turn now-take your revenge! Pierre de Craon does not fear death: the only pain its view can give is, that it stays the course of

his dearest and richest revenge!"

"Nay, cast such wretched thoughts from your mind," said the young Duke, "and make a better preparation for thy appearance before thy Maker. By the mass! I would not send my greatest enemy before the Almighty's throne, in such a frame of mind as thine!"

"Ha! ha! ha!—go preach to boys and women!" exclaimed the prostrate wretch: "Pierre de Craon needs not your priestcraft! But yet hear me-hear the cause that has broken the spirit of De Craon,

and made him what he is!"

"What canst thou relate, but deeds of horror and villany, too base for human utterance? But proceed—the Duke of Orleans seeks not to

destroy the soul as well as the body!" "From the moment that the sparks of ambition glowed within my breast, has the proud De Clisson crossed my path. We once were friends, and commenced our career of arms together; but he soon succeeded in obtaining the favour of our general, who loaded him with honours, and placed him near his person; whilst on me, his equal in rank, in courage—perhaps also in ability—on me he turned his back, nor heeded my just claim to a share of those honours that were heaped so lavishly on my friend."

"Nay," interrupted Clement, "ye need not so abuse a name once called sacred, as call your unfortunate victim by the name of friend."

"It matters not—call him what you will, we once were friends. When children, we wandered over the same hills, bathed in the same brook, shared the same couch, and owned the same lord; but fate willed that this should not last long. From the moment that I was rejected, despised, and publicly accused of disobedience to the commands of our general, I vowed eternal vengeance against De Clisson, whom I looked upon as the author of all these wrongs, and sent a messenger, challenging him to mortal combat. He came that evening to my tent, refused my challenge, and urging a renewal of our ancient friendship, required to know wherein he had offended me. Such words of kindness struck daggers into my heart, and deprived me of power to eize an opportunity of vengeance whilst the victim was within my grasp. On his departure I determined to quit the camp, that my eyes might never more behold one who had thus crossed my path; and accordingly set out for Rome, where I continued my residence for some years. At my return, the first news that reached my ears was, that De Clisson had been appointed Constable by the new King, and I heard his praises sounded by all ranks of society."

"And deservedly," interrupted Clement; "for never yet did France produce a braver man or a better general, since the days of Charlemagne. But whilst we have been listening to this wretch's prating, my lord, the lady has been recovered from his followers, who fled immediately on their master's overthrow, and she now desires protection to

Paris."

"That she shall freely have; and do you take care, Clement, that a priest be sought, to receive this unhappy man's confession," added the

Duke, turning away.

"Hold!" cried De Craon-" I have not long to live, and am willing that the world should know that Pierre de Craon did not seek vengeance without a cause. The news of his advancement renewed my hate, and I made a vow not to rest until my vengeance was satisfied. I sought his tent, and attempted to assassinate him, but was prevented by his guards, who seized, and would have put me to death, had not De Clisson interfered, commanding my release, adding, that he feared not a madman. These words sunk deep within my breast. 'Twas enough to have been thwarted in my ambition; but to be accused of madness my proud soul could not brook: and after repeated attempts, I accomplished my revenge, as you already know, as well as my flight to the Burgundian. Now it was that a new object of hate presented itself. King Charles was the next object for revenge. He had declared himself the friend of my rival, and had set a price upon my head—yes, upon the head of the poor, the contemned, the insignificant Pierre de Craon! Nay, to get me into his power, had even declared war against the Duke de Bretagne, who had given me an asylum; the King himself heading the expedition to invade my protector's domains. To retaliate for this injury, and take the life of my sovereign, was now the sole object of all my endeavours. To effect this, I assumed the disguise of a wild man; and, with a poignard concealed beneath my dress, accompanied the march of the King's forces, seized the first opportunity of his quitting his guards for a few moments on his entrance into a wood, and springing from behind a thicket, aimed a blow of deep and everlasting hate. A sudden turn of his horse, however, prevented its had before it was possible to renew the attack, his cries had brought several courtiers to his assistance, and I was compelled to seek safety in flight. But here, even here, although my purpose had

failed, Heaven granted me the deepest revenge; for my sudden appearance, and the unexpected attempt on his life, gave me a revenge more dire, more terrible, than death could inflict, in causing the total destruction of a mind, hitherto weak and imbecile. Thus have all my ends of revenge been gratified: and if ye ask me what prompted me to this my last attempt, still will I answer—vengeance!—deep and heart-stirring vengeance! The father had wronged me: his dearest treasure was left unguarded, and the desire of revenge, to seize what love—nay, do not wonder that hearts capable of the most tremendous actions are ever alive to the tenderest passions—what love, I repeat, has induced the endeavour to retain. Take now, therefore, your revenge; and may it be as sweet, as dear to you, as I have ever found it. The head that has planned such acts as these, fears not to be separated from the trunk, when its own turn comes! I could not expect a long career, nor do I now repine at its conclusion;—I only seek this one"—

He had not time to conclude the sentence, when he fainted from loss of blood; and the humane Duke of Orleans, pitying his misfortunes, even though occasioned by his own villanies, ordered one of his vassals to convey him to a monastery of Dominicans, which was in the neighbourhood. What became of this infamous assassin afterwards, history does not inform us; it is only worthy of observation, that a monk of the Dominican order did daily penance for some years before the tomb of the once renowned Constable de Clisson. Being one day missed from the spot, and another and another following without his appearance, a search was instituted, and his body found in a small hermitage, in a neighbouring wood: the only remarkable article in his dwelling was a large poignard, bearing the inscription "Craon ne craignt jamais!"—but how it fell into the monk's possession, or whether it ever belonged

to the vengeful Pierre, no one was ever able to discover.

Immediately on the removal of Pierre de Craon, the Duke of Orleans hastened to pay his respects to the lady, whose rescue he had so opportunely effected, and whom he now found was no other than the object of his earliest and sincerest affection—Agnes de St. Pol! who, trusting to the protection of her lover, joyfully pursued her route to Paris, rather than again endanger her liberty by a return to the provincial castle of her father; at least such was the reason assigned by her for taking such a step, though perhaps an additional inducement was found in the pleasure of being escorted by one on whom her young heart was already bestowed, though a parent's consent had not yet sanctioned an union of hands.

The arrival of the lovely Agnes de St. Pol was soon known to the court, to the King, and Queen, who were at that time resident at the hotel of her father in Paris, where a tournament was appointed for the following morning; but the King had as yet omitted to name the reyne d'amour, who should preside on the occasion, and distribute the rewards. Whether this omission arose from mere forgetfulness, or a determination to wait until the last moment, in hopes that some unforeseen accident might enable him to bestow that honour upon the daughter of his host, to whom he had, on former occasions, shewn more than ordinary attention, is uncertain; suffice it to say, that as soon as he was informed of her arrival, the decision was made in her favour,

and the name of Agnes de St. Pol was proclaimed through the palace, as Queen of the next day's sports. No sooner did the Queen hear of this distinction being paid to Agnes, than hastening to Charles' apartment, she vented her fury on that unfortunate monarch in every possible way; accusing him of forcibly conveying her to Paris; and declaring her intention of withdrawing, unless one of her own women, named Jeanne de Corbie, alike disagreeable in manners as deformed in person, were appointed to preside in the lists. The King, however, refused submission to her dictates, and for once maintained that authority which it had been better for him to have preserved in affairs of greater moment. The Queen was therefore forced to retire to her chamber, under the disagreeable reflection of having exposed her violent and overbearing dispo-

sition to no purpose.

On the morrow, by break of day, all was bustle and anxiety; every heart elate, and every hand busy with preparations for festivity. Many were the conjectures whether the King would maintain his purpose, or yield, as on former occasions, to the commands of his imperious consort. The latter of these opinions, however, found the greatest number of advocates amongst those who were best acquainted with the submissive disposition of the imbecile monarch; though many a gallant cavalier was unable to restrain expressions of discontent, that the jealousies of Isabelle de Baviere should deprive him of an opportunity of displaying his courage and activity before the most beautiful and amiable, as well as the richest, lady of the court. Whilst, on the other hand, many a fair damsel secretly hoped that the choice of the Queen might prevail; fearing that, should Agnes preside, a wavering lover might be drawn away by her superior charms; and that inferiors in the scale of beauty would lose an opportunity of effecting a conquest, by being placed in the vicinity of a greater and more distinguished luminary. These were the thoughts which agitated the bosoms of the many who assembled at the early banquet provided for the visitors at the Hotel de St. Pol: nor were their doubts doomed to be removed, until long after their departure to the lists. Indeed, the company had been sometime assembled in the pavilions erected for their reception, when it was whispered round that the King had yielded to the mandates of his consort, and revoked his nomination, in favour of Jeanne de Corbie. Still, however, no one entered the principal pavilion, and upwards of a hundred gallant knights were prancing about the enclosed space, anxiously waiting the arrival of the royal party, of whose approach no notice was given even so late as ten o'clock. Many were the reasons assigned by the expectant multitude, to account for so unusual a delay, not unmixed with fears that the tournay would be put off altogether, when a bustle was observed near the pavilion erected for their Majesties; and shortly afterwards, the sound of trumpets announced their approach. All eyes were immediately turned to the spot; and many a slender and delicately-formed neck was extended to its utmost stretch, to obtain only a glimpse of the "Queen of Love." Their desires, however, continued for a long time ungratified; and the trumpet had been sounded the third time, for assembling the oung and gay troop of cavaliers, to join the usual procession in front of the pavilions, ere the King, retiring from the seat he had occupied with the Queen, in full view of the spectators, conducted the beautiful Agnes

de St. Pol to the throne erected for the reception of that day's Queen. In doing this she dropped her glove, which was restored by his Majesty, who at the same time addressed her in words inaudible to all but the person to whom they were directed. They, however, appeared to excite considerable confusion in the charming auditor; of which his Majesty taking advantage, detached a small bow of white ribbon from her bosom, and placed it as a favour on his helmet. The Queen observing his familiarity, quitted the pavilion, commanding all her female attendants to accompany her. Thus cruelly depriving many a fair damsel, of a long anticipated and long wished-for opportunity of attract-

ing an admirer.

It is needless to attempt a description of the numerous encounters which took place during the day, or the exploits of each knight. Suffice it if we admit them to have been all gallant and deserving; whilst we accord in the decision of the Queen of the day, who granted the prize of valour to the young Duke of Orleans. We must, however, add, that Isabelle of Baviere did not again make her appearance, but dispatched a messenger, desiring the attendance of the Duke of Orleans in her apartment, immediately on the close of the tourney; a request with which he had no hesitation in complying, little imagining that the conference would prove so disagreeable, or interfere so much with the happiness he had expected in that day's festivity. He set out, therefore, from the field without unarming, accompanied only by his faithful squire and constant companion Clement, and directed his steps to the chamber set apart for the Queen's use, in the immense Hôtel de St. Pol.

The Queen appeared in one of her most gracious moods, and congratulated him on the success which had crowned his skill in the tournay. "But," added she, "I would the prize had been adjudged to thee by a purer hand; the Duke of Orleans deserves a better return to his affection, than to be made the sport of a false and artful girl."

"What means your Highness? I consider myself fortunate in possessing the love of one of the most amiable, as she is the most lovely, damsel of the court. It cannot be that you would speak in slighting terms of Agnes de St. Pol to any one, much less to her sworn knight and humble admirer. Surely she is not the false and artful girl of whom

you speak."

bun, and was, murenystic "Would ye, then, doubt our word? Oh! weak and credulous man, when will ye learn to look with indifference on the smiles of a deceitful woman? When will ye know her artifices, or turn from her soft caress? Nay, even when her falsehood has been established, and she is the despised creature that her vices deserve, a word, a sign, nay, even a single look will raise again the flame within ye; and ye will take her to thy bosom, that the serpent may sting thee twice !-- ye will not believe it possible that such infatuation, such folly, can exist; yet how often do we see your proud and lordly sex the dupe of artifices more open, more barefaced even than those which you endure. Is Orleans sunk so low, that he too needs must crouch beneath a woman's feet, and bend under the weight of a weak girl's yoke ?-submit to one so easily seduced by the flattering tongue of an imbecile and vicious King! Oh, Duke, I pity thee !" I add sured the sound one of the attention and an inches

Nay, madam, do not taunt me thus: convince me but that Agnes de St. Pol is unworthy my regard—assure me of her falsehood—and

I will abandon her for ever!" red besset ble smit small and a district that "What, incredulous!" resumed the Queen "Is it possible that Orleans, the most interested party in the field, should be the only one that did not observe my weak and self-willed lord wearing her favours at the tournay; nay, that he even declared his passion in so unequivocal and public a manner, that the minion thought it necessary to put on the semblance of confusion, lest observers should suppose her too easily won to his lawless arms? For shame—are there no maidens in the court but Agnes de St. Pol that should be allowed to play the wanton, and meet no reproof? Believe me, there are many as fair, and far more worthy, who would be proud of being wooed by the Duke of Orleans; why then should he confine himself to a creature so undeserving? Nay," added she, softening into a more tender accent, "I know of one who is esteemed as fair-of one who is far superior in birth and power to this Count's daughter, who would give up every thing, even to her reputation and her life, for one kind look, one endearing word from Orleans."

"Excuse me, madam," hesitatingly replied the Duke, "if I think your information incorrect, and still require a more convincing proof of her inconstancy, before I yield myself to misery and despair."

Proof, say you!—Are not the eyes of the multitude assembled at this day's tournay—are not the assurances of your Queen—sufficient proof to satisfy you?"

"Madam, your pardon—but my Queen appears herself an interested person,"—he paused, and concluded—" where his Majesty is said to pay unlicensed addresses."

Well, then, be yourself a witness. The King goes to the masque this evening: observe well her behaviour, and if you have not sufficient proofs of her inconstancy, never again will I believe the evidence either of my eyes or ears."

whelmed at discovering treachery in one who was most dear to him, but on whom he could not now look without suspicion. For although he was somewhat startled by the declaration the Queen had made of love for him, and was, moreover, acquainted with her base and treacherous character, yet he could not satisfy himself that the whole accusation was created for the purpose of more easily bringing him to compliance with her base desires. It was with a heavy heart, therefore, that he rejoined the merry group in the banqueting hall, where he avoided all communication with the blythe and charming Reyne d'Amour, who won every heart, as much by her pleasantries and easy bearing, as by her transcendantbeauty.

All were now intent upon preparations for the evening's diversions, which it was expected would be of the most splendid and entertaining description, not only from the known liberality of the owner of the mansion, but from the circumstance of the celebrated Hugonin de Gensay having promised to bring forward and superintend several devices for the public amusement. The season of the year also increased the disposition to festive enjoyment, it being the Tuesday before Candle-

mas. How multifarious were the expedients adopted by each individual, to prevent discovery in their disguises; whilst not a few of both sexes endeavoured, by every means in their power, to discover the dress in which the objects of their affections would be habited, in order that they might evince a similarity of taste, by adopting a similar style of costume.

The time at length arrived, and the Duke of Orleans endeavoured, by drinking deeply, to raise his depressed spirits; in which he had so far succeeded as to excite the admiration of all around him: he had, however, carefully avoided any communication with his betrothed bride. Towards the close of the evening, six satyrs, or wild men, entered the room, and began several antics, to the great amusement of the company. One of these monsters had, on his entrance, made his way to the part of the room where Agnes de St. Pol was seated, and entered into close conversation with her. Agnes, however, soon quitted her seat, and drew near the window, where the monster still followed, apparently determined to force his conversation on her. In the meantime, the Duke of Orleans, who, in his anxiety to watch the King, had assumed the character of a torch-bearer, kept a watchful eye on the entrance, and approached the saturs, with the view of discovering their persons; when, holding the flambeau too near their dresses-which being made of tow and feathers, stuck on with pitch, unfortunately caught fire—they were soon all in dreadful agonies. One of them, afterwards discovered to be Sir Jean de Nantouillet, ran out of the room; and casting himself into a tub of water, which was standing in the buttery, saved his life. four, namely—the Compte de Jouy, Sir Charles de Poitiers, Sir Evan de Foix, and Hugues de Guissai, were so severely burnt that they were conveyed home in a dangerous state, and died shortly after. The sixth was missed, but after some little search was found, covered by the train of Agnes de St. Pol; who having discovered him to be the King, had by that means detained him from joining his companions, and saved his life.

So dreadful an accident of course put a stop to the festivities; and the Duke of Orleans took that opportunity of seeking the daughter of St. Pol, fully confident that the circumstance of having saved the life of Charles in so extraordinary a manner was a confirmation of her guilt; yet, shall it be confessed, not without a hope that all his fears might prove groundless: for where is the lover, however enraged or suspicious of his mistress, but retains to the last the delusive hope that all his doubts may be satisfactorily explained, and the beloved of his heart prove worthy of his esteem.

Before, however, he reached the door, a messenger from the Queen overtook him, desiring his attendance upon her Majesty. Surprised at the summons, and fearful that Isabelle might suppose the accident which had so disturbed the pleasures of the evening to have been wilfully occasioned, the Duke hesitated to comply; the messenger, who was no other than Amand de Corbie, brother of the intended Queen of Love, guessing the cause of his confusion, gave him every assurance that his fears were groundless, since the Queen acquitted him of all culpability in the late misfortune. Thus encouraged, the Duke accompanied De Corbie to the apartment of the Queen, who

was alone, and greeted him with assurances of forgiveness for the un-

fortunate accident.

"And now," continued she, "the Duke of Orleans is doubtless assured that the advice of this morning was meant in friendship, and in regard for his welfare; nor can he longer think that his Queen's suspicions were founded on so weak a basis as misplaced love induced him to imagine. Is he not now convinced of the treachery of her, once called his betrothed?"

"Hold, madam!" exclaimed the Duke-" If it were to cast on me such reproaches—for a contempt of his affianced must ever be a reproach to a true and loyal knight—that you required this interview, 'twere better to have spared my presence: for little did ye know the spirit of Orleans when you made Agnes de St. Pol the subject of such an accusation." Thus saying, he was about to quit the chamber, when the

Queen, again addressing him, continued:-

"You mistake our motive strangely, Orleans, to interpret into reproach what was meant in kindness and humanity, to a subject who is dear to us; and warn him of danger which excites the grief of his best and truest friends. Was Orleans alone blind to her conduct of this evening, when she drew the silly monarch from the rest of the maskers; and when danger assailed him, saved the King from the fate that befel his companions? Then let me ask in friendship, is Agnes de St. Pol, after such conduct, worthy the affection of that gallant knight whom she could so calmly quit, to gratify her vanity in attracting the licentious love of such a King? Oh, poor and weak must be the mind that could brook an insult such as this !-can this be the boasted spirit of the Duke of Orleans?"

"Observing the effect which her misrepresentations had upon her victim, the Queen paused for a reply; but the Duke still remaining

silent, she continued:

"This is not all: once cast off this foolish passion, and the greatest honours shall be yours, even to the crown of France, if such is your ambition. Nay, wonder not: think ye that Isabelle of Bavaria will long stoop to the caresses of a madman, and a King incapable of supporting his authority. No-sooner will she die the victim of ambition! The plan is laid to seize the crown, and she does but wait for a companion to share its honours. Where, then, could one be found more brave, more fit to bear its weight, or more worthy of a woman's love, than the gallant Duke of Orleans!"

"Am I, then," interrupted the Duke, "so degraded in your Highness's opinion, that so base and villanous an existence should be offered me? I cannot for a moment believe it possible, but rather fancy it intended to try my zeal in the royal cause. But believe me, even the slightest word of disrespect to my lawful sovereign is ever galling to my heart; and had not your Highness's command prevented, I had ere now taken my departure, as the morning's dawn must see me on the southern

road."

So saying he withdrew; but before he could reach the door, the voice of Isabelle, now wild with rage, reached his ear, exclaiming

"Am I, then, contemned and despised by my own subject? reduced so low, and become so vile, as to be rejected and spurned at by my vassal? Bethink thee, Orleans, of mine offers: but if ye still persist in casting me from you, beware a woman's vengeance. The heart of Queen Isabelle, though ardent in love, is yet more strong in hate; and be assured, she will revenge her wrongs with as profuse a hand as she can bestow her favours!"

The Duke hastened to his chamber, where he found the faithful Clement anxiously waiting his return, with a summons desiring his immediate presence in the closet of the Count de St. Pol. Before, however, he could determine whether to obey its mandate, that nobleman

entered the apartment.

"I have been seeking you for some hours," said he; "and had almost feared that the fairies, charmed with your gallant bearing in this day's tournay, had determined upon wedding you to one of their own light race; depriving me of a son, and leaving my daughter to wear the willow. But why so sad?—surely the misfortune of this evening weighs too heavy on your mind. The King, I can assure you, is too much your friend to suppose it otherwise than accidental; and he has been pleading your cause so ardently, that I could no longer refuse consent to your union with Agnes. He has also expressed a wish that the ceremony should take place during his visit at the Hôtel. I came, therefore, to adjust all preliminaries, and appoint an early day for its celebration."

The Duke was so astonished that the King, whom he supposed his rival, should prove his advocate, that he knew not how to reply. He therefore communicated to the Count his interview with the Queen; convinced that all his fears were founded only on the fabrications of Isabelle, for the purpose of forwarding her own vicious ends. The old nobleman agreed in the necessity of the Duke's immediate departure from Paris. To the great joy of the lover, he also consented that the marriage should be privately performed that night, and day-light saw the lovers on the road to the castle of St. Pol; where the faithful Clement in a few days followed them, with the intelligence that the Queen had, on the morning of their departure, publicly accused the Duke of Orleans of treason, and attempting the King's life, by wilfully setting the masques on fire. This was, however, rebutted by Charles himself, who, grown weary of a tame submission to his consort's commands, dared to express a contrary opinion; and even went so far as to issue a royal pardon to the Duke, for the mischief of which he had unintentionally been the cause.

The revenge of this wicked and depraved woman did not, however, stop here; as there is little doubt she instigated the assassination of the Duke of Orleans a few years after, by the Duke of Burgundy; an event which plunged the country into the miseries of a civil war, under

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THE YOUTH AND MANHOOD OF CYRIL THORNTON

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THIS is a most delightful book. The author is obviously a person intimately acquainted with the world, deeply observant of all that has passed around him, and possessing an extraordinary facility and felicity of description. He is, moreover, a keen inspector of the workings of the human heart, and a sagacious tracer of actions to their sources. In a word, he is a man of genius. His powers are not only great, but they are greatly diversified. His delineations of passion and pathos are not more powerful than his portraits of all the varieties of manners exhibited in fashionable, middling, and humble life, are striking, individual, and true. Many of these, indeed, or most of them, possess that nameless peculiarity, which leads you, in looking at a painting, to pronounce of it at once, that it cannot be a fancy sketch, but must represent a living being. It is thus with almost all the characters in 'Cyril Thornton; which, though richly and highly coloured, are yet so nicely drawn, so faithfully discriminated, and so perseveringly supported, as to compel the reader to believe that, mutatis nominibus, the objects presented for his sympathy and entertainment are, or have been, actual personages, among whom the author has actually passed his life, and shared the good and the evil of the chequered scenes which he has woven into his fiction.

This, certainly, is the highest quality of praise which can be ascribed to a fictitious composition, and the possession of which has often, more especially of late, been suffered to compensate for the absence of many of the other requisites of that style of writing. Nor can it be said with truth of 'Cyril Thornton,' that its higher qualities are combined with much dexterity of detail, or exhibit the interest of an attractive and wellcombined story. The events, like the characters, seem rather to have been of real occurrence than of happy invention: they follow each other with little connexion, save that of the mere order of time; and are effective, more as they relate to an individual for whom an interest has been created, than as springing from the exercise of a fertile invention, or as conducted by the progress of a well-drawn narrative to a striking and powerful conclusion. But if we cannot bestow upon the work this species of praise, still less is it chargeable with any incongruity or inconsistency. If it proceeds evenly forward, without any startling surprises, or intervals of suspense, which make the blood creep and the breath labour, it nevertheless presents a detail at once natural and probable, and possessing all the vraisemblance of history, with the deeper interest which is derived from a selection of characters more varied and powerful than history usually presents. If we were to compare the composition, in this respect, with those of other authors, we should say, it considerably resembles the fictions of De Foe; who delights us not only without the aid of a skilful story, but whose very inconsequence, so to speak, often creates an interest, by bestowing upon his narrative, unconsciously on the reader's part, the weight and the charm of truth.

^{*} Three vols. Edinburgh. W. Blackwood.

In the same manner, much that takes place in 'Cyril Thornton' appears to be set down, not to produce an effect, or to carry on a plot, as, because having happened, there is no reason why it should not be told. Indeed, few readers will believe that this is not, in very many instances, actually the case. For our own part, we have no doubt whatever that 'Cyril Thornton' is more honestly entitled to be termed the 'Story of a Life,' than the greater number of stories of lives that are published.

The author of the present ingenious production is, according to the fashion of the day, anonymous. For a long time (we mean a long time while we were reading it), we felt assured we had detected him in the author of 'Reginald Dalton.' Then we veered towards the writer of 'The Subaltern,' who certainly could give us a noble novel, if he would. The work before us combines many of the excellencies and peculiarities of both these accomplished persons; but we end in professing ourselves completely at fault as to our present author's identity, save that, beyond doubt, he has been a soldier, and is, as unquestionably, a gentleman, a scholar, and an acute judge and delineator of men and manners.

With these few observations, we proceed to make some extracts, which will fully verify, we think, all we have said of the work.

Cyril Thornton is the son of an English country gentleman, of respectable but not distinguished lineage: none of his ancestors had ever figured in the management of any public affairs of greater consequence than those occurring at quarter-sessions, except his grandfather, who was a courtier, had married an Earl's daughter, and been unsuccessful in several attempts to get himself elected member for the county. The expenses incident upon this fashionable alliance, and these election failures, had considerably lessened the patrimony of Cyril's father, diminished his consequence among his neighbours, and somewhat embittered his temper. A circumstance of a painful nature occurs, which tends still farther to destroy his domestic enjoyments. Cyril and his elder brother had been bred at school together, and cherished mutually a perfect brotherly affection: so that when it is determined that Charles shall go to the University, and Cyril to the Military Academy, the approaching day of separation is looked forward to with something deeper than a boyish regret. On the day previous to that fixed for Charles's departure,

After discussing several plans of amusement for the day, it was at length agreed by Charles and myself, that we should take our guns, and ramble out into the fields; less for the sake of killing game, than to enjoy each other's society once more, on the eve of so long a separation as that which impended over us. It was not without difficulty that I obtained Charles's consent to this project. My father had always been peculiarly apprehensive of accidents from loaded fire-arms; and was peremptory in his injunctions that we should never join the same shooting party; though he had no objections to our singly accompanying the keeper. But on this occasion we could not bear to be divided; and I prevailed on Charles to consent, on that morning, to the first deliberate breach of our father's commands. Bitter indeed were the fruits of our disobedience, and deeply has it been atoned for by both.

Our intentions were, of course, kept secret; and we did not summon the keeper to attend us, but sallied forth alone, conversing, as we went, of the thoughts by which our hearts were stirred, and the hopes that shed a radiance on the future.

Thus had an hour or two passed on. We had fired several shots, but this occasioned little intersuption to our colloquy. The dogs again pointed. With boyish

weeness Teocked my gun, and advanced towards the spot. It was necessary to ms a hedger Charles deaped it, and I held bis gun while he did soo I then remued it to him through the hedge; and was in the act of passing my own, which he waited to receive. It was cocked. His head was close to the muzzle a twig caught the trigger—and the contents were lodged—in his brain! talle fell, but uttered no sound. For a moment I stood silent and motionless this trailed out Charles; and entreated him stor answer one! Allowas silent A dreadful presentiment of evil arose within me ; and unable longer to bear the torture of suspense, by a convulsive spring I leaped the hedge, and stood trembling beside effed Pshouted aloud for assistance, and uttered wild shricks, in the helplessness of my agony be A ray of hope that the wound might not be mortal, dawned for a moment on my heart. I knelt down beside him, and raised tenderly and softly his drooping head. Then hope gave place to despair; for, through the bloody clusters in his golden hair, I saw a frightful opening in his forehead; and I knew that Death would not be cheated of his victim. There was still a gurgling in his throat, and a slight quivering in his limbs, that showed life was not yet extinct. His eyes were fied and lustreless. O God! how did the iron enter into my soul, as I gazed on them! I threw myself on the ground beside him-bound his head with my bandkerchief-and supporting him in my arms, his head rested on my bosom. fissed his livid hips and bloody cheeks, and talked to him wildly and fondly; and abjured him, by the blood of our Redeemer, to grant me some sign of his forgiveness. He died-and gave no sign. The pulsation of his heart became every moment feebler and less frequent—the convulsive action of the muscles gradually ceased—and my arms no longer embraced a living brother, but a cold and rigid corpse.

How long I remained in this situation I know not, for Despair, like Joy, takes no note of time; but I imagine it must have been for some hours. The concentration of agony and horror contained in that brief space, might be diluted into centuries of ordinary misery.

At length some labourers approached, and removed the body, Cyril following mechanically; till, on coming near his father's house, the full horror of being regarded as his brother's murderer, rushed upon his mind; and, struck with a brain fever, he fled into a neighbouring wood. After some terrible mental sufferings, the idea that he is on the point of death, and a wish to expire a penitent at his father's gate, occur, and he makes his way home, and is taken up from the steps of the door. His recovery from this illness is described with great truth and feeling:

At length I awoke, as from a dead sleep. I gazed on the objects around me, but could recognize none of them; and I again closed my eyes, and endeavoured to arrange the confused multitude of ideas, that thronged tumultuously on my mind. By slow degrees I succeeded. I remembered, as familiar things, the bed on which I lay—the furniture—the pictures—the distant spire, seen through the window; and I knew my mother, who sat watching by my pillow. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, and gazed on me with looks, such as never beam but from a mother's eye. She had observed a change in the expression of my countenance; and hope, almost dead within her, revived once more, to cheer and animate her heart. I looked on her long in silence. At length the words "Oh! my dear mother!" faltered from my lips, and I attempted to embrace her; but the effort was too great for me, and my arms dropped powerless by my side. She saw at once that my mind was restored. For a moment she seemed endeavouring to subdue her emotion; then she bent over me; and warm tears fell on my face as she pressed her quivering lips to mine; and I heard her breathe the words, "My poor boy!—my Cyril!—Thank God, I have yet a son! Thou, at least, are restored to me!" I clasped my feeble arms. feeble arms around her neck, and joined my tears with hers. They were refreshing tears, and I was calmed and relieved by them. But my mother feared the effect of any strong agitation on my newly-awakened mind; and once more kissing then I saw her kneel—and she prayed a prayer of thanksgiving to God, under whose terrible dispensations she had not been left utterly

His brother's death makes, of course, an alteration in Cyril's prospects;

and he is sent to the college of Glasgow, where, through means of a rich maternal uncle (a character somewhat resembling, and not greatly inferior to, the Baron of Bradwardine), he is introduced to the society

of some of the magnates of that city.

We will not blunt the interest of the narrative by tracing our hero through all his adventures: suffice it to say, that he ultimately enters upon the military profession, which had been the choice of his boyish years. On joining his regiment, which was in garrison at Halifax, Thornton's first duty was to wait on his commanding officer, a finely and powerfully drawn character:

The Colonel was at home, and I was ushered forthwith into his presence. When I entered, he was seated at a table covered with what were apparently military reports, and engaged in conversation with an officer, whose dress marked him to be the Adjutant, and who remained standing, with an air of deference, near the chair of his superior. "I beg pardon, Sir," said the Colonel, addressing me, as he perceived I was about to speak; "but I request you will have the goodness to reserve your business for a few moments, when I shall be more at liberty to attend to your communication." As he spoke, he regarded me with a scrutinizing eye; and, as if the impression I had made upon him was not wholly unfavourable, he added, with a smile, "in the meantime, I request you will be seated." In this invitation the Adjutant was not included; and from that circumstance I could not help feeling that it conveyed something of a compliment; since it was evidently one he was not always in the habit of affording to his official inferiors. While thus disengaged I enjoyed an opportunity of minutely observing the person under whose immediate command I was about to serve. Colonel Grimshawe was a man apparently between thirty and forty. His face was slightly marked with the small-pox, and wore that tawny sallowness of complexion, which indicated service in tropical and unhealthy climates. There was something fine and penetrating in his eye; and, from the perfect regularity and whiteness of his teeth, his countenance might have passed for handsome, had it not been disfigured by a scar, of what had originally been a hare-lip, which gave an unpleasant contortion to the mouth. In person he was short, but formed with perfect symmetry and elegance; and there was about him an air of distinction, which marked him out, to the most casual observer, as a person of high breeding and pretensions. When he spoke, his voice was peculiarly musical and clear; yet in his mode of utterance there was a firmness and decision, which shewed him to be one accustomed to command. Such were my first impressions of Colouel Grimshawe, who having finished his conference with the Adjutant, whom he directed to wait for further orders, turned towards me; and, with an air of suavity, received my annunciation of my name and rank. In his manner of addressing me there was no assumption of authority, no air of command. He spoke with graceful ease; welcomed me to the New World; hoped my passage had been a pleasant one; talked laughingly of the course of drilling that awaited me; hinted, en passant, at the strictuess of discipline observed in the --- regiment; and warned me, jocularly, to beware of incurring, by any neglect of military observance, the displeasure of the Duke of Kent. "But," continued he, "we shall not require you to perform any duty till you get fairly out of the hands of Mr. Hopkins," pointing to the Adjutant, "to whom I beg to make you known. Mr. Hopkins, you will be good enough to accompany Mr. Thornton to the barracks, and introduce him to his brother officers. Request Major Penleage to inspect his accourrements; and let him report to me if they are strictly regimental; in order that Mr. Thornton may, as soon as possible, be enabled to attend parades. In the meantime, he may be attached to Captain Spottiswoode's company. Good morning, Mr. Thornton: I shall have the pleasure of meeting you at mess; and—I had almost forgotten— Mr. Hopkins, let the Quarter-Master find a room in barracks for Mr. Thornton immediately. Good morning, Sir (rising from his chair, and slightly bending to my obeisance), you will find your brother officers, I think, very pleasant." I withdrew regord with the Adjutant, in whose company I returned to the barracks.

Such is the officer under whom Cyril finds himself placed. In the course of time, he receives notice of his promotion to a lieutenancy in

the West Indies; and again pays a formal visit to his Colonel, to make him acquainted with the change. He finds Grimshawe absent, upon some regimental duty; and a Miss Mansfield, who lived under the Colonel's protection, in a manner intrudes upon Cyril an explanation of the circumstances of her seduction, and endeavours to secure his assistance to restore her to her father. Cyril, who has all along pitied the condition of this female, and shewn her more attention, during his visits at the Colonel's, than any of his brother officers, is yet unwilling to interfere in an affair of so delicate a kind; and Grimshawe enters unperceived, while Cyril is excusing himself from meddling in the matter-

"Miss Mansfield," says he, "is surely mistress of her own actions; and is at

liberty to quit the protection of Colonel Grimshawe whenever-

"Perfectly so;" said a voice from behind-" Miss Mansfield is quite at liberty to quit Colonel Grimshawe's protection, whenever she thinks proper, and to enter upon that of Mr. Cyril Thornton. I beg I may not be suffered to interrupt a conversation so interesting. When, however, the arrangements are concluded, Mr. Thornton will, perhaps, be good enough to honour me with an audience." So saying, the Colonel, for he it was, left the room; and the door of the apartment closed.

Cyril immediately takes leave of the lady, and is ushered into the presence of Colonel Grimshawe:-

He was seated at a table, and engaged in sealing letters, of which an orderly sergeant waited to be the bearer. He bowed on my entrance; and rising from his chair, remained standing, while the process of sigillation proceeded, and until, by

the dispatch of the messenger, we were left alone.

"It is necessarry, Mr. Thornton," said Colonel Grimshawe, pointing to a chair, and at the same time occupying one himself-"it is necessary, in the relative position in which we now stand to each other, that we should come at once to a full understanding. Of your intentions, indeed, the very unequivocal circumstances attending the interview, which my intrusion, I fear, so disagreeably interrupted, and the expressions I unintentionally overheard, are sufficiently explanatory. Of mine, I think, as a gentleman and a man of spirit, you cannot be wholly unaware."

"Excuse me, Colonel Grimshawe; on your views or intentions, in this or any other matter, I have not presumed to speculate; but I wish at once to state, that I am too well aware of the presumption which appearances, in the present case, may raise with regard to the nature of my intentions, not to be anxious immediately to remove

your suspicions, by the fullest explanation in my power."

Nay, nay, Mr. Thornton; you mistake me exceedingly, if you suppose me desirous of putting your ingenuity to the rack, to account for circumstances, in themselves too simple and palpable to require explanation. I should be unwilling to think meanly of Mr. Thornton; and the task of glozing facts, and twisting evidence, is one which I am very sure he would think it far beneath him to undertake."

"I have no thanks to offer you, sir, for a compliment so paid; even were I quite certain that in what you have now said, there is not more insinuated than what meets the ear. You are above subterfuge, Colonel Grimshawe—I would ask, is this so,

or not ?"

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"To ask such a question, sir, is a proof that you know little of the person whom you address. I hold myself responsible for the plain meaning of my words, not for that to which they may be perverted by the ingenuity of another. In holding with you the present conference, I treat you as an equal; a sufficient proof, I should imagine, that I consider you a gentleman by birth, character, and profession. Are you satisfied on this point?—Then, by your leave, I shall proceed to another, not less important and in the state of the state less important: and, in so doing, it is necessary that I should speak plainly. Since you joined the regiment under my command, you have frequently done me the honour of visiting this house. You found at the head of my establishment a lady, whom you must have been conscious was not my wife. With this lady you have thought proper to form a liaison, inconsistent with the return which, as her protector, I had a right to expect. I do not blame you for this; it was natural, perhaps excusable: at all events it is a common occurrence, and one for which a person of tolerable experience in the

world is never unprepared. It is enough, that when you voluntarily formed this connexion, you knew the relation in which she stood to me; and did so with the intention, I presume, of affording me that satisfaction which, under such circumstances, I was entitled to demand, and to which, you must have been aware, it was more than improbable I would forego my claim. You appear anxious to interrupt me; have I stated any thing from which you dissent?"

Had the circumstances been such as you state them, I should at once admit the justice of your reasoning: but I deny the assumption on which it proceeds. Towards Miss Mansfield I have neither professed nor felt any such sentiments as those to which you have alluded. I have never entertained a thought of withdrawing her from your protection, nor of turning the advantages I enjoyed as your guest to any improper purpose. If there is any one point of my conduct towards that lady, on which you require explanation, I am now ready to give it you." A bitter and sarcastic smile came over the features of Colonel Grimshawe, as he listened to me.

There are some things, believe me, which may be true, but which are so improbable, that a prudent man will not rashly bazard his credit by asserting them as truth. Permit me, as a friend, to say, that a different part in this comedy would become you better,—would be more congenial with your age, character, family, and pro-

fession."

On these points, sir, I must take the liberty of judging for myself. I have already twice offered to explain every word or action of mine, connected with Miss Mansfield, to which suspicion can possibly attach. Were I alone concerned, it is sufficient to say, that this offer should not be repeated; and I now only do so for the sake of the lady whose name in this business has been so unfortunately united with mine. If, as I suspect, you have entered on this interview with views of hostility previously decided, it is well: if not, the offer of satisfactory explanation, which I now make for the last time, will, for the sake of justice towards an injured female, induce you at least to pause, and to examine."

"This is trifling, sir; and you have had, I imagine, experience enough of my character to know that I am not a person with whom trifling is likely to succeed. When you have lived longer in the world, you will learn that affairs of this nature are not conducted with the deliberation of a Chancery suit, or an act of the legislature. When a gentleman feels and knows himself to be injured, he does not wait for a committee of inquiry, to ascertain the precise extent of his wrongs. No, he demands instantly that satisfaction to which, as a man of honour, he is entitled; and which no man of honour will refuse to grant. Am I at length sufficiently intelligible?"

"Perfectly so; and Colonel Grimshawe may rely on finding no backwardness on

my part in gratifying his wishes."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Thornton. Less than this I did not expect from you; more I could not wish. Had you fortunately belonged to another corps, this tedious, and I fear to you unpleasant conference, might here have found a satisfactory termination: in our circumstances, however, there is still another point necessary to be arranged. That satisfaction will be required by me, and granted by you, is now mutually understood between us; and, fortunately, this agreement of the principals will considerably lighten the duties of those gentlemen who may be kind enough to act in the character of friends. But, before this matter can reach the termination to which we are both anxious it should be happily brought, there is still an obstacle, and no trifling one, to be removed. Short as your military experience has been, I think you must be aware, Mr. Thornton, how entirely incompatible it is with the discipline of the service to which we have both the honour to belong, that the commanding officer of a regiment should consent to a hostile meeting with any officer under his immediate command. When you did me the wrong, for which you are about so handsomely to atone, you knew this, or at least should have known it. 1 am sure you did not, could not, intend to place me in a situation, where I must either bear an injury, to which no man of spirit could tamely submit; or, in doing myself right, forfeit every hope of professional distinction, to which years of tolerably severe service entitle It is necessary, therefore, before the final settlement of our acme to look forward. count, that you exchange into another regiment. I have some small interest at the Horse-guards; and should you require its assistance to promote your views in this matter, you may rely on its being fully exerted in your behalf. In your rank and ary from such an arrangement; situation in the regiment, you ca derive little in what we must both regret is, the delay which, I fear, it renders indispensable."

Having resolved to give Colonel Grimshawe the satisfaction he demands, I am, of course, prepared to take every step which may be necessary for the accomplishment of this purpose. He cannot, however, have more pleasure in learning, than I have in informing him, that the delay which he anticipates will not occur. I have this morning received a notification of my appointment to a lieutenancy in a West India regiment, which, I trust, removes all obstacle to an immediate adjustment of our difference. Colonel Grimshawe will find me ready at any moment." Having thus spoken, I handed him the letter, containing documentary evidence of what I had as-

serted. As he perused it, his countenance brightened.

This," said he, " is indeed fortunate; and you may rely on it," half smiling as he spoke, "that you shall not be put to the inconvenience of unnecessary delay by any tardiness of mine. I shall take care that you appear in the orders of to-day, as ceasing to belong to the --- regiment; and in the evening you may expect a message. through the medium of a friend. Of course, feeling as we both do, that any attempt at mediation would, in our circumstances, be useless, delicacy to the friends who will accompany us to the field will prevent its being made. Excuse me for having detained you so long: everything is now arranged; and believe me, I am quite sensible of my good fortune in having had, under these unpleasant circumstances, to deal with a person of honour and gallantry, like Mr. Thornton."

I arose to depart, and acknowledged the compliment by a bow; which being duly

returned by Colonel Grimshawe, the conference ended.

already twice offered a These extracts, striking as they are, leave much of the excellence of the work wholly untouched. The female characters, to whom we have not even alluded, are finely characteristic and true. One of them, honest Girzy Black, the housekeeper of the old Glasgow merchant, almost divides the crown with Ailie Wilson, in 'Old Mortality.' Indeed, the vein of humour maintained throughout all the Scotch characters, will be estimated highly, even with the full recollection present to us, of the unequalled excellence of the Author of Waverley. I now near W not conducted with the debbetation of a Chair, we suit, or an act of the legislature.

When a gentleman feels and know a maschi to be ranted, be does not wait for a com-

mittee of inquiry to assertant the rected denoted his prougs. No, he demands instantly that satisfaction what is a transfer of honour will refuse the satisfaction of honour satisfactions and the satisfaction of honour satisfactions are satisfactions and honour satisfactions and the satisfaction of honour satisfactions are satisfactions. CHIT-CHAT; LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Horace Smith has a new Novel in the press, to be entitled, 'Reuben's Apsley.' The scene is laid in England, during the short reign of James the Second, some of the most remarkable events of which are, we understand, em-18 bodied in the story. Such, for example, as the disastrous rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth; the sanguinary Western Assizes, under Judge Jeffreys; and the triumphant landing of the Prince of Orange. The most prominent of the historical characters is Judge Jeffreys.

Mr. J. P. Neale will resume the publication of his work of 'Noblemens' and Gentlemens' Seats,' in October; for which he has lately been collecting a

number of subjects and materials of great interest.

bess than this I did not expect from you;

Dr. Thomas M'Crie's 'History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy, in the 16th Century,' announced for publication so long in ago, has just been published. It includes a sketch of the history of the Reformation in the Grisons.

The Rev. E. Henderson is about to re-publish Mr. Moses Stewart's Elements of Biblical Criticism and Interpretation, with special References to the New Testament.' Translated from the Latin of Ernesti Keil Beck and matter, you may rely on its being Morris; accompanied with Notes.

altuation in t Memoirs of the Life of Morris Berkbeck, by his daughter, is an delay which, I fear, it renders indispensable.". bearuon

The 'Lyfe of Virgilius,' which treats of the 'many marvayles that he dyd in his lyfetime, by whyche-crafte and nygramancye, thoroughe the helpe of the devyls of hell,' a very rare and curious fiction, will form the second in Mr. W. J. Thoms' series of early Prose Romances.

The Principles and Practice of another elementary work on Botany is announced for publication, from the pen of Mr. Castles.

The Hon. Frederick de Roos, R.N., is preparing for publication a personal narrative of his travels in the United States, with some important remarks on the state of the American maritime resources.

The first part of a work, consisting of a Selection of Architectural and other Ornaments, Greek, Roman, and Italian; drawn from the Originals, in various Museums and Buildings in Italy, by John Jenkins and W. Hosking, Architects, is announced for speedy publication. The work will be comprised in about eight numbers.

Messrs. Engelman and Co. announce 'A Series of Thirty-seven Lithographic Designs, by Charles Le Brun; developing the Relation between the Human Physiognomy and that of the Brute Creation; with a Dissertation on the System.

Dr. Gordon Smith's work on Poisons is in a state of considerable forwardness.

The Rev. Henry Clissold is about to publish an account of the Deaths of Men who have been eminent for their attainments in Theology, Philosophy, and general Literature.

A 'Journal of an Officer of the King's German Legion; comprising his Adventures in England, Ireland, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, Malta, Sicily, and Italy,' is about to appear, in one volume.

A novel is preparing for publication, to be entitled 'Blue-Stocking Hall.'

Mr. G. Hughes, M.A., has in the press, on a plan similar to the other works used at the Charter-House, 'A Vocabulary to the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles; with the Derivation and Composition of the Words; with References and Explanations.

'The Elements of Euclid—containing the first Six and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books, chiefly from the text of Dr. Simson; adapted to Elementary Instruction by the introduction of Symbols; by a Member of the University of

Cambridge—are in the press, and will very shortly appear.

Mr. Nicholas Harris Nicolas, F.R.S., is preparing for publication a 'History of the Battle of Agincourt;' together with a Copy of the Roll returned into the Exchequer in November, 1416, by command of Henry the Fifth, of the names of the Nobility, Knights, Esquires, and others, who were present on that occasion.

A work is in the course of publication, in weekly numbers, entitled, 'A History of the Cities of London and Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and parts adjacent. By Thomas Allen, author of the History of Lambeth, &c. Illustrated by numerous Engravings of rare Plans, Antiquities, Views, public Buildings, &c.'

Mr. Butler, of Hackney, has in the Press, his 'Questions in Roman History,'

The very clever authoress of 'Theresa Marchmont,' is about to publish a novel, in one volume, to be entitled, 'The Lettre de Cachet.'

The first number of a series of Lithographic Views in the Brazils, together with Scenes of the Manners, Customs, and Costume of the Inhabitants, from Drawings by Maurice Rugendas, a German artist, is announced. It will be accompanied by letter-press description, under the superintendence of Baron Humboldt.

The Honourable Agar Ellis is preparing for publication, 'Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England in the the the the leave to the top of the way

In a few days will be published an octavo edition of 'Evelyn's Diary and

Correspondence; with a portrait and other plates.

The late Dr. Kitchener's 'Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Loco-motion ; being Precepts for promoting the Pleasures, Hints for preserving the Health, and Estimates of the expenses of Persons Travelling on Foot, on Horseback, in Stages, in Post Chaises, and in Private Carriages, will appear the first week in this month.

Shortly will be published, 'A Narrative of the Capture, Detention, and Ransom of Charles Johnston, of Botetourt County, Virginia; who was made prisoner by the Indians, on the river Ohio, in the year 1790; including the particulars of the death of his friend and companion, John May, Esq.; together with an interesting account of the fate of his other companions, four in number, one of whom suffered at the stake. To which is added, Anecdotes and Traits of Indian Character and Manners; drawn from his own observations and other authentic sources.

A work is announced for early publication, to be entitled, 'Rambles in Madeira and Portugal during the early part of 1826; descriptive of the Climate, Produce, and Civil History of the Island; with Views in the Madeiras, drawn on stone by Westall, Nicholson, Villeneuve, Harding, Gauci, &c.; from sketches taken on the spot, and illustrating the most remarkable scenes and objects in the Islands.

Dr. Watkins's 'Historical and Biographical Memoirs of the Life and Times of his late Royal Highness Frederick, Duke of York and Albany,' may be expected directly. Control dans race, asset, is about to be

The seventh volume of Miss Edgeworth's 'Parent's Assistant' is just ready for the press. It comprises three Tales, viz. : 'The Grinding Organ,'-' Dumb Andy,'-'The Dame School Holiday.' med and make and the rest to the land to the

Mr. Peter Nicholson, author of several architectural works, has in the press, in numbers, a new Treatise, entitled, 'The School of Architecture and Engineering ! And And I was been published we Handam to styl The che ? Engineering !

The Rev. W. Richmond is about to translate the Bishop of Strasbourg's 'Reply to Faber's Difficulties of Romanism;' which work was directed against a former production of the Bishop of Strasbourg, entitled "Discussion Amicale." The Discussion is also about to appear separately, in two barbnum and vinsen to

A 'Supplement to Howell and Stewart's Oriental and Biblical Catalogue, will shortly be published.

The King of France has given directions for the immediate publication of the Journal of the Voyage round the World, made during the years 1824, 1825, and 1826, by the Thetis frigate and Espérance brig, under the command of the Baron de Bougainville. It will consist of a quarto volume, and will be accompanied by an Atlas of eight large maps, and thirty plates; twelve of natural history, and eighteen of views, costumes, &c.

'A New History of England,' in 12mo., for Young Persons, by a Clergyman of the Church of England, is announced.

Mr. Woodis Harvey has nearly ready, An Account of Hayti, from the Expulsion of the French to the Death of Christophe.'

Captain Andrews is about to publish a Journal of his Travels from Buenos Ayres, through the United Provinces, to Coquimbo, &c.

A novel is in the press, in three volumes, to be entitled 'The Aylmers.'



The second part of Mr. Crofton Croker's 'Fairy Legends' will certainly appear this month.

The Rev. J. Ross is about to publish a translation from the German of Hirch's Geometry. It will be uniform with his Translation of Hirch's Algebra.

A work of great value is in preparation, to be entitled, 'The Theological Encyclopædia.' It will embrace every topic connected with Biblical Criticism and Theology.

'A History of the Steam Engine, from its earliest invention to the present time,' by Mr. Elijah Galloway, is in the press.

We are glad to find that Professor Lee's 'Lectures on the Hebrew Language' are nearly ready for publication.

'The Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism' are in the press; exhibiting an alphabetical arrangement of all the Circuits in its connexion, the names of the Preachers who have travelled in them, with the yearly order of their succession, from the establishment of Methodism to the present time.

A book is announced for publication, during the following season, to be entitled 'The Fairy Mythology.'

Mr. William Orme is preparing for the press, 'Memoirs, including the Correspondence and other Remains of Mr. John Urquhart, late of the University of St. Andrews.'

Our readers will be glad to learn that a new edition, in five volumes, of Mr. Wordsworth's Poems is just published. The work contains many additional poems. We purpose recurring to it more at length in our next number.

The original Correspondence of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke and French Lawrence, Esq., is about to be made public.

'A Narrative of a Captivity and Adventures in France and Flanders, by Captain Edward Boys, R.N.,' is announced.

A MS. History of the War in the Peninsula, from the pen of General Foy, is about to be published.

A very interesting account of the Equipment, Expedition, and Defeat of the Spanish Armada, has been published at Haarlem, by M. J. Scheltema. The part which the Dutch navy took in the destruction of this formidable fleet, is minutely and accurately described.

The fine collection of Ethiopic, Arabic, and other Oriental manuscripts obtained by the celebrated traveller James Bruce, in Egypt and Abyssinia, have lately been sold; they consist of nearly one hundred volumes. Among the biblical manuscripts is an Ethiopic Version of the Old Testament, in five volumes, containing the whole of the sacred books, except the Psalms, made from manuscripts used by the Greek Church at Alexandria, at a remote but unknown period.

ite. It will conside of a quarte volume, and will be of circle large maps, and thirty planes a twelve, a

